







Samuel J. Fox

Germany, France Russia, and Islam

By

Heinrich von Treitschke

*Translated into English
for the First Time*

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FOREWORD

THE following essays were brought into print between the dates of 1871 and 1895. They cover a varied group of subjects, but they are alike characteristic of the method of thought of the author and of the assured conclusiveness of his opinions. Treitschke does not make space for historic doubts or probabilities. He has the satisfaction of having arrived at final opinions in regard to actual conditions, while his predictions for the future are almost as assured as his descriptions of the present. The first essay in point of date was written in 1871 while the provisions of the settlement with France were being put into shape by the authorities. It would hardly be accurate to say that these provisions were under consideration with the people of Germany for, under the conditions existing, the people had very little to say in regard to the terms of the treaty. It is possible, however, that the views of Bismarck and Moltke (views which were accepted with little question by the old Emperor) may have been influenced, or at least have been strengthened, by the counsel of so good an advocate of Imperialism as Treitschke. In any case, the adjustment finally arrived at was

in substantial accord with Treitschke's recommendations. Treitschke phrases the German claim as follows:

The sense of justice to Germany demands the lessening of France. Every intelligent man sees that that military nation cannot be forgiven, even for the economic sacrifices of the war, on the payment of the heaviest indemnity in money. Why was it that, before the declaration of the war, and before a single German newspaper had demanded the restitution of the plunder, the anxious cry rang through Alsace and Lorraine, "The dice are to be thrown to settle the destiny of our provinces"? Because the awakened conscience of the people felt what penalty would have to be paid in the interests of justice by the disturber of the peace of nations.

The term "disturber of the peace" is one that might properly be recalled in 1914.

Says Treitschke, again indulging in this case in prophecy which we may at this time feel not to have been well founded:

The statesmen of the present day, whenever they have realized the altered equilibrium of the Powers, will feel that the strengthening of the boundaries of Germany contributes to the security of the peace of the world. We are a peaceful nation. The traditions of the Hohenzollerns, the constitution of our Army, the long and difficult work before us in the upbuilding of our united German State, forbid the abuse of our warlike power.

Europe might well wish that this counsel of the Imperial historian had been more thoroughly followed in the twentieth century.

In regard to the rightfulness of securing control of the provinces, Treitschke writes as follows:

In view of our obligation to secure the peace of the world, who will venture to object that the people of Alsace and Lorraine do not want to belong to us? . . . These territories are ours by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation, which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire. We Germans, who know Germany and France, know better than these unfortunates themselves what is good for the people of Alsace, who have remained under the misleading influence of their French connection outside the sympathies of new Germany. Against their will, we shall restore them to their true selves.

There is a naïveté in the admission that the people of the “lost provinces” have no desire to come into the family fold of Germany. The higher German wisdom knew forty-four years ago what was best for these people just as it knows to-day what is best for the people of Belgium who are, in like manner, being taken into the “kindly” fold of the German Empire.

The following reference to France indicates that the assumption of a superiority of German civilization is not a discovery of the twentieth century:

They [the French] have felt the weight of our sword, and we challenge the whole world to say which of the two combatants bore himself with the greater manliness, uprightness, and modesty. At all times the subjection of a German race to France has been an unhealthy thing; to-day it is an offence against the reason of History—a vassalship of free men to half-educated barbarians.

With reference to Treitschke's claim, which was confirmed as the claim of Germany, that the appropriation of Alsace and Lorraine constituted a "restitution" of territory and of peoples that had been stolen from Germany, it may be in order to ask whether there does not apply, or whether there ought not to apply, to issues between nations as to those between individuals, some statute of limitations? A period of one hundred years, for instance, in which time three generations of men have come into activity, might properly be accepted, under a common-sense code of international relations, as sufficiently long to bar out grievances or appropriations that were back of the birth of the great-grandfathers of living men. If in the civilized relations of states, for which the world is now hoping, some such principle is accepted, an important portion of the texts, or the pretexts, for aggressive wars, will have been removed. It is in any case a dangerous doctrine for a Prussian to propagate that there is no time in the future in which the status of territory can be considered as fixed. If there was good foundation for the claim

made by Prussia in 1871 that France must be held responsible for making restitution for the "robberies" of Louis XIV, question might well be raised as to the propriety of the restitution by Prussia of the Silesian provinces appropriated by Frederick the Great, and of the territories of Schleswig-Holstein and Hanover "annexed" under King William I. It would have been wiser if the Prussian historian and the Prussian diplomat of the time had left the word "restitution" out of their documents and had let the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine rest on the simple fact of desire and of conquest.

Treitschke makes frank admission of the fact now known to history when he says:

We owe it to the clear-sighted audacity of Count Bismarck that this war was begun at the right time—that the Court of the Tuileries was not allowed the welcome respite which would have permitted it to complete the web of its treacherous devices. . . . The war began as a work of clear and statesmanlike calculation.

Treitschke was clearsighted enough to understand that this war had not been forced upon Germany by France, but was the result of the definite scheme of Bismarck.

Treitschke emphasizes, and with good historic grounds, the terrible and stupid barbarities committed by the armies of Louis XIV in certain towns and provinces of Germany. It would be

difficult to reprobate too severely the futile wickedness of the devastation of the Palatinate. During the two centuries that have passed since that barbarous campaign of Louis XIV, the nations were believed to have made progress towards more civilized standards; but to-day the world stands aghast by the ruthless devastation of Belgium. The destruction of Heidelberg in 1688 is paralleled by the ruin of Louvain in 1914.

The following admission as to the relations of Alsace to France and of the indebtedness of the people to French organization is interesting. Treitschke says:

But, alas! when we praise the indestructible German nature of the man of Alsace, the subject of our praise declines to receive it. He adheres to his conviction that he is no Suabian, and that all Suabians are yellow-footed. He was introduced by France sooner than we Germans have been into the grand activity of the modern economical world. To France he owes a most admirable organization of the means of commercial intercourse, a wide market, the influx of capital on a great scale, and a high rate of wages, which, to this day, draws daily labourers in crowds at harvest-time from the fields of Baden across the Rhine. From the French he has learned a certain *savoir-faire*; his industrial activity, upon the whole, stands higher than that of his German neighbour.

This paragraph may be compared with the earlier citation in which he refers to the "semi-barbarity of

the France that has been conquered by Germany." He adds:

The war against Germany appeared in the eyes of the Alsatian peasantry to be a war for the liberty of their persons and for their bit of soil.

The question of "liberty of person" was doubtless still in the minds of certain Alsatians at the time of the incident of Zabern.

Treitschke speaks of the accounts given in the Erckmann and Chatrian novels as presenting a "clear picture" of conditions in the provinces, and summarizing, without contradicting, the conclusions of the two novelists, he writes of the Pfalzburgers:

In language and sentiment they are Germans, but they have lost the last trace of a remembrance of their ancient connection with the Empire. They are enthusiastic for the *tricolore*; they bitterly hate the *Prussian*; and the novelists themselves write in French!

Lorraine is, as Treitschke mourns, "more French in its sympathies than Alsace. It is in German Lorraine that we are threatened by the most embittered hostility." "In both provinces," he says, "capital and culture . . . are our opponents."

It will be interesting when the present war comes to an end, and the question arises, as it probably must arise, of the readjustment of the political relations of these provinces, to compare

the statements made forty odd years back by the German historian in regard to the national sympathies and the interests of the people. It is those sympathies and interests which will find expression if opportunity be given for a plebiscite in which Alsace and Lorraine will decide between the Republic on the west and the Empire to the east.

An essay, written a few years later, bears the title *The Claims of Prussia*. It is an eloquent and forcible argument to show that the power of Germany can be consolidated and the place of Germany in the world can be safely secured only by giving to Prussia not merely a primacy and a leadership, but a substantially absolute control of the men and resources of the new Empire.

A further essay gives an informing analysis of the organization of the Empire. In this paper the historian develops his theory for the overlordship of Prussia, which, as he contends, can be exercised under forms that carefully safeguard the legitimate self-respect of the princes and the people. He points out that "the German state has been reconducted into the channels of the old Imperial law;—all that was just and wise in the institutions of the Holy Empire is revived in the new forms."

Treitschke makes the interesting suggestion that "in the great crisis of national life, war is always a milder remedy than revolution, for it safeguards fidelity, and its issues appear as a judgment of God."

The constitution of the Empire does not fully meet his desire for a concentrated control. He writes:

The Bundesrath (primarily destined to safeguard the territorial interests) gives a firm and single-handed control to the Imperial policy; the Reichstag, on the other hand, which represents the united nation, has almost invariably exercised an obstructive and disturbing influence.

The Bundesrath is an Imperial Council made up of representatives of the States, and corresponds roughly to the American Senate; while the Reichstag, elected by the people (voting under certain restrictions), may be compared (although the comparison would in many ways not be precise) with our House of Representatives.

Treitschke takes the ground that

Prussia alone has remained a true state. . . . The entire Imperial policy reposes upon that tacit assumption that there cannot possibly exist a permanent conflict between the will of the Empire and the will of the Prussian State. . . . In all matters of decisive importance, Prussia has the determining voice.

In his analysis of the Constitution of the new Federal Empire, Treitschke finds occasion for references to Switzerland and to the United States. He points out that

like the States of the American Union and like the Swiss Cantons, the individual German States have lost

their sovereignty, and from the strictly scientific standpoint can no longer be regarded as States, for they lack the two rights upon which the idea of sovereignty has been grounded—the right to take up arms and the power to determine the extent of their own prerogative. . . . The language of the Constitution as well as the language of common life speaks of the States of the German Confederation and of the States of the American Republic, but the name is nominal.

If the term “States” is at all applicable, they must be called “non-sovereign States,” but Treitschke believes there is properly no such thing. He makes the distinction, therefore, between a Federal State, in which the sovereignty of the individual States disappears, and a Confederation of States, in which the individual sovereignty has been retained.

A biographical study of Gustavus Adolphus belongs to the same period. Treitschke admits the great indebtedness of Protestant Germany to the “Lion of the North-Land.” “Gustavus Adolphus,” he says, “does not belong to a single nation, but to the whole of Protestant Christendom.”

In the essay on *Turkey and the Great Nations*, which bears date 1876 (the time of the Russo-Turkish War), Treitschke takes the ground that “Turkey is not needed in Europe.” He is indignant with the “English stock speeches against Muscovite selfishness.” He approves of the

pressure of the Russian power to the south-east, and points out that in territories that have been overcome, "the Russians are not meeting, like the Britons, in the East Indies, a very ancient civilization, equal in birth, but naked barbarism." They appear as the heralds of a superior civilization, and yet, notwithstanding the fact, they are not unapproachably alien to the conquered by descent and morality.

Treitschke prophesies that

no European State, least of all Germany, can tolerate a permanent Russian settlement in Stamboul, if only because of the feverish excitement which would be bound to flame through all Slav races at such a movement; and how is it thinkable that they could maintain themselves on the Bosphorus if a German army entered Poland, the troops of Austria marched through the Balkans, and an English fleet lay before Seraglio Point? [He goes on to say, however, that] it is impossible to forbid a mighty Empire to sail with its warships the sea that is before its coast and it [the closing of the Black Sea] is as immoral as was formerly the treaty for the closing of the Scheldt. . . . Even the collapse of Osman rule in Stamboul cannot fill us with blind fright if we calmly weigh the relations of the Powers to-day. . . . But there is no reason that the destruction of the Osman State must needs level the path for the world-Empire of Russia. . . . English statesmen wobble between obsolete prejudices and anxious cares; self-interest and a feeling of inward elective affinity make them seem to the Turks their

only true friends. . . . We seek in vain for a creative idea in the Tory Government of Great Britain.

He dreads lest trouble in the Balkans "might endanger the existence of Austria and that would be a blow at our own Empire." He closes with the words:

In the Eastern Question, Russia needs us more than we her; and therefore an astute, strong German policy has nothing to fear from Russian alliance.

Treitschke writes as one speaking with authority. It seems evident from the present development of German policy and from the course of her history that Treitschke's ideas have had a larger influence upon German thought and in shaping the work of German statesmen than had been fully realized during the lifetime of the historian. No student of the history of Germany during the second half of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth century can afford to neglect the writings of this original and forcible historian.

G. H. P.

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Germany, France, Russia, and Islam

TURKEY AND THE GREAT NATIONS

BERLIN,

20th June, 1876.

WHEN our posterity shall, sometime or other, cast their thoughts back to the present age, perhaps they may enviously inquire how we old people had deserved to live in this wonderfully fertile period. The sixteenth century has always up till now been regarded as the most intellectual and fruitful epoch of the Christian era; but the century beginning with the year 1789 is hardly inferior in creative power, and certainly far more fortunate in the moulding and completion of things. All the great ideas, which could be foreseen but not realized in Martin Luther's age, the freedom of faith, of thought, and of economic production, have become Europe's assured possession during the latest three generations. It is

the present time which is fulfilling Columbus's work, and may seriously speak of a world-history. The dreams of the Huttens and Machiavellis, the unity of Germany and Italy, are actually embodied before our eyes. And scarcely has Luther's Antichrist lost the hegemony of the world than doom begins to impend over his Turkish Antichrist. There are almost too many historical changes for one single generation, and who can blame us Germans if the disorders on the Bosphorus appear to us thoroughly unwelcome? We need assured peace, like bread, in order that our decayed economical conditions may recover. We do not lose sight of the way in which these Eastern affairs may be used as a lever to help us in our next task in the perfecting of German unity. And although we think Turkey's rule more than ripe for destruction, the Rayahs are by no means yet ripe for independence, and we should welcome it as a piece of luck if this most difficult of all European questions, which innumerable half-successful wars and rebellions and a deluge of dispatches and books have only rendered more obscure and enigmatic, remained unsolved for yet a few decades.

But fate cares not for our wishes. Whether we like it or not, we must finally admit that the idea of nationality, which has already newly moulded the centre of this hemisphere, has also awakened vividly in the Græco-Slav world. It would be contrary to history if this impelling force of the

century were reverentially to spare Europe's most miserable State. The new explosion of the Eastern crisis luckily finds us in a tolerably favourable diplomatic position. The alliance of the three Eastern Powers has already proved itself a power for peace and moderation. That alliance alone makes possible what would have been unthinkable a decade ago: that the rights of the fortunate Rayahs can be to some degree assured by agreement between the Great Powers, and the inevitable fall of Turkey very considerably hastened, perhaps without a European war. The alliance of the three Emperors affords us at any rate the certainty that Germany's word shall weigh heavily in the scale when matters come to be decided in the East. The German Empire's friendship is altogether invaluable to the Petersburg Court at the present moment. The path to the vulnerable points of the Czar's Empire passes solely through German territory; the Russian Power, allied with Germany, can be beaten but not seriously injured, as the Crimean War indubitably showed. Is it probable that the strong hands which guide German politics do not appreciate so advantageous a situation, or that the clever statesmen on the Neva should wilfully fling away by foolish schemes of conquest the alliance of a tried friend, who has no selfish aims whatever to pursue in the Orient?

And as our State is entering more resolutely and powerfully than formerly into the fresh

Eastern crisis, public opinion has become quieter and soberer. The Turkish scimitar has long lost its terrors; no longer do the Turkish bells ring which used to warn even our grandfathers of the unexpiated guilt of Christianity. We smile at the phil-Hellenic enthusiasm of the twenties, and no Emperor Joseph to-day will wish "to avenge insulted humanity on these barbarians." We also hear no more of those ardent eulogies of the freedom and culture of the noble Osmanic nation, with which the Press of the Western Powers enriched astonished Europe, and the not less astonished Turks at the time of the Crimean War. Since the Salonica massacres, since the Sultan's wonderful suicide, and the not less wonderful revenge on the Circassians, even the most good-natured German bourgeois considers the conditions in David Urquhart's model State "remarkable but disgusting," to use the Schleswig-Holstein phrase.

Even in bygone years there has never been an entire lack of thoughtful critics of Oriental things in Germany; Moltke's two standard books, which are far too little known, together with the writings of Roepell and Eichmann, are indeed the best and most profound things that have been written anywhere about modern Turkey. But the majority of our people are now, for the first time, in a position to consider these remote affairs impartially; because during each of the previous crises in the Turkish Empire our attention was

taken up by anxieties which touched us more nearly. The Crimean War was waged not merely for the Turk's sake, but also in order to abolish the unnatural domination maintained by the Emperor Nicholas in Europe. The Czar's arrogance and domineeringness lay on no country so heavily as on Germany; he was the mighty support of the Diet, of reaction, and of provincialism. German Liberals were at that period driven into the camp of the Western Powers by the anger of insulted national pride. Owing to passionate hatred of the Czar, which, as things stood, was thoroughly justified, the question could hardly arise whether the wise doctors in Paris and London had any practical cure for their "Sick Man." Bunsen, obsessed by such feelings, actually devised the scheme of tearing the whole northern coast of the Black Sea from Russia, and giving it to Austria. A statesman even of the insight and sobriety of Freiherr von Stockmar toyed with the fantastic notion of the restoration of Poland. All the old Polish-French fairy tales about Russia found ready belief among the public; Peter the Great's notorious will, one of the most barefaced forgeries ever attempted, circulated again through Europe; and again, just as at the time of the July Revolution, Liberal Society poured forth laudation of the enlightened Western Powers. How different is our attitude to-day! Nobody is any longer deceived about France's European policy, and a profound change has also occurred in current

criticisms of England, which redounds to the honour of the developing capacity of German Liberalism.

What German Liberal has not in his young days dreamt the glorious dream of the natural alliance of free England with free Germany? We needed a long series of painful experiences before we at last learnt that the foreign politics of States are not determined solely, or even mainly, by the inner relations of their constitutions. However highly you may think of British liberty, modern England is undoubtedly a reactionary force in the society of nations. Her position as a Power is an obvious anachronism. It was created in those good old times when wars were still decided by sea-fights and hired mercenaries, and it was thought politic in all dominating countries to seize piratical hold of well-situated sea-fortresses and fleet-stations, without any regard to nature and history. In a century of national States and big national armies such a cosmopolitan commercial Power can no longer continue to endure; the time will and must come when Gibraltar will belong to the Spaniards, Malta to the Italians, Heligoland to the Germans, and the Mediterranean to the peoples of the Mediterranean countries.

It is saying too much to compare modern England with eighteenth century Holland; the nation still exhibits powerful energy in the splendid achievement of its social life, and it might easily happen again that, should she believe herself

imperilled in her vital commercial interests, she would yet stagger humanity by bold determination. The vision of her statesmen, however, is quite as narrow, her view of the world has become just as patriarchally limited and obstinately conservative, as were once the politics of the decaying Netherlands. Over-rich and over-satiated, vulnerable at a hundred points of their far-flung possessions, the Britons feel they have nothing more to desire in the wide world, and can only oppose the young forces of the century by the forcible methods of an obsolete age; they therefore obstinately resist all changes in the Society of States, however beneficial they may be. England is to-day the shameless champion of barbarism in international law. It is her fault that warfare by sea still bears the character of privileged robbery—to the disgrace of mankind. At the Brussels Conference her opposition nullified the attempt of Germany and Russia to set some limit to the excesses of war by land. Apart from the feeble and entirely unhelpful sympathy displayed by the English Press in regard to Italian unity, the British nation during the last two decades has simply shown bitter enmity to every single new and hopeful Power which has arisen in the world. She enthused for the brutality of North American slave-holders; she was the clamorous, but, God be thanked, cowardly supporter of foreign Danish domination in Schleswig-Holstein; she revered the Diet and the Guelph Empire; she allowed the French to

attack united Germany, which she could have prevented, and prolonged the war by her sales of weapons. When M. de Lesseps conceived the brilliant idea of the Suez Canal, which the ruler of the East Indies ought to have seized with both hands, the Britons stuck their heads into the sand like the ostrich in order not to perceive the blessings of the necessity, which was inconvenient just at the first moment; they jeered and jibed until the great enterprise was accomplished, and then endeavoured to exploit for England's advantage the innovation which had been achieved against England's will. And after all these cumulative proofs of the incompetence and narrow-minded prejudice of British statesmanship, ought we Germans to admire that State as the magnanimous defender of national freedom and of the European balance of power? It is easy to hear in the boastful words in which England loves to veil her Eastern policy the echo of the anxious cry of old: We are defending the Ganges at the Bosphorus.

Every London newspaper proves that nobody there has any suspicion of the enormous alteration in all Russian conditions. They still speak as in the days of the Czar Nicholas. The Emperor Alexander, however, has not only opened new paths for the social life of his people by profoundly radical reforms, but he has also given a quite altered tendency to the Empire's foreign policy. Only blind hatred can maintain that Russia is

even to-day oppressing Europe with a crippling domination. The Petersburg Government has proved in North America, Italy, and Germany, as well as in the struggle against Rome, that it knows how to respect the living forces of the century; after so many proofs of its shrewdness and love of peace it can at least expect that we should judge its Oriental schemes according to the facts, not according to the sensational stories of English Russophobes.

Taken all in all, the great Slavonic Power has been the best ally Germany has ever had, and in the face of that fact the question becomes urgent whether it is really impossible for Germans and Slavs to dwell in peace side by side. If our broad-minded cosmopolitanism cherishes odious prejudices against any nation, it is certainly the Slavonic. We have often fought against the Romanic peoples, and sometimes felt in the heat of the fight a quick outburst of national hatred; but the near blood-kinship which unites all the peoples that were affected by the migration of nations, the common participation in classical education, and the gratitude for so many gifts brought to us by the older civilization of the West, always led again after a brief estrangement to a good understanding. Hatred of the Slavs, on the other hand, is deep in our blood, and it is also heartily reciprocated on the other side. For centuries we have dealt with the nations of the East only as enemies, as rulers, or as teachers; even to-day we still exhibit to them all the harsh and domineering traits

of our character. Glad of our older civilization, we glance beyond the Vistula and the Danube with feelings such as the Roman had when he gazed at the right bank of the Rhine, and we do not even take the trouble to learn the Russian tongue—which, by the way, is by no means an unimportant phenomenon, because the educated Russian, by his knowledge of languages, is gaining almost exactly the same superiority over us which we had over the French. To tell the truth, the Slav seems to us a born slave. As soon as our conversation turns to the interesting nationalities south of the Danube, a German cannot help uttering the winged words, “Swineherds and nose-mutilators”—as if our ancestors in the olden times did not also live with the proboscidians in cordial intimacy, and carry on wars in which little humane feeling was shown! Should such arrogant prejudices continue? It is not to be imagined that we should ever feel for the unripe peoples of the Balkan Peninsula so deep a sympathy as we once did for the movement towards Italian unity. But they are after all our Christian brothers; the combat they are waging is after all only a scene out of the ancient war between Cross and Crescent. It surely does not become us, who have only just shaken foreign domination from our necks by a bloody fight, to put the question with arrogant callousness whether an existence worthy of a man is possible under the yoke of the foreign domination of the Turk.

For fifteen hundred years the most beautiful country in Europe has been in the possession of two great empires which, although both of them were quite unintellectual, maintained themselves solely by the perfect technique of their governance, by their skill in mastering and utilizing men; a well-developed monetary economy and systematized finances, good soldiers, and a technically well-schooled officialdom; lastly a policy without ideas, which nevertheless knew how to inspire all its subjects with a strenuously servile disposition—those were the means to which the aged Byzantine Empire owed its thousand years' duration, whilst all around the youthfully vigorous States of the Germans weakly collapsed. And the successors of the Byzantines, the Osmans, have similarly maintained their power solely by their skill in ruling, not by any moral idea. Superior to the Western countries through their standing armies, to the Orientals by the strict order of succession in the House of Osman, they subjugated almost the whole of Alexander's dominions to the Crescent; and nobody can regard without admiration the ruling ability of those powerful first Sultans, Murad and Mohammed, how they fastened the new yoke so tightly and firmly on the necks of the Rayahs, who had been trampled down and unmanned by Byzantine, Venetian, and Genoese governors, that a resurrection from the bottomless deep of their slavery seemed for a long time quite unthinkable to the subject peoples.

Their government, like almost all governments in the Orient, was a theocracy, the Koran the unchangeable statute-book both in political and religious life. High above the whole Empire was enthroned the Sultan, girt with Osman's sword, the Shadow of God on earth, bound to nothing but the word of the Prophet. Under him were his tools, the great officials, who mostly came out of the ranks of the Christian renegades during the brilliant period of the Osman State, and the hordes of the Janissaries, all children of Christians, who had been robbed from their parents at a tender age and then inspired by a Spartan education with the whole ferocity of the Islamic faith. Under them were the ruling people of True Believers. Lastly under those were the polyglot herd of Christians, "pigs with similar bristles, dogs with similar tails," condemned to drudge and pay taxes, to purchase their exhausted lives anew every year by means of the poll-tax, the *haraj*, to strengthen ever anew the army of the ruling race by the toll of their boys—if sometimes it was not preferred to put them themselves among the troops of the Arabs, in which they were then used as cannon-fodder or were even thrown in heaps into the trenches of besieged Christian fortresses, as a living bridge for Allah's storming fighters. Thus were the Rayahs forced to forge ever closer the fetters of their slavery with their own hands.

Skill in enslavement had here produced an incomparable masterpiece which is only explicable

by the servility of the subjects of Byzantium, and by the ancient traditions of Oriental policy; for since Asia Minor knew of no national States, but only a powerfully welded medley of national wrecks, the capacity for ruling by dividing developed here to a degree of virtuosity almost incomprehensible to a Westerner. Whilst Christendom burnt its heretics, everybody under the Crescent might live according to his Faith; and only a short time ago Lord Shaftesbury quite seriously asserted amid the applause of the enlightened House of Lords that Turkey had done more for Christendom in a decade than Russia in nine centuries! This much-vaunted tolerance of the Turks also proves as a fact merely how skilfully the system of enslavement was devised; they did not desire the conversion of the subject races, because the Mussulman could put his foot on their necks only if the Rayahs remained unbelieving dogs. Whilst everywhere in Europe a strict class-distinction kept the lower orders under, the meanest slave at the Bosphorus might hope to rise to the highest offices in the Empire by luck and energy; therefore in the seventeenth century the toil-worn peasants of Central Europe sometimes welcomed the Prophet's approaching standard with similar feelings as they did later the armies of the French Revolution. However, that complete social equality, which constitutes everywhere the footstool of Oriental despotism, existed actually only for the ruling race of the Believers. Between

them and the Rayahs stretched a boundless gulf; the extremest insolence of the old French aristocratic arrogance is not within even measurable distance of those feelings of cold contempt and bodily disgust which the believing Turk experiences even to-day against the pork-eating Giaour.

The conqueror found himself in the presence of a population utterly divided by raving race-hatred and gloomy religious passions. The Greek hated the Serb more fiercely than the Turk, and yet more shocking than the sight of the man turning his face towards Mecca in prayer was it for an Orthodox son of the Eastern Church to behold an altar of the Latins, where the Saviour hangs on the Cross with His feet nailed one above the other, instead of side by side. Such a disposition among the Rayahs afforded firm ground for that shrewd system of keeping the races and creeds apart to which the ruling minority owed its security. As the government of the ruling race was itself theocratic, the elders of every Christian Church were provided with jurisdiction and powers of police over those of their faith, and were at the same time obliged to take responsibility for the taxes of the Rayahs. The Orthodox formed a Greek subordinate State within the Turkish Empire under their Patriarch. Their bishops dealt as they pleased with the popes and congregations, but seldom disturbed by a wildly energetic pasha; they boasted that, compared with their social

equals in other lands, "You are only parsons, we are pashas!" That is what English worshippers of the Turk praise as the incomparable self-government of the Osmands! The Rayahs' venal servility next became itself responsible for the fact that whilst the high clergy fleeced their flocks thoroughly well, they never became dangerous to the Turkish lords. What a horrible page of Christian history is covered by the fates of the Patriarchs of Constantinople! The dignity lasted for life, and could be forfeited only for high treason or on appeal of the Orthodox themselves. And yet this well-assured office, which might have been a prop of national independence for the Greeks, became a useful tool of enslavement for the Turks. Since time immemorial no Patriarch has kept his seat longer than three years. The spirit of simony penetrated the whole Church; scarcely had a prince of the Church won the votes of his fellow-believers by bribery, than others started working against him with the same method, till he was at last accused before the Porte and deposed. And the same unworthy game kept going on for centuries! To crown all, the big merchants of the Fanar carried on the monetary transactions of the Porte, and the commerce of the Christians was preferred before that of the Turks because it had to pay higher taxes, just as the fiscal policy of the landowners in our Middle Age sometimes patronized Jewish usury. Thus the shameful name of Rayah became a literal,

fearful truth. So long as they did not "gnaw at the collar of subjection," they might settle their disputes among themselves, just as stupid cattle are left to themselves; but as soon as they became engaged in quarrel with a Mussulman they were made to feel that the word of the Prophet formally gives the True Believer the right to tread the Giaour underfoot. The complete absence of rights on the part of the Rayahs was only made endurable to some extent by the fact that each community and each urban quarter was usually inhabited solely by fellow-believers, and so disputes between Christians and Moslems were not too frequent.

The same unparalleled ignorance which ensured the mastery of the Rayahs by the Moslems, also inspired their foreign policy. Never, not even when they watered their horses in the Leitha and beheld the rich abodes of German culture at their feet, did any idea of the superiority of Western civilization enter the Osmands' heads. The Frank was and is regarded by them as the paragon of frivolous stupidity; to make the Frankish bear dance a fool's dance at a rope's end was and is the finest spice of existence for the worthy Effendis of the Seraglio. Yet with what clarity and assurance did the one-sided narrow-mindedness of Oriental fanaticism meet the disharmony of the divided European world! The Mussulman knew but two kingdoms on earth, the House of Islam and the House of War; "the whole of

heathendom is only a nation," to conquer which was the immutable duty of the Moslems. The Western countries meanwhile became defenceless against the barbarians through the rich manifoldness of their culture; the want of unity among the European Powers, the superabundance of contradictions which is included in our portion of the world, were the best allies of the Osmans, beginning from the day when the Genoese calmly looked on at the conquest of Byzantium from the ramparts of Galata, up to the contemporary Christian heroisms of Benjamin Disraeli. And again, from the Council of Mantua, when *res orientales* were first put among the orders of the day for European diplomats, down to the war of dispatches in our own days, the unity of Europe has ever been nullified by the particular impediment that whilst, if needful, some understanding could have been reached about everything else, it was impossible in the case of the mighty capital, which signifies more than the whole of the Balkan Peninsula. It was not feasible to find a way out with the superficial advice of banishing the Turks from Europe, for the simple reason that their ruling stronghold itself half belongs to Asia. The Bosphorus is the high street of Constantinople; the Asiatic suburb of Scutari is hardly farther from Stamboul than the European suburbs of Pera and Galata. On the Asiatic shore at Anadoli Fanar lie the ruins of the Temple of Gerokoi, where the Hellenic sailor used once to say good-bye to his

beloved home before he began his voyage to the barbarian countries on the Bosphorus. So far as the history of that region goes, the south-east coast of Europe and the north-west coast of Asia have always belonged to the same Greek civilization. It was and is an enigma how a new Power could ever arise in Stamboul which should not at the same time be master of the most valuable strip of Asia Minor.

It is astounding with what cleverness the Osmons in their great period knew how to utilize this favourable position and those dissensions in Europe. Although they had only the vaguest conception of the geographical positions and the history of the heathen countries, they yet divined, with the fine sense for power peculiar to Orientals, where in each case they had to look for their allies. Correct insight and diplomatic tact, those ancient privileges of masterful aristocracies, were also a heritage among the ruling race in the Balkan Peninsula. As the believer in the Koran may regard every treaty of peace with the heathen merely as a revocable armistice, the Porte dealt with the Western countries with imperturbable calm. She understood how to expect everything from time, and waited patiently, with the fatalistic quietness of the Moslem, until the hour came to tear up all treaties and to let loose against the Giaours the still unbroken, fierce natural forces of the Janissaries and Spahis. Since France first drew the great Suleiman into the quarrels of

Christendom, the Turks began to perceive that they were at least welcome to one of the Christian Powers; and thenceforth the State of the Osmans has so often and so unctuously been praised by the wiseacre statesmen of the Western countries as an indispensable weight in the scales of European balance, that we ought not to be surprised if to-day all the supports of the Turkish Empire, the valis, mullahs, and ulemas, the black and the white eunuchs, the odalisques, and the seraglio boys, are all penetrated by the glad belief that Allah's wonderful mercifulness has struck the stupid Franks' eyes with an incurable blindness.

With good reason in truth has Machiavelli eulogized the proud beginnings of the Osman State; because that which represented policy to the Florentine, namely, skill in governing, in maintaining and enhancing the power of the State, was practised here with a rare cleverness. But with this skill the Turks' political capacity has always ended; their Empire, even at its great period, lacked all moral substance, just like Machiavelli's ideal State. Might was self-interest; the question as to what moral purposes it should aim at was never put. It was thought a matter of course that the State should exist for the benefit of the rulers; and if we inquire what the ruling skill of that long series of strong statesmen and generals has brought forth for the well-being and civilization of mankind, only one answer is possible: Nothing, simply nothing. When the con-

quering Mohammed bestrode the desert palace of the Comneni, the feeling of the transitoriness of earthly greatness overcame him, and he uttered the verse of the Oriental poet:

Before the gates in Emperors' castles
The spider, as chamberlain, is weaving curtains,
And in Afrasiab's columned halls
Echoes the cry of the nesting owl.

He did not imagine he was predicting the fate of his own Empire. Like a huge avalanche, Turkish despotism fell upon those blessed lands which once witnessed the classic age of Christian Church history. The interior of the Peninsula is to-day as little known as the deserts of Australia; it was not till Diebitsch's expedition to Adrianople that science gained some sort of notion of the formation of Balkan mountain ranges. The rise of the Turkish power compelled the Western countries to brace themselves to vigorous action. As the Osman occupied the flower of the commercial centres in the Mediterranean, the European sought the sea route to India. In the fight with the Asiatics arose the new Austria, which discovered a firm bond of unity for its polyglot nations in the fighting renown they had won together. In so far even the Osman Empire has borne witness to the truth that every great historical phenomenon leaves some positive result in the course of human development. But where are the traces of the civilizing work of the

Turks themselves? What remained in Hungary after the long one hundred and fifty years during which the Pashas dwelt on the Koenigsburg at Buda? A few crude mutilations of beautiful Christian churches and the warm baths of Ofen. What now reminds one of the domination of the Crescent in Greece? Hardly anything but the ruins of destroyed Christian habitations. The ruination of the system of government did not consist in the brutal outrages of individual magnates—because the impaling and drowning in sacks, the violating and pillaging, and similar amusements customary to the country, did not, according to Oriental standard, happen too frequently—but in that indescribable intellectual laziness, in that profound slumber of the soul, which was always peculiar to the Osmons even in the days of their warlike greatness, and caused them to appear as barbarians even in the eyes of the Arabs. Just as the Turk truly loves only three vocations, the career of a soldier, an official, or a priest, his State has never shown any understanding of art or science or commerce. His political economy, if the expression be allowed, simply pursued the purpose of assuring comfortable provision for the ruling race; he therefore lightened the taxes on imports and increased those on exports—just as in the Spain of Philip II, which exhibits altogether several striking similarities to the State of the Crescent.

And that idiotic system, which destroyed Spain's

Empire in a few decades, has been burdening the Balkan lands for nearly five hundred years! The Osmans, even in the glory of their victories and in the superabundance of pillaged wealth, were an Asiatic cavalry horde which never became at home on the soil of Western civilization, and never got beyond the standpoint of nomadic warriors. A national migration which fell asleep encamped over the Christian peoples of the south-east. The Turkish Empire always remained a mighty foreign despotism to the Rayahs. The venal Fanariots might fawn for the favours of the Osmanli, and the petty chieftains of the Bosniaks, abjuring their fathers' faith, might join the ruling nation's plundering campaign; but the masses of the Southern Slavs have for five hundred years been bewailing, in innumerable songs and tales, the battle on the field of the Amsel as the fatal day for the ancient freedom; the masses of the Greeks have never ceased imploring God's vengeance for that day of shame when the conqueror rode into the Hagia Sophia and his horse's hoofs violated the most beautiful God's house in Eastern Christendom. Likewise, the conscience of the European world has never recognized the existence of the Turkish realm as a morally justified necessity. The conscience of nations knows of no superannuation of what is wrong. War and conquest are only means towards the right; they can only prove that the victor possesses the moral superiority whereon the right to rule is based, but

they alone cannot base a right to rule on physical domination. As long as the victor has not proved that his power is countenanced by the moral forces of history, his success remains an injustice which may be expiated, an actuality which may be abolished by other actualities. Dense weeds have long been growing over the countless deeds of violence which were needful for the foundation of the governmental unity of all Europe's great nations. The wrong done during the agitations for unity among the Germans and Italians is nowadays, after but a few years, hardly felt, because the nations' sense of right says to itself that those revolutions only buried the dead and exalted the living. But those wounds which a mentally sterile Asiatic horde inflicted on Christian civilization still bleed after five hundred years as if the blows had fallen yesterday. And they will never scar over so long as Europe still possesses free and courageous men who, unmoved by Russophobia and English cant, dare to call the historic unrighteousness by its true name; and however much self-complacent narrow-heartedness may mock, it has finally ever been idealism which has divined the tendency of history.

But, however firmly and securely all the institutions of the old Turkish Empire fitted together, the State lacked what has been lacking in all theocracies, capability of development. Its might rested on the Osmons' governing skill and the Rayahs' servility. If one of those two supports

began to waver, inevitable decay would threaten the State, and the natural progress of European culture soon threaten both at the same time. A powerful movement of economic and intellectual life, in which Turkey took no part, gradually strengthened the military and political forces of the neighbouring Christian States to such a degree that the balance of power was entirely displaced. The Crescent lost the rich provinces on the other side of the Danube by humiliating defeats, whilst the Western countries regained full consciousness of their superiority. The Osman Empire dropped to a second-rate Power, and the name of Turk, instead of being a bogey for children, became their butt. The age of the Revolution next woke up even the Rayah nations. Since then the decline of the ruling people has been slowly and steadily accomplishing itself, like the operation of natural laws, whilst the national masses have continually grown in development. The strengthening self-consciousness, and the increasing well-being of the Rayahs, daily widen the gulf between the rulers and subjects, and make reconciliation and assimilation quite unthinkable. The Osmanli are decaying, body and soul. Their generative strength is being extinguished in the sodomy and voluptuousness of the harem. Of the great features of the national character almost nothing remains but pride, fatalistic confidence, and incapacity for any sympathy; only now and then do the bravery and the clever ruling sense of better days

break through the thick veil of measureless idleness which has pitched its camp on the souls of the satiated masters.

Orderliness and resolute manliness likewise vanished with the might of the Empire; the wild greed for plunder, which under the great Sultans of old dared to satisfy itself only on the Rayahs, has now for a long time done so shamelessly on the State itself: "The Padishah's treasure is a sea, and he who does not draw from it is a pig." The Rayahs, on the other hand, are indebted to Christendom for the still tolerable purity of their domestic life, and therewith their reproductiveness, which is generally decisive in such racial struggles. What really lives and works in Turkey is Christian. Since the peace of Kutchuk-Kainarji the Greeks have almost monopolized the traffic of the Ægean Sea; their wealth is growing, not only in the harbours of their small kingdom, in Patras, and at Syra, but they are also multiplying and flourishing in the coastal towns of Asia Minor, in Smyrna, Aivalu, and Pergamos, whilst the Turks are growing poorer and vanishing. It is true the Rumanian and the Southern Slav are many miles from being able to compete with the activity of the exceedingly astute Greek, but they also are far more energetic than the Turk. The Osmons themselves admit that "by Allah's will the Giaours become rich, and we poor"; the gloomy prediction of the ultimate triumph of the Cross lives in their nation, and many a distinguished

Turk prudently orders his grave on safe Asiatic soil. Sooner or later, in this instance as in that of Poland's aristocratic Republic, the historical law shall be fulfilled, which enjoins on our toiling century that there is no longer a place in Europe for a race of horsemen and consumers of income.

Let us not be led astray by the darling assurance of English tourists that the Turk is nevertheless the only gentleman among the inhabitants of the Peninsula. That he certainly is. He who would spend a pleasant hour with coffee and *chibouk*, will undoubtedly find himself more comfortable in the society of the dignified, distinguished, clean, and honourable Turks than among the greedy vulture-faces of the Rayahs. The truth is, the vices of masters are different from those of servants; dirt, servility, and thorough-going mendacity flourish only in a state of slavery. But can superiority in the social decencies be decisive in great historical struggles? The slave-lords of Virginia and Carolina assuredly displayed in casual intercourse pleasanter social manners than the hard-faced farmers and business men of the North, or even than the negroes. And yet the German people will always gladly remember that we did not, like the English, let ourselves be so seduced by a superficial preference for the gentlemen of the South as to defend an unworthy cause, but with moral earnestness we acknowledged the better right of the North. In like manner, the Turks' quiet dignity should not deceive us as to the fact

that the industry of the Greeks and the reproductiveness of the Slavs are leaving effete Osmandom far behind in every respect. The Rayahs' Orthodox faith is certainly the immaturest of all forms of Christianity. He who judges merely by fleeting impressions of travel will probably assign a higher place to the Mohammedans' strict monotheism than to the picture-worship of many a crude Rayah tribe, which regard their crucifix almost in the same way as the negroes their fetiches; and if the tourist has also witnessed in the grave-church at Jerusalem the way in which the Turkish *cavasses* enforce peace with their sticks between the brawling, raging adherents of the religion of love, he thinks himself justified in condemning the whole of Oriental Christendom. He who, on the other hand, surveys the concatenation of centuries, cannot but admit that even there in the East, as everywhere else, Christian civilization disposes of an endless power of rejuvenation and self-renewal, whilst all the peoples of Islam infallibly reach a point at last at which the word of the Koran is fulfilled. "Change is innovation, innovation is the path to hell." Even the most intellectually gifted of all the Mohammedan nations, which founded the glorious State of the Ommiads and created the wonderful edifices of Granada and Cordova, suddenly stood still at a certain point in its path as if bewitched; and this congelation of Islam gave the Spanish Christians the power and the right to conquer the Ommiads, although at the time of

the Cid they were even more inferior to the Moors than the Rayahs are to-day to the Osmans.

The Turks, for their part, have already long gone past the zenith of the culture attainable by their capacities; in the case of the Greeks, however, and even of the Serbs, Bulgarians, and Rumanians, only a biassed mind can dispute that they are no longer to-day what they were a century ago; their strength, after a long, death-like slumber, is again unmistakably, if slowly, resurrecting. The increase among the Franks at the Bosphorus is also becoming a peril to the Osman Empire. Under the protection of their Ambassadors they form States within the State; besides how could it be possible to subject Europeans to Turkish jurisdiction? Their privileged position shatters respect for the authorities, even as their practically almost complete freedom from taxation damages the State revenue; and compared with the seventeen Embassies which attack the "Sick Man" with advice, threats, intrigues of every kind, the Sultan appears to his own subjects almost like an irresponsible person whom Europe has put under observation.

With their strength, likewise grew the Rayahs' self-consciousness, which often seems wearisome to us Germans, and still oftener absurd, because national pride is generally wont to be the more bragging and boastful in inverse ratio to a nation's might and deeds. But we must not on that account misunderstand either the necessity of

this persistent national agitation, or its connection with the decisive forces of the century. Was it not altogether natural that the reawakening impulse towards culture should again hold the mother language in honour, the basis of all culture—that Bulgaria found her Karadzic, Greece her Rhigas and the long series of her national apostles; that the Serbs learnt to value their fine old national poetry, and that the great actions of their fathers, real and imaginary, were again eulogized everywhere? You may believe as much as you please of Fallmerayer's brilliant hypotheses, which, in point of fact, only partially survive a strict scientific investigation, but the Neo-Greeks have absorbed the Slav and Skypetarian elements, which their nationality embraces, and filled them with Greek culture; a strong national self-consciousness has grown up in them as the result of hard struggles and the memories of an ancient past; they possess living traditions, a civilized tongue, and a considerable literature; in short, they are a small nation still extremely immature, but of indestructibly developed individuality. A paltry cunning it is, worthy of the demagogic judges of the late-lamented Bundestag, that would try to explain this persistent change in the popular life simply as arising from the machinations of Russian agents! There certainly was, and is, no lack of such agents, although Liberal pessimists have garbled astounding stories even on that point. Why, how long is it since Bakunin was considered by the whole

Liberal world to be a Russian spy; and who will nowadays defend that idiotic supposition? The Russians' despotic methods of government and energetic patriotism brought it about that in former years almost every educated Russian communicated of his own free will or by command to the Government, the observations he had gathered together during his travels in Europe; that old custom has assuredly not become quite obsolete to-day. That Pan-Slavist fanatics carry on their intrigues among all the South-Slav populations is beyond doubt; and if we consider the strange personality of Mr. Wesselitzky Bogidarovic, who first appeared as a Russian secret agent, and then as a Bosnian leader of rebels, the question forces itself even upon childlike temperaments, whether the connections of such people do not extend to very high circles in Petersburg. Only do not let any one imagine that a long-lasting national agitation could be kept going by these means. If the Russians in Petersburg and Moscow build a few Bulgarian schools for their kinsmen and Orthodox Believers, where is the wrong in it? And would those schools flourish and have influence if self-consciousness and a tendency to education had not long been awakened in the Bulgarian nation?

Perhaps there was yet another way whereby the domination of the ruling people could have been maintained amid the growing strength of the Rayahs. The Empire might perhaps have kept alive,

if it further developed, according to the altered circumstances, the well-trying, shrewd system of separating the nations and churches, extended the privileges of individual peoples and creeds, and carefully protected the Christians from the interference of Mohammedan officials by a well-assured provincial independence. This way was full of danger; it might easily have led to the formation of semi-sovereign tributary states. In order to adopt it the Porte must needs have possessed an unusual measure of self-knowledge and self-denial. Meanwhile it was the only possible one, and it was therefore always recommended by Russia, the best judge of Turkish conditions; because the old truth, that the might of empires is maintained by the same methods as created them, is even more true of unchangeable theocracies than of other states. But as the Porte cherished a well-grounded suspicion of Russian advice, it at last, after long inactivity, chose the method which was directly opposed to the views of Petersburg. Owing to the rising influence of the Western Powers there began, with Mahmud II, the astonishing attempt to alter Turkey according to the pattern of the unified Western States. Sultan Mahmud created an army on the European model, Rashid Pasha the mechanism of a uniformly centralized government, the Hatti-Shereef of Gulhane and Abdul-Mejid's Hat-Humayum promised equality of justice to all subjects of the Great Lord, Fuad Pasha and Ali Pasha introduced

the Neo-Napoleonic phrase into the blessed Turkish Empire and announced that the time for *grandes agglomérations nationales* had also arrived for the East, that a unified Ottoman nation must be created. Lastly, the enlightened Neo-Turkdom has likewise drunk to-day of the Constitutional poison—which acts upon such peoples like brandy on the Redskins—and demands a national Parliamentary Council side by side with the Sultan.

There is, unfortunately, merely a trifle lacking for such a national council: viz., a nation. The Greeks and Slavs are not Turks; they can not and will not be Turks; and the Turks can never seriously allow them to be so. These so-called reform-politics, which have now been trying for several decades to abolish the racial hatreds and religious fanaticisms of the Eastern world by a few crumbs fallen from the table of Parisian constitution-makers, are nothing but a gigantic falsehood; and the patronage bestowed now by France, now by England, on Turkish enlightenment, simply shows that these Western Powers, in their self-complacent ignorance, have become quite incapable of understanding a foreign population. In order to foresee the fate of the Neo-Turkish reforms only a little honesty is needed, certainly not any seer's gift; for the same problem which is to-day arising on the Bosphorus occupied the astute minds of the whole world once before for many years, when well-meaning diplomats hoped

to bless the Holy See with a constitution. A constitutional Sultan is as impossible as a constitutional Pope. Even as the Cardinals could never recognize a lay council as a power with equal rights, just so little can the Osman Believer regard the Rayah as his equal. Although a *hat* of the Sultans may sympathetically describe the Christians as *tebah*, as subjects, yet, according to God's word, which the Padishah himself dares not offend, they remain the rabble. It is again simply throwing sand into the eyes of the Frankish bear when the highly amusing manifesto of Mussulman patriots announces to-day to Europe's statesmen the news that the Koran itself enjoins national assemblies. The Koran says: "Believers shall be governed by their national Council"—whilst unbelievers are to bend their brows to the dust before Believers. In Switzerland, a glorious history, lived in common, and active participation in a free and dignified State, gradually developed, among races with different languages, a common political feeling, which is hardly inferior to the natural national pride of the great civilized nations. But where is the moral force in Turkey which could compass the much-vaunted "fusion of races"? Language and education, creed and morality, ancient sacred memories and economic interests, estrange the masses from the hated masters. Force alone keeps the deadly enemies together. Should the longed-for new "Ottoman nation" base itself on the exalting conscious-

ness that "we are all of us subjects of one of the most pitiable countries in Europe"? The Sultan cannot seriously put the Rayahs on a footing of equality with the dominating race so long as he cannot rely on their loyalty with some certainty; but he does not even dare to raise troops from the Rayahs, and it would be altogether impossible for the masters and the masses to serve in the same regiments.

The Moslems cannot honestly recognize a condition of law which would have even the faintest likeness to the common law of European States, so long as a deep spiritual movement has not radically changed their whole thought and feeling, down to bodily habits; and such a reformation cannot proceed from the enlightenment of the despised Western lands; it would only be possible if Allah were again to raise up an inspired Prophet, who should proclaim a milder form of Islam. What, however, we see to-day in the Mohammedan world is the exact opposite of a relaxing of religious harshness. The Prophet's religion has not been touched by the decline of the Mohammedan States. It is still alive, the old proud, strongly religious, warlike Islam; even nowadays all the manly and respect-worthy forces of the Turkish character are rooted in it. Bloody outrages, like the Sepoys' revolt and Lord Mayo's murder, like the religious war of the Druses and the massacre of Salonica, occasionally reveal what primitive forces are acting underground in the broad terri-

tories from the Ganges to the Adriatic Sea, ready to explode violently. Any Sultan who should seriously try to be a Frank will be wrathfully opposed by the conscience of the True Believers—resolute and invincible, as in the case of the dervish who cried out to Sultan Mahmud II, on the bridge of Galata: “O Giaour Padishah, are you not at last weary of your horrors?” The dervish was strangled, but the crowd of Believers saw a halo hovering about his corpse. And the people were right; for so long as the Koran remains the supreme law-book of all Islamic States, the introduction of Western conceptions of law is a degradation and crime.

It is therefor that all the reform-laws of the last three Sultans have been simply so many steps towards destruction. The most perilous time for a declining State always begins when its Government tries to better itself, and thereby itself challenges criticism. The old Bourbon kingdom did not fall in the prime of its vices, but under the only king who strove well-meaningly to abolish the ancient abuses; the Second Empire did not collapse before its Parliamentary period. In like manner, the worst days arose for the Osman Empire when attempts at reform were started. The experience of half a century shows that Count Nesselrode was right when (in a remarkable dispatch of 21st January, 1827) he opined about Mahmud II's innovations that “they are shattering the ancient power of the State, without setting

a new one in its place." A tragic figure, that powerful Mahmud, the last great one in Osman history! He waded in blood over his knees in order to give his people a better time, and he sank despairing into his grave, conscious he had made a failure of life. He was once readily compared with Peter the Great, and the assassination of the Janissaries with the annihilation of the Strelitzi. But the barbarian genius of the North ruled a people which, despite all its crudity, was docile and mouldable, and understood how to follow out its master's bold ideas; whilst from the soul of the Osman nation the Sultan's Frankish innovations fell away without a trace, like water from waxed cloth.

The annihilation of the Janissaries was a momentary gain, because the wild, uncivilized troops menaced civil peace, but it was a yet greater loss for the future, for that massacre put a period to the clever old system which compelled the Rayahs themselves to fashion their own whips. The Christians forthwith possessed the forces of their youthful manhood; the whole enormous burden of war-service and the guarding of subjects now lies on the shoulders of Osmans alone—an overstrain of the powers of the ruling race which can but benefit the masses. Likewise the Empire's military strength gained only slightly by the deed of violence, as was soon displayed in the campaigns against Russia and Egypt. In the same way it was merely a hand-to-mouth measure by which

the Fanariots lost their influential posts at the time of the Greek uprising, and the powers of the Greek Patriarch were limited. The Porte has since gone further on that alluring path, until finally it has recently granted a national Head of the Church to the most numerous of the Rayah-races, the Bulgarians, and has thus destroyed the Greeks' ancient ecclesiastical State. This State in the State, however troublesome though it might sometimes be, was nevertheless bound by important interests to the maintenance of the Osman Empire, and kept the Rayahs together; since it was abolished, the centrifugal forces working among the Christian peoples are completely set free.

Meanwhile the numberless unkept promises of freedom on the part of the Sultans had a more destructive effect than anything else, for they enhanced the ancient and deadly hatred of the Rayahs by a further ill-feeling caused by this outrageous breach of promise, and degraded the Porte in Europe's eyes. Who does not know of the farcical pantomime that took place at the proclamation of the Hatti-Shereef of Gulhane? First of all the Sultan's Court Astrologer came forward with his astrolabe in order to calculate the favourable hour willed by God, and when Allah spoke and said, "Now is the time," the great decree of liberty was read out which bestowed upon the Rayahs all the glories of Western toleration and equality before the law. Of course all these *hats*,

granted to such a people, were so much "paper written with honey," as the astute Moslems are wont to say among themselves with amused winkings of the eye. Their enforcement was never at all earnestly essayed; the Neo-Turkish worshippers of Western countries showed exactly the same qualities as the Old Believers in the art of deceiving the Christians. The two friends, Ali Pasha and Fuad Pasha, are rightly held to be the noblest and most highly-educated of the youngest generations of Turkish statesmen. And yet it was Ali who induced the Cretans to submit by resounding promises of freedom, and afterwards forgot all about it; whilst Fuad expressed to the Christians in Syria his deep regret at the massacre of the Druses, and then intentionally allowed the fighters of God to escape. The word of the Prophet and the nature of the State are in fact mightier than the outwardly assimilated European culture. The farce of reform reached its zenith at the period of the Crimean War. The "Great Elchi," Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, ruled in Stamboul, and even to-day we hardly understand how a statesman so highly gifted and such a judge of men could have squandered his extraordinary will-power on such an entirely impossible policy. He himself perceived, and admitted long ago, his old mistake. The great Powers admitted the Turkish Empire, then yet again resurrected, into the community of European international law at the very moment when the Porte itself ex-

hibited a formal testimony to its weakness in the Humayum *hat*, and unambiguously showed how little it deserved to be treated as a European Power. The new decree of liberty simply repeated what had already been solemnly promised a decade and a half previously, and merely proved that this Government was neither able nor willing to be just to Christians.

In very truth Turkey left the ranks of independent States as a result of the Treaty of Paris. The Porte had to proclaim the *hat*; it was the condition of admittance to the European Concert. It accordingly undertook towards the Great Powers the duty of reforms, and came under the police observation of Europe, although the phrasing of the Treaty did not recognize this inevitable effect. Turkey to-day is indeed more dependent than ever; she has already had to suffer the armed intervention of the Powers in Syria.

What were the consequences of all these legislative experiments, which were so often welcomed in the English Parliament with the jubilant cry, "Turkey is saved, and the liberation of the Rayahs achieved"? The fez has driven out the turban, the beauties of the seraglio wear Paris fashions, and doubtless also adorn their walls with a few bad European lithographs. So that it certainly happens that a portrait of the Prince of Wales, with his name under it, is introduced as Napoleon III to smiling visitors from Pera. Society drinks champagne, and murders French; Young Turkey

brings home a few strong Voltairean phrases from his years of study in Paris, jeers at the creed of his fathers, and ennobles the ancient Eastern viciousness by the virtuous habits of the *Closerie des Lilas*. Inconvenient Pashas are no longer got rid of by the silken string, but they are banished, and the assassin's dagger is now used only on quite exceptional occasions. The enlightened Turkish statesmen have diligently assimilated all the arts of Napoleonic Press-control; they are masters in the manipulation of correspondence and *entrefilets*; the golden pills kneaded on the Bosphorus can always find a few obliging patients in the journalistic circles of London and Paris, but especially among the industrious Oriental kin who dominate the Vienna Press. The Porte strove with even greater success to make an appearance also in the bourses of Europe as a member of equal standing with the civilized community of States. The rejuvenated domestic economy of its Government soon threw into the shade the boldest deeds of European finance. During about fourteen years of peace this land, with its measureless natural resources, burdened itself with a debt of over five milliards of francs, and finally reached that unparalleled Budget which, out of £18,000,000 revenue, put aside two for the Sultan's household, fifteen for the interest on the National Debt, and kept only one million for the army, navy, and officials.

The ancient, humiliating head-tax on the

Christians was removed; but as the Rayahs do not serve in the army, and the Osmanli did not wish to give them weapons, the ancient tax returned under the euphonious title of a war contribution, and the sole result of the reform was the increased burden on the Christians. A few Christians were summoned to the district councils, but they did not dare to open their mouths; the Giaour remained without rights, since no Osman judge allowed his evidence to weigh against a Mussulman. The oppressive system of tax-farming, the *iltisan*, continued, despite all promises, for the tax-farming is based upon the natural economy; the Porte possessed neither will nor power to raise the rough Rayah peasants to a higher degree of economy, and the commissions of the tax-farmers remained indispensable to their officials. Year after year, desperate Christian peasants make over their property to the *moshes*, and receive it back tax-free; the *vakuf* is driving out the *mulk*, the mortmain latifundia threatened entirely to consume the small, free landed property. Innumerable revolts of the ill-treated people proved that even the submissiveness of the Orientals, which can endure indescribable hardships, found its limit under this régime.

Briefly, the ancient system, the exploitation of the Rayahs by the master-people and its assistants' assistants, was not altered in the slightest by the Neo-Turkish reforms, only the ruling power of the Osmans vanished. The ancient Turkdom com-

pelled the admiration of its foes by the strength of its character; the Neo-Turkish method, with its unbroken barbarism and the shiny Frankish varnish over it, resembles that of the delighted Indian who has put on a frock-coat over his naked, tattooed body. The final reason for this incorrigibleness of the State undoubtedly lies in the ominous fact that the Oriental theocracy appears in this case at the same time as the foreign government of a small minority. Purely Mohammedan States such as Egypt are in a happier position; they may introduce a few European ideas without endangering the existence of the Government.

The epoch of reforms was one of ceaseless defeats and losses for the exterior power of the Empire. Algiers fell to France; Egypt won the heredity of its ruling family and an independent position which approaches sovereignty; respect for the Porte is weakened in Mesopotamia, in Arabia it is an empty name; Servia and Greece gained their freedom; the Danubian principalities became unified, and almost quite independent; the estuaries of the river first fell to Russia, then to the management of a European Commission. Of the 16,000,000 inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula—that is the calculation of Jakschitsch—7,500,000 are to-day already entirely or nearly independent, and the Porte possesses now in Europe only about 8,500,000 direct subjects. The provinces are declining or at a standstill, the power of the Empire is receding to the capital

more and more. The importance of these facts is in no way lessened by the fond assurance of the friends of Turkey that the Rayahs would never have freed themselves if Europe, especially Russia, had not supported them. The insinuation is as brilliant as the assumption; the tree would not grow if it did not derive nourishment from the atmosphere and earth. The Rayahs, after all, do not inhabit a lonely, distant island, but live in the vicinity of luckier nations allied to them by race and creed, and so long as the last feeling of brotherly community does not perish in Christendom, there is always bound to be some European Power which shall take care of the Rayahs, either out of self-interest or sympathy. Whether the Turks were able to put down the revolt of the Serbs with their own forces or not, it is at least beyond doubt that Ibrahim Pasha would assuredly have smashed the rebellious Greeks had not the European Powers intervened. But that intervention was an obvious necessity; Europe could not look on indifferently whilst a Christian people was being annihilated by Egyptian hordes, and the great English statesman, George Canning, who, breaking once and for all with the traditions of a narrow-hearted trading policy, encompassed this result, will always receive fame for willing what was necessary. Nowadays, after the Porte has made and broken such numerous promises, it has become quite impossible for the Great Powers, and particularly for Russia, to leave the fate of

the Rayahs to be solely determined by the pleasure of the Turks. Count Nesselrode once expressed himself very challengingly, but plain-spokenly and pregnantly, about Russia's relations to the Christians in Turkey. In a letter to Herr von Brunnow (1st June, 1853) he referred to the sympathies and common interests which bound his Court to the Rayahs and made its interference in Turkish affairs possible at any time. He concluded: "We shall hardly be asked to dispense with this influence in order to dissipate exaggerated anxieties. Putting the impossible case, that we should wish to do so, we should nevertheless not be able to do so"—and, he might have added, "even if we ourselves were able to do so, the Southern Slavs would never believe that the White Czar had withdrawn his hand from them." And on that it all depends. The confident belief of the Rayahs, supported by facts, that they cannot be wholly sacrificed by Russia and the other European Powers, is a spur which is continually driving them on to new things, is an operative power in the latest history of the Orient, and will not be abolished by the strong words of the English Press.

None of the small States which have thus formed themselves with the help of Europe has hitherto reached sound political conditions. A strong and far-seeing absolutism, which should awaken the country's economic and intellectual forces whilst at the same time leaving the communities some

degree of independence, is clearly the kind of government best suited to such a state of civilization. Instead of which the whole glorious Neo-French Constitutional quackery was introduced everywhere. Each one of these little nations boasts of the most liberal constitution in the world, and tries to outdo all the fashionable follies of Western Radicalism by the abolition of capital punishment, of the nobility, of the classes, and similar jokes. None of the young States has yet acquired a firmly established dynasty, the great advantage still possessed by Turkey. If the Prince is a native, he is deposed, because the free Rumanian, Hellene, etc., will not bow down to a person like himself; if he is a foreigner, he is driven away, because the proud nation will not endure the yoke of foreign domination. It is undeniably difficult to escape this pleasing dilemma. A wild quarrel between parties, which hardly attempts to hide its real object, the hunt for office, is demoralizing the peoples, and so crippling the powers of the Governments that even the clever, energetic, and conscientious Prince Charles of Rumania could only achieve in this instance a portion of what he would have achieved without the blessing of Parliamentary government by parties. Still, it would be unfair to judge these peoples solely by their weakest aspect, by their skill in ruling. It is indeed incontestable that their social conditions are slowly progressing, that, especially in Greece, a noteworthy impulse

towards culture has been awakened; briefly, that they are to-day happier in every respect than they were formerly under the rule of the Crescent. In the neighbourhood of the Acropolis, where only a few decayed huts stood in the time of the Turks, there is to-day a comfortable quarter, with churches and schools, and a flourishing little university. And, what weighs more than anything with a politician, the liberation of these countries has already long been an irrevocable fact, the restoration of the Crescent in Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest is no more within the sphere of the possible. The rise of the Rayahs has had permanent, definite results, therefore it will continue and progress.

Recently the movement has already seized upon those countries which were hitherto held to be the most trustworthy; the Bulgarians were always despised as the most servile of all the Rayahs, Bosnia with its Mohammedan *Begs* was even highly esteemed as the strong arm of warlike Islam. However ominous this symptom seems, it must nevertheless be recognized that with every further step forward the falling away meets with increasing hindrances. The liberation of Rumania, Servia, and Greece occurred under unusually favourable circumstances. Rumania always enjoyed a certain independence; and, both in Greece and Servia, warlike Christian mountaineers lived next to a small number of Mohammedan immigrants; so that here the alien population

could be easily expelled after victory. The three liberated States now treat Islam more intolerantly than the Turks did Christendom. To-day, however, the movement is approaching the coastal regions of Bulgaria and Rumelia, which the Moslems occupy in dense masses. Jakschitsch reckons among the Porte's direct subjects in Europe 4.7 millions of Christians, and 3.6 millions of Mohammedans, and though he may perhaps rather overrate the number of the latter, it is clear that three millions of Moslems can neither be converted, nor destroyed, nor probably expelled. During the last ten years, the Porte settled about half a million of Circassian fugitives, from the Caucasus, near the Danube in the villages of expelled Christians: one of the few acts of modern Osman policy which still remind one of the governing skill of greater days. With these fanatical foes of Russia, with the other Mohammedans of the Peninsula, finally with the thirteen millions of her Asiatic Moslems, she may confidently expect yet once more to quell the revolt in Bulgaria and Bosnia—provided only a spark of the old power of action still survives in Stamboul, and the European Powers do not intervene.

And even if the liberation of the two rebellious provinces took place, the decisive problem as to the future of the East would not be touched on, viz., the fate of the capital. There on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles dwells that section of the Greeks who from time immemorial have most

readily bent their necks beneath the yoke both of Byzantine and Osman slavery. They have grown rich, those fellows, by energy in commerce, and still more by the complaisance of Turkish statesmen. It is at least improbable that this people should rise of its own accord, that the rabble of the capital, a blend of all the slums of Europe and Asia, should dare to war against a domination which is both feared and convenient. There is hitherto no sign of any dangerous agitation in those circles. So far as human judgment goes, the Crescent will not fall from the cupolas of the Church of Santa Sophia until the army of a European Power plants its standards on those ancient walls which the last Comnenus defended to his death. And nobody knows better than the Porte what impediments to such a disaster are opposed by the jealousies of the Great Powers; for amid its decline it has nevertheless retained something of that barbaric cunning which once caused the great Suleiman to ask the French agent: "Is the Emperor Charles at peace with Martin Luther?"

These general conditions alone, and not the vital strength of the State itself, justified the Porte in the hope that its doom may now again be postponed for a few years. I should be insulting my readers if I were to speak more at length about the weirdly ludicrous farce being played to-day by the English Ambassador on the Bosphorus. Surely we stupid Franks are no longer so childish as to faithfully believe that the scientific

idealism of the strenuous *softas* got rid of an uncultured Sultan by means of suicide; it would be the same as if the Wingolf Theological Union wanted to depose the German Emperor. "Execution is better than disturbance," says the Prophet. Behind the *softas* stood the Old and Young Turkish statesmen, all who desired to maintain the mastery of the Moslems over the Christian masses. In times of quiet, public opinion can neither form nor express itself among the Turks, since the newly invented free Press does not reach the mass of the people; it therefore flames up all the more suddenly and violently in days of peril, if the ruling race thinks itself menaced in its ruling rights. Behind the Osmons, however, Sir Henry Elliot was the leader of the Revolution. The English Premier in the joy of his heart has already revealed that transparent secret; for at a moment when decency forbade him from knowing anything about the opinions of the new Sultan, he related to the House of Commons that better times had now come for Turkey.

It is perhaps possible that the world may still gaze for a few years upon the wonderful comedy of these "better times." It knows the plot and the sequence of scenes quite accurately, and has still a vivid recollection of the impressiveness with which the great comedian Abdul Aziz once declaimed the effective concluding verse of the first act: "Turkey shall be new-built on the principles of a legislative State." But the name of the

dramatic poet is this time not Stratford but Elliot, and he will be desirous of embellishing the old play with some new inventions; perhaps he will really cheer us up with the gallows'-humour of an Ottoman Parliament. There are enough Catonic natives among the merchants of the Fanar, as well as among the Armenian and Greek tax-farmers; with the aid of the customary baksheesh the requisite number of loyal Rayah deputies will assuredly be found. And what a triumph it would be for Disraeli's diplomacy if it succeeded in introducing a fresh kind of constitutional monarchy into Europe's constitutional history, viz., parliamentarism tempered by murder! In what illuminating relief would this picture stand out in the dithyrambs of the English Press against the well-known descriptions of the Russian Constitution!

What the Rayahs have to expect from the new Government the semi-official Oriental correspondence has just confessed in an unguarded moment of sincerity. Tolerance—thus it ran—may be expected by Christians, but no political rights on any account from a Sovereign who owes his throne to the Osmons. That is the truth of the matter. Even as the Turks formerly replied to the outburst of the Greek revolution by the murder of the Patriarch of Constantinople, they have to-day answered the Bosnio-Bulgarian revolt and the Serbian war preparations by the Sultan's deposition. It was an uprising of the old master-race

which was accompanied by its usual brutality, but which was quite respect-worthy of its kind. The Old and Young Turks are quite united in their determination to keep their feet on the Christians' necks. They laugh, rightly too, about the notion of comfortable persons that the Sultan, expelled from Stamboul, will presently govern an incomparably happier Asiatic Empire from Broussa; such a rejuvenation of a Power which has just been disgracefully defeated would be contrary to all experience of Oriental history. They feel so safe amid the quarrels between the European Powers, that doubtless many a Turkish statesman may quietly wish that Russia might, by a false step, give the Porte an opportunity for forcing a war. The new Sultan is already in the middle thirties; about that time of life the inevitable results of harem-life are wont rapidly to appear in the latest generations of Osman's descendants. Should he, however, remain in the long run more responsible than his two glorious predecessors, he can never belie the origin of his government. With England's help, financial means and military forces will probably be found so as to overcome the embarrassments of the moment; perhaps real satisfaction will be given for the murder of the two consuls instead of open contempt. Still, if Allah bestows his blessings, everything will after all remain as it is. The Rayahs cannot put any trust in the Porte's promises so long as there are not some Christians in the Porte's Ministerial Council

—not corrupt Fanariots, but trusty agents of the small races—and such a proposal would now be simply impossible.

As already stated, one may regard Turkey as a religious State, but the Padishah is the Caliph of all the Sunnites, and the Caliphate's mighty actuality will be stronger than a paper promise. With their customary diplomatic cleverness they may make the most delightful promises to the Great Powers, but the *valis* and *kaimakams* will not forget the equally customary and ancient art of making life sour for the Rayahs, and the English will again, just as under Stratford's rule, receive commands to report nothing adverse about the Turkish administration. So, perhaps, the world will keep patient until after a few years the Empire is involved in a fresh crisis. In politics incompetence in living is by no means synonymous with death, as we Germans know by the experiences of our small States; and the power of sluggishness is nowhere greater than in the East.

Will matters really develop so slowly? The decision depends on the conduct of the Great Powers.

He who speaks about the Oriental Question with a great show of moral indignation, ever runs the risk of being suspected of hypocrisy. It is hardly edifying to find to-day in part of the German Press a repetition of English stock speeches against Muscovite selfishness. Surely it ought to be taken quite as a matter of course by us honest

Germans that Russia and England, the two protagonists there in the East, think first of their own strength, and both are pursuing their purpose with that complete unscrupulousness which has been peculiar for thousands of years to all fights between Powers in the Orient. If you examine the matter impartially, you cannot deny that Russia has always judged the character of the Turkish State, the unchangeableness of that theocracy, more accurately than most of the other Powers. In this regard, Petersburg politics was always superior to its opponents, even at the periods when they arrogantly underrated the Turks' power of resistance. The biting irony with which the Russian Plenipotentiary to the Paris Congress was wont to accompany the reform-programmes of the West has met with full justification in the events of the following decades.

The grounds of this superiority are tolerably obvious. The Russians are themselves a half-Eastern people, and are not regarded as Franks by Moslems; they have been in immemorial intercourse with Asiatics, understand how to treat their Mohammedan subjects very skilfully, and formed earlier than the rest of European peoples a conviction about the future of the Balkan countries which has become a national tradition owing to two centuries of wars and negotiations. That the strongest of the Slav Powers, which bears the Imperial Eagle of Byzantium in its coat-of-arms, must act so as to expel the Crescent from the

Czarograd of the South, requires no elucidation. Since the Porte by the Peace of Kutchuk-Kainarji had to promise the Petersburg Court to protect the Christian religion and its Churches, Russia has posed as the lawful protector of the Greek Christians in Turkey; only an Orthodox Believer can become Russian Ambassador in Stamboul. This tendency towards Byzantium is to Russians what their "manifest destiny" was to the North Americans, viz., a political necessity imposed by the Empire's world-position as well as by the nation's holiest feelings and memories. In his Oriental scheming all the Russian's sincere idealism comes to light, especially the strength of his religious feeling. It is not only the masses who revere Holy Russia in their State, but the higher classes also, despite their Voltairean education, regard Russiandom and the Orthodox Creed as synonymous, and there is often to be found in these circles an enthusiastic veneration for the "Primary Church of Christendom," which alone has remained unalterable. A short time ago a Russian statesman, one of the freest-thinking heads among his race, wrote to me: "In our religion the Communion Cup remains concealed with a covering till the moment of transubstantiation; the day will come when the covering will also fall from the Orthodox Church and its Divine contents will be shown to the world." I certainly doubt if the Russian Church has really such a wealth of hidden moral forces at its disposal; suffice it that

the inmost being of the State and of popular opinion compels every Czar to maintain the ancient union with their brother-believers in the South.

But the forms and methods of this policy have manifoldly changed in rapid sequence; a doctrinaire insistence on ready-made programmes is the last reproach that could be brought against the realism of Petersburg diplomacy. In the eighteenth century Russia was a Power highly dangerous to the peace of the world, expanding hugely, absorbing everything which lay within reach of its arms; the land-grabbing Cabinet policy of those days found, naturally, its most audacious exponents in the least-civilized of courts. It would be well for Russia if she no longer denied to-day what is a historical fact: that Peter the Great wished to be buried in Byzantium; that Muennich described Turkey as the Czar's assured booty; that Catherine cherished boundless ideas of conquest when she negotiated with Joseph II and Thugut, and had her second grandson baptized with the name of the Byzantine Emperors; that the Peace of Kutchuk-Kainarji was carried out in an extremely violent way, owing to Russia—and so on, *ad infinitum*. The echoes of this policy of conquest could be heard well into our nineteenth century. For instance, the acquisition by Czar Nicholas of the mouths of the Danube was an outrageous attack on the territory of a foreign Power, which Europe should never have tolerated. It is only since Alexander II's Reform

Laws that this conquest policy has been given up. One reform engenders another, every cut into the ancient injuries of a State exposes other wounds previously unnoticed; the abolition of serfdom is no longer enough, the Empire requires comprehensive agrarian laws, in order that the free peasant may also obtain independent possession of soil. New and unavoidable problems for legislation are quickly arising, and the small number of really educated men at the disposal of the Government is scarcely sufficient to solve them all. Moreover, the free discussions of the last two decades have only just stirred up in Russia a real national life; even as they have learnt to adopt as a necessity the new State-formations of Central Europe, they are also asking their own government for a national foreign policy.

And nobody can deny that Czar Alexander has so far satisfied their claim. The quelling of the Polish uprising was, despite all the horrors connected with it, after all only an act of self-defence, compelled by the Poles' incomprehensible folly, as well as by the unanimous desire of the Russian people; and that splendid campaign of conquest, too, in Central Asia is a national deed, however paradoxical it may seem. The Russians are not meeting there, like the Britons in the East Indies, a very ancient civilization, equal in birth, but naked barbarism; they appear as the heralds of a superior civilization, and yet are not unapproach-

ably alien to the conquered by descent and morality. The conquest is therefore much easier of accomplishment, and it needs more rarely, than was once the case with the East India Company, those unworthy means which were needed for the subjection of India. The conqueror may expect, gradually, to inspire those hordes with his civilization, just as he has already Russified Kazan and Astrakhan, the Tartars of the Crimea, and the Kirghiz tribes, yes, even the greater part of the Caucasus. We Liberals of the West, however, have gradually grown out of the ridiculous enthusiasm of earlier days and begin to perceive that it is gain for culture when the bestial Circassians, Luanetians, etc., become Russians. This tremendous outflow of Slavdom towards the East cannot stop before the whole boundless regions from the Amur and the Chinese boundary to the Ural form a safe commercial dominion. Prince Gortchakof's well-known phrase, "*C'est donc toujours à recommencer,*" hits the nail on the head.

Now, is it at all credible that a Government which places before itself so great and difficult and yet attainable aims, both in its home and foreign policy, should pursue a Napoleonic adventurer's policy in the case of Turkey? The Russians are not nearer to the Serbs and Greeks than the Germans to the Danes and English; with the Rumanians they have absolutely nothing in common except the Orthodox Creed and that incomplete civilization which distinguishes the whole Slav-Jewish-

Wallachian Eastern half of Europe. The morbid national pride of the small Rayah peoples rejects scornfully the idea of becoming Russian; the Greek especially despises the Muscovites as Slavs and barbarians, although he condescends to use them for his purposes. Many unpleasant truths may be enunciated about the lamentable realms Rumania and Greece; they are not Russian provinces, much rather are they very jealous of their national independence. That fanatical Pan-Slavists long for the conquest of Byzantium is known to all; but can an intelligent Russian Government commit itself to such madness? It does not possess the means of destroying the deeply-marked nationality of the small Rayah peoples, it cannot desire to forge yet another Polish cannon-ball for its feet, and, above all, it owes its powerful position among the Balkan States, in great part, to the submissiveness of the Rayahs and cannot dream of subduing them by force. Several historical philosophers demonstrate, with an amount of erudition which would be worthy of a finer cause, that in the cold Northern country life is really quite too uncomfortable, a natural instinct is impelling the Russians to exchange these inhospitable regions for the gorgeous South. At Petersburg, however, people will be very well aware that a population of 75,000,000 cannot, nowadays, casually start a new migration and leave the scenes of its thousand-years' work.

It is also simply a learned fallacy to gloomily maintain, in a free version of Alexander I's notorious phrase, that the Bosphorus is the key to the Russian house, the Czar's Government must aim at its possession. After all, the Sound is the second key to the Russian house, and when has Russia ever tried to conquer Copenhagen, the Byzantium of the North? Just as the Petersburg Court is able to feel quite at ease, now that the Sound is in the hands of two harmless Middle Powers, it is likewise naturally only so far interested in the Bosphorus, viz., that it should be ruled by a friendly Orthodox Power. Russia does not wish to conquer the Bosphorus for itself, because it has not the necessary power. No European State, Germany least of all, can tolerate a permanent Russian settlement in Stamboul, if only because of the feverish excitement which would be bound to flame through all Slav races at such a movement; and how is it thinkable that they could maintain themselves there, if a German army entered Poland, Austria's troops marched over the Balkans, and an English fleet lay before Seraglio Point? Who has a right to attribute such gasconading tricks to the Russian Court?

Emperor Alexander has already proved, since the beginning of his reign, by the conclusion of the Paris Treaty how remote such visions are from him. He was certainly unable to remain permanently content with that transaction, and for good reasons. The plan of the Western Powers, to

carry out the reforming of Turkey without and against Russia, was, as the outcome showed, a sin against nature and history. Seldom was a victory less magnanimously and more stupidly exploited than the truly modest success of Sebastopol.

It is impossible to forbid a mighty Empire to sail the sea before its coast with warships, and it is as immoral as was formerly the treaty for the closing of the Scheldt, and similar products of the older commercial policy. So shameful a condition is observed by a proud State only so long as it must be. With regard to such obligations the *mot* holds good: "The breach of faith is then more honourable than the observance." The blame for the announcement of that clause of the Paris Treaty falls solely on the shoulders of the silly conquerors, who in the intoxication of success fancied they could impose the impossible on the conquered; the indignant English cry about Russian "breach of faith" found the less echo in the right feeling of the European world, since everybody knew the Paris Treaty had already a long time before been broken in another respect. Contrary to the Paris Treaty, the union of the Danubian Principalities had been achieved, and the Porte positively trampled under foot the Humayum *hat*, the preamble of that Treaty.

The aim of Petersburg policy has lately been to enhance the privileges of the Christian races and Churches of the Balkan Peninsula and, where possible, to raise those countries to semi-sovereign

States. This was already transparently indicated in that Gortchakof memorandum of 1867, which demands the "co-existence *parallèle*" of the Rayah peoples, and is still clearer in Russia's attitude during the Bulgarian Church dispute. The Russian Court kept formerly always on terms of good friendship with the Patriarch of Byzantium; it has now eagerly encouraged the separation of the Bulgarian National Church from the Patriarchate. It no longer makes a formal claim of solely representing the Orthodox in Turkey, but it is now, as it was formerly, the only Power that can do anything for the Rayahs. Of course the people in Petersburg have their *arrière-pensée*: they desire, if possible, a powerless group of small States in the Balkans, so that Russian influence may alone be dominant there. On that account, Russia formerly opposed the creation of the independent Kingdom of Greece, and hoped far more for the formation of three semi-sovereign Principalities at the Southern point of the Peninsula; therefore, also, the union of Moldavia and Wallachia ran counter to Petersburg views. The root idea of Russian policy is, however, quite justified; apart from the autonomy of the territories, there is in very truth no longer any way of securing the rights of the Rayahs. And as Russia is certainly not in a position to arrange Eastern affairs solely according to her will and pleasure, the task is laid upon her Western allies to remove the sting from the Russian plans.

Just as the Petersburg Court long ago agreed to acknowledge the Kingdom of Grece and the Unified Rumanian State, it will also some time or other, if Europe requires it, be obliged to allow the enlargement of the Kingdom of Greece. Even the collapse of Osman rule in Stamboul, which at the moment is still quite out of sight, yet will assuredly take place presently, cannot fill us with blind fright if we calmly weigh the relations of the Powers to-day. United Germany, honourably reconciled to Austria, is very well able to see that this catastrophe, if it must occur, shall occur under circumstances which the West can accept. How, pray, do the Anglo-maniacs know that a Greco-Slav State on the Bosphorus must necessarily fall under Russia's influence? That decayed, sucked-out Byzantine Society altogether affords within a conceivable future no soil for a menacing development of might; the natural opposition of interests, the Greeks' deep hatred for the Russians, would be bound to crop up very soon, and European diplomacy would assuredly not be disposed to leave the field to the Russians alone, there on the Golden Horn, where it has contended for many decades and devised schemes and played the master. No tenable reason is at the root of the theory that the destruction of the Osman State must needs level the path for that Russian world-empire of which the Anglo-maniacs dream. But the great idea which Russia represents, in accordance with her historic position in the Orient, the re-introduction

of the Greco-Slav States into the European community, may certainly rely upon the future. The Nature of things is working for it. Every bloody deed in the Sultan's Palace, and every prosperous voyage of daring Greek shipowners, works into the hands of that idea. The Turkish apple of the Hesperides is already beginning to plague Europe with its odour; the day must come when the rotten fruit shall fall to earth. The Petersburg Court has no occasion to endanger an assured future by premature steps; it may quietly say: We can wait.

England, however, cannot wait. A policy which tries, after the manner of Prince Metternich, to uphold only what exists, because it exists, lives from hand to mouth; it requires loud comedy from time to time in order to show the world that it is really still alive and knows how to defend threatened Europe from imaginary dangers. Four points of view in especial seem to guide this wretched policy. People living in the lucky aloofness of the wealthy island have still preserved an obsolete conception of European balance, and torment their brains with nightmares which have lost all *raison d'être* since the Italian and the German revolutions. They worry themselves about the Mediterranean sea-fortresses, and do not perceive that England's incomparable merchant service is bound to maintain the upper hand in the Mediterranean even if those positions return to their natural masters—a trend of events which, moreover, is still at a mea-

sureless distance from us. They want to uphold the Osman Empire at any cost, because the Turks' ludicrous trade-policy has opened a boundless hunting-ground to the English merchant. Using some foresight, they could surely say to themselves that the restoration of tolerable political conditions in the Balkan Peninsula is bound necessarily to revive the commerce of those countries, and consequently to confer advantage on the chief commercial people in the world. Monopolists, however, have ever preferred a small capital with big gains to moderate gains with bigger capital. Glad of the momentary benefit, they swear again to Palmerston's expression: "I talk with no statesman who does not regard the maintenance of Turkey as a European necessity," and they forget that the same Palmerston declared in his last years: "We shall not draw the sword for a corpse a second time."

They are afraid in London that Russia might dominate the Suez Canal from Stamboul, and they want, by means of favour shown to the Caliph, to keep the Moslems of Hindustan in a good humour and protect them against Muscovite wiles. He who does not regard the Russian campaign in Central Asia through the pessimistic glasses of M. Vámbéry, but with independent judgment, will indeed ask why England should worry about it at all. That Russia should casually pocket the 200,000,000 heads of the Anglo-Indian Empire is surely but a bad joke, which finds only

a few believers in Europe because the boundless distances of Asia appear so insignificant on our maps. Both Governments have, rather, much to fear, yonder in the East, a common foe, the fanaticism of Islam, and even fifteen years ago, had there been good-will on both sides, an understanding as to the boundaries of their dominions was not unthinkable. To-day it is hardly still possible. It was for England to suggest such an understanding, since her position in Asia is incomparably more severely threatened than Russia's new possessions. What would a defeat in that barbarous country matter to the Russians? They would lose a few hundred square miles and win them back a few years later from the safe back-blocks. For England, on the contrary, a successful revolt in the East Indies might have fearful consequences. It would indeed not break Old England's might—the power of the Sea-Queen would remain even then respect-worthy—but it would deal her a hard blow and cause a heavy loss to human civilization, because the Indian countries would be sacrificed to unknowable civil wars. The task of controlling hundreds of millions of natives with a few thousand Europeans is immeasurably difficult; the most important interests imposed it upon the English Government fearlessly to seek good relations with its inconvenient Northern neighbour. But England's statesmen and people, obsessed by the fixed idea of a Russian world-empire, have outrivalled each other in making this under-

standing difficult. Every fresh conquest of the Russians was greeted by the English Press with the bitterness of hate. If England sent an agent to Kashgar, where, rightly speaking, he had no business to be, it was quite correct; but if Russia sent an agent to China, where he likewise had no business to be, the whole of England would cry out about the unscrupulousness of the Muscovites. Not only the independent Press, but also more influential circles indulged in these laments, which were little suited to the ancient manliness of the English character. General Rawlinson's well-known book, which could hardly have appeared without the silent consent of the Supreme Indian authority, positively wallows in the art of painting the devil on the wall. So they kept continually shouting out to the world that the Russians were to be feared as enemies, and the perils of the position were increased thereby. England's rule in India depends entirely on her moral prestige; as soon as the inhabitants of the East Indies begin to suspect that a dreaded foe of their British masters is approaching the Indus with superior forces, the bonds of obedience may easily be loosened. The fear of Russia, openly shown by the Britons, compelled the Petersburg Court itself to an unfriendly and occasionally treacherous policy. It went its way unmoved, and now and then consoled the anxious neighbouring Power with dishonest declarations. Without unfair suspicion, one may to-day venture the theory that the Asiatic

conquests are not merely an end in themselves for the Russian Government, but also the means towards another end: it proposes to make unpleasantness for the English in the East Indies if the fall of the Turkish Empire should lead to a world-war.

Thus do English statesmen wobble between obsolete prejudices and anxious cares; self-interest and a feeling of inward elective affinity make them seem to the Turks their only true friends. Their latest deed, the deposition of the Sultan, was a very clever chess-move, nothing more; it only proved that England is seriously minded to maintain her influence on the Bosphorus—for who could genuinely believe the edifying fairy-tale that Czar Alexander wanted to break the union of the three Emperors, and was only prevented from conquering Byzantium by England's vigilance? But we seek in vain for a creative idea in the Tory Government. It hardly puts the question to itself, whether the existing status is worthy and capable of support; it feels ashamed how low England's renown has sunk during the last decades, and bestirs itself to call a halt to history by loud-shouting demonstrations. Can so sterile a policy expect allies among the Great Powers?

Only once did France really carry out a clear, definite, good French policy in the Orient: at the time of its fights against the House of Austria. The Turks then served her as natural allies. Since the end of the seventeenth century another

path was entered on: France desired a protectorate over the Latins in the Osman Empire, and eagerly favoured the Jesuits' propaganda. This ill-starred policy could only slightly enhance the prestige of the French Court, considering the small number of Catholics in Turkey, and entangle it in incessant quarrels with Russia, which has always followed the zeal of the Latins for conversion in the East with vigilant suspicion. After much wavering, Napoleon III then exercised for some years a guardianship over the Sublime Porte. After his fall, the Marquis de Vogüé tried yet again to carry on a Catholic policy at Pera, and found his master in Prince Bismarck. Since then France has taken little part in the great diplomatic struggle on the Bosphorus. We all know what hope slumbers in every Frenchman's deepest heart, but we also know that France does not desire the war of revenge at the present moment. Marshal MacMahon admits that the reformation of the army is not yet quite complete, Duke Decazes has given many proofs of cautious moderation, but the nation longs to enjoy yet a few years of economic splendour, which, shaming their conqueror, they have newly won by marvellous activity. For those purposes which alone are valuable to the French, for the conquest of Belgium or a piece of the left bank of the Rhine, the English fleet can be of little use to them; without Austria or Russia as an ally they do not wish to venture upon the war of revenge. France is, besides, a Mediterranean Power,

and cannot desire the excessive growth of English influence in the south-east. This latter consideration is also decisive of Italy's attitude. The reasons which once led Count Cavour into the war against Russia have long vanished with the unification of Italy. The young kingdom is on good terms with the three Eastern Powers, and will take care not to give up that assured position for the love of a few English pessimists.

So long as the Alliance of the three Emperors lasts, there is nothing to fear as to European peace, and the prospects of the Alliance are still, as ever, without a shadow. It is of course intelligible that Vienna is visited by a confusion of the most diverse endeavours; all the numberless contradictions of parties and races which are embraced in the Imperial State are being stirred up by the Eastern Question. The Poles, and a portion of the Ultramontanes with them, desire war with Russia; Dictator Langiewicz is intriguing in Constantinople, and Cardinal Ledochowsky is airing racial hatred at the Holy Seat. In the same direction are the operations of those Old Conservatives, who even now preach the ancient Metternich maxim that Austria and the Porte are united in solidarity. But a dense mass of moderate German Liberals are blowing the same horn; these people think they are showing their freedom of thought by the well-known and brilliant remarks about free England and the barbarians of the East. On the other hand, at least four parties

demand the support of the rebellion and conquests to the south of the Danube. The Czechs, Serbs, and Croatians wish to aid their brethren in the South; an ambitious military party demands, amid the applause of zealous Great-Austrians, a consolation prize for the losses of recent years; a fraction of the Ultramontanes wishes to conquer Slav country in order to drive the hated Magyars into a corner; finally, there are unfortunately also a few blinded German enthusiasts who would like to enlarge the Imperial State in the East, so that its western half might fall to the German Empire.

Those, however, who, like us Germans in the outer Empire, earnestly desire the maintenance of the Austrian Monarchy and its dual constitution, must perceive also that Austria to-day neither can nor may annex anything in Turkey. There is only conquest yonder in the south-east which would in itself be advantageous to the Danubian Empire: Rumania. That precious conquest was once attainable in Prince Eugene's great days; it might perhaps even have been achieved by a bold policy during the Crimean War; to-day it is quite impossible, owing to the unanimous refusal of the newly-unified Rumanian people, which can always lean on Russia for support. The great hour has unfortunately passed, as once passed the right moment for the Germanizing of Bohemia, and so many other alluring opportunities in Austrian history. The estuary of the Danube is now as unattainable for Austria as the delta

of the Rhine for Germany. Any other section of the Turkish dominion, however, would be a "Greek gift" for modern Austria. The boundaries of the Monarchy towards the south-east are, even though inconvenient, yet tenable, and by no means so unnatural as they appear on a map. The Dalmatian coast looks towards the West, has belonged for thousands of years to the Adriatic-Italian world, and has hardly any intercourse with the pathless mountain-chain of the back-blocks. The annexation of Bosnia would strengthen the centrifugal Slavic elements, and expose the Empire to the danger of dismemberment; the crude masses could not be allowed to take any part either in the Vienna or the Pesth Reichstag, and the fantastic experiment of a triad-policy would have to be tried, although it has been quite sufficiently shown how difficult it is to maintain even dualism after ten years' experience.

The task is imposed upon us Germans to uphold the Three Emperors' Alliance by conciliation and mediation. We once honestly tried to gain a respite for the life of the Turkish Empire; the only reform in Turkey which has been something of a success, the rebuilding of the army, is the work of Prussian officers. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to her impending doom. We find no reason to accelerate the catastrophe at all. A nation which has just suffered so severely for its unity may well say without selfishness: *Non omnia*

possumus omnes; it is not for us, but for the South Slavs, to set the ball rolling. But we, too, dare not remain inactive, and, least of all, console ourselves with the dull, pessimistic comfort that the Czar's Empire may, in God's name, grow till it bursts. We want lasting, endurable conditions in the Peninsula, which may pacify that part of the world, and so we want no new foreign domination, certainly no annexations, either Austrian or Russian. All good Germans are united in this resolution, because what may in any way endanger Austria's existence, is a blow at our own Empire.

Our Government has first pledged itself to guarantee Count Andrassy's Reform proposals. There is no change in them, even though, owing to the new Sultan on the Bosphorus, the Three Emperors' Alliance has been obliged to grant a longer respite to the new Government. The Andrassy programme touches with a sure hand the rawest spots in the Rayah's circumstances. Germany's prestige is also concerned that the Porte may not again, as in the case of so many other proposals, get rid of these well-considered and moderate ones with empty phrases. If she does this, or if she proves incapable of fulfilling her promises, the three Eastern Powers, if they do not wish to seem ludicrous to the whole world, can hardly avoid going further and demanding serious pledges for the abolition of an anarchic state of affairs which is gradually becoming intolerable to

all her neighbours, and particularly to Austria. That they can thus act with an honourable unanimity seems almost certain; the quiet hope of the French, of English Russophobes, and of the Ultramontanes for the break-up of the Three Emperors' Alliance has poor prospects so long as the Republic exists in France and the Magyars guide Austria's foreign policy.

Only a seer could determine beforehand the course of events during the next months. The growing agitation in Servia, and the energetic preparations in the Mediterranean, point indeed to serious events. On the other hand, all the Powers, especially Russia, are filled with a lively desire for peace; the Czar's Empire shrinks from the incalculable disorders which an outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism threatens to create everywhere in Asia; the Powers' profound mutual suspicion disables each force by an opposing force yonder in the East. It therefore seems possible that Turkish affairs will still, for a time, drag along sluggishly and deplorably, and highly probable that the fate of the capital will not be decided in the nearest future, because this question is in fact regarded by all the Powers as not yet ripe for settlement. We have had very unpleasant experiences of England's friendship since the Seven Years' War; Russian policy would have to commit unheard-of follies for Germany to think of dropping the hand of her tried friend in order to throw herself into the arms of a faithless ally, dominated

by obsolete opinions. In the Eastern Question Russia needs us more than we her; therefore an astute, strong German policy has nothing to fear from the Russian alliance.

GERMANY AND THE ORIENTAL QUESTION

BERLIN,

15th Dec., 1876.

“THAT changed aspect” of Oriental complications, about which Prince Bismarck did not wish to pronounce an opinion in the Imperial Diet, seems to all appearances to be arising very rapidly. The mobilization of the Army of the South is completed, the Turkish army is ready to hold the line of the Danube, and perhaps to cross it. Optimists still place reliance upon the incontestable personal love for peace of Czar Alexander, or upon the arts of mediation of the European Conference; and, truly, in the chaos of the Oriental Question the unexpected has often become possible. But probability far rather presages the near outbreak of war. Russia cannot abandon the demand for serious reforms in favour of the Rayah people without a humiliation which a healthy State accepts only from the sword of the victor. The Porte will not grant those reforms, as, after all the horrors of the past summer, they can only be carried through under the protection of Christian

weapons. It is impossible that the God-inspired Bashi-bazouk, after having ripped open the Bulgarian mother and sold her children as slaves, should now of his own accord live with the survivors of his victims as a peaceful citizen on the footing of equal rights. But an occupation of the rebellious provinces, be it through the Moscow "Giaour" or through another Christian Power, appears an unbearable disgrace to the dignity of valiant Islam, the last moral power of the Ottoman State. The differences have become irreconcilable, and, however much the West of Europe wishes for peace, the mediation proposals of the Conference can, after all that has happened, only delay the inevitable catastrophe for a short time, and render intolerable the paralysing tension which oppresses that part of the world.

The worst of all political sins—the hesitation between wishing and not wishing to do a thing—has come out in an ugly manner in every one of the periodical explosions of the Oriental Question, but never in worse form than last year. All Powers immediately concerned in the heritage of the "Sick Man" stood helplessly between the appreciation of the fact that the present state of affairs was impossible and the fear of the incalculable consequences of a firm decision. Compared with the hesitation of the neighbouring Powers the simple barbarity of Ottoman politics seems almost worthy of respect. By the atrocities in Bulgaria, as well as by the dismal proceedings which accom-

panied the two changes of dynasty, the Porte has only proved afresh that, in spite of the Peace of Paris, she can never become a European Power. She has carried on a pitiful war with a superiority of excellent regular troops, yet she had the worst in the fight with the brave little nation of Montenegro, and defeated the Servian militia only after a resistance of many months. On the whole, however, she succeeded in maintaining her possessions, and with prouder feelings, and greater confidence than for a long time past, the Turks look to-day upon the undefeated standard of the Half-Moon. But once again, and not without success, the old Turkish adage was applied to the Frankish Courts: "To hurry is the work of the devil, to delay is the work of God;" the well-known cheerful promises of coming constitutional splendour for the happy *grande famille ottomane* sufficed to once more keep the Cabinets in suspense for a time. It was a hand-to-mouth life, without the slightest vestige of a fruitful statesmanlike thought. The Porte, however, always knew what she wanted. Not the same boast applies to the attitude of the most closely-interested European Powers. When defending the rights of the Rayah the Russian Court did only what its historic position demanded. Its original proposals were just and temperate, and its firm adhesion to the Triple Alliance proved that in Petersburg a lesson had been learned from the experiences of the Crimean War. But with a disturbance of the

general policy of the Great Powers, through the withdrawal of England and the complications caused by the change of Turkish dynasty, Russian diplomacy for a time lost its firm grip. Those who hear the grass grow may, of course, presume that the restless little Piedmont of the South Slavs, which always was a thorn in the eye of the Russian Cabinet, has intentionally been forced into war for its own destruction. Far nearer the truth is the assumption that two parties fought an indecisive battle at the Court of St. Petersburg. The Government shrank from war, yet did not dare oppose the mighty Pan-Slavist movement which swept the country; it warned the Serbs of the outbreak, yet did not morally support it—nay, even permitted, contrary to international law, the massing of Russian officers and soldiers. The temptation was truly very great; in face of a wild popular effervescence an absolute despot is often less powerful than a constitutional king, who can rely upon an intelligent parliamentary majority. How angry we Germans once were with the Crown of Prussia when peace had been concluded with Denmark, and subsequently, in accordance with treaties, her officers were recalled from the Schleswig-Holstein Army! But whatever may be said as an excuse, Russia's policy was unworthy of a Great Power; it resembled more the art of evasion forced upon Count Cavour by the weakness of his country than the conscious straightforwardness of Prussian policy during our battles

for unity. Even in the circles of unbiassed people, the concealed war in Servia has severely shaken their confidence in Russia's honest intentions, and it was lucky for the Russians themselves that the Servian enterprise ended in failure. Since then the Court at Petersburg resorted to simpler and therefore more effective measures. By its ultimatum the Turks were forced to immediately arrest their triumphal march. Thousands of beheaded Servians lay on the battle-field around Alexinatz; the whole country vibrated in terror of Turkish arms; the more wonderful appeared to the people the power of the White Czar, who by one word called "halt" to the terrible foe. The prestige of Russia amongst the Rayahs is to-day firmer established than ever. For a time, the Russian Crown seemed to disappear behind the revolutionary powers of Pan-Slavism; now it apparently makes efforts to expiate the fault it has committed and to keep in check those elementary forces. The emphatic declaration of Czar Alexander that he did not wish for conquests is more deserving of credence than the assurances of his ancestress Catherine. After a glorious reign he may well expect that the world places confidence in his word, especially as he did not indulge in vague wishes for peace, but frankly declared that the necessity for war to secure the rights of the Rayah might possibly arise. For the moment, the labours of St. Petersburg diplomacy are directed towards securing the assent of all Powers,

including England, to the reform proposals, and to secure for Russian policy in case of war incontestable legal rights, so that Russia either should appear as executor of European will, or could not be accused of arbitrary action; and to all appearances the old faithful ally of the Russians—the infatuated conceit of the Porte—will grant them at least the latter advantage. For, however mildly the Conference may decide, and it may even abandon the idea of occupation, the actual removal of Ottoman suzerainty in Bosnia and Bulgaria is inevitable if the whole reform work is not again to be mere jugglery, and the conceit of the Mohammedans will not admit such imputations. So Russia, after many waverings and mistakes, has returned to a clear and logical policy; and to-day it still appears to us laymen that two utterly different efforts of Russian diplomacy worked side by side. Pan-Slavism is beaten *pro tem.* by the moderate policy of the Czar, but he reserves to himself to again come forward with its covetous wishes as soon as fortune of war favours the Russian flag. Of English politics, however, not the cleverest brain can say what its object has really been during the whole course of proceedings. The Tory party was very minutely informed as to the hopeless situation of the Rayahs. If, therefore, according to national superstition, we considered the existence of Turkey a European—or, better, a British—necessity, it should not have left the representation of South Slav interests

to the Russian Court; it should have exerted its great influence on the Bosphorus in order to enforce at the right time the adoption of vigorous reforms. Instead, it tumbled from one contradiction into the other. Reluctantly it consented to Count Andrassy's memorial, only to break away, four months later, from the Berlin Convention, which, after all, was simply supposed to carry on the plans of the memorial. It never occurred to the Tory party to come forward with a counter-proposal. England's attitude was the final cause of the Servian War, because, without evident discord between the Great Powers, the Petersburg Court could undoubtedly have kept in check the Pan-Slavist agitation.

To posterity alone it will become apparent what part the British Ambassador has played at both dynasty changes at the Golden Horn; but it is certain that confidence in England's friendship has encouraged the Turks to carry on their frivolous game with the Powers. As a champion of Allah, Admiral Drummond was greeted in the Mosque of Stamboul by the enthusiastic *softas*; the men of war in the Bay of Besika gave encouragement to the Porte to direct all their might against the South Slavs. Meanwhile, a peculiarly vague movement started amongst the British public. Here and there the conviction gained ground that the strictly conservative Oriental policy of Old England was played out; it was noticed with deep regret that the fanaticism of Islam, under the pro-

tection of bigoted England, tortured its Christian victims; added to which were the party hatred of the Whigs, the religious zeal of High-Church theologians, the philanthropic talk of weak-minded individuals, and the ardent desire for peace of those Manchester men who, already in the time of Richard Cobden, favoured the good-natured view that Constantinople as a Russian provincial town would enjoy a considerable cotton importation, and consequently unmixed happiness. Alarmed by this wave of public opinion, the Cabinet, after four months, again gave way, and in September expressed its adherence to the principles of the Andrassy memorial, which previously had been abandoned in May. Then, however, Benjamin Disraeli, boasting and threatening, extolled the inexhaustible expedients of Great Britain, and, as we are credibly assured, Lord Salisbury to-day makes the most emphatic appeals to the stubbornness of the Porte, whilst he, at the same time, in equally decided manner declares himself opposed to the occupation of Bulgaria, and thereby renders void all his admonitions. The Porte believes that it can count upon England's friendship under all circumstances, and that is why she does not desire an agreement with Russia. The diplomacy of the Tory party reveals a type of complete helplessness; hence also their reluctance to convene Parliament. Should, however, war break out in the East it would soon become apparent that the majority of the British public does not endorse the

demobilization meetings of the Whigs. The nation has not yet got over the experiences in the Crimean War; it believes that it defends the East Indies on the Bosphorus, and we might easily find that England is following the bad example given in Servia, and, by secretly supporting the Turkish forces, commencing a hidden war against Russia. Who can say where this may lead to? The fertile mind of Benjamin Disraeli, however, apparently thinks of yet another possibility: the faithful friend of the Turks is ever ready to stick the key of the Suez Canal in his pouch should the house of the "Sick Man" collapse, and in this way would strengthen for all time British supremacy in the Mediterranean. The only thing that is clear in this peculiar policy is that it is incalculable.

Nor, unfortunately, has Austria's Oriental policy so far had fruitful results. True, the two leading nations of the monarchy—Germans and Magyars—have a presentiment that the Triple Alliance alone can save the country from the dangers of the Pan-Slavist propaganda; but intelligent judgment is always being upset either by greedy desire for conquests or by passionate outbursts of blind Slav hatred. A great number of Vienna newspapers play the sad part of Imperial Turkish Court journals. When the Cisleithanian Parliament discussed the Oriental Question, political dilettantism celebrated its Saturnalia. A whole pattern-card of invertebrate plans was displayed, and Mr. Giskra, Ofenheim's patron, gave proof of his dar-

ing genius by sweetly suggesting putting up the yellow-black boundary posts on the coast of the Ægean Sea. An outspoken popular opinion exists only in one German race of the Monarchy, *i.e.*, among the Transylvania Saxons. These, the best German Austrians, who at the same time are the most faithful adherents to the country as a whole, are at heart completely on the side of the Rayah people, because they see in advance that the creation of small South Slav States on Hungary's boundaries would tame the coarse insolence of the Magyar Chauvinists, and would compel the Hungarian nobility to behave fairer than hitherto towards their German and Slav citizens. Fanatics of Magyardom, on the other hand, do the impossible in the adoration of their Turkish cousins. The Budapest youth hurl their rhetorical thunderbolts against the venomous pestilential breath of the Muscovite Colossus, and the enlightened admirers of general public liberty pilgrimage to Ofen to the grave of Guel-Baba, the holy father of the Mohammedans. It is as if at any price they wished to prove to us Europeans of the West that the Magyars consider themselves Asiatics of the North. In spite of blustering and threatening from all directions, nobody has either the courage or the real intention of overthrowing Count Andrassy. That in the midst of all these complications the Count has, at any rate, firmly maintained the Triple Alliance is a fresh proof of his diplomatic cleverness. But, owing to this confused pell-mell

of opinions, the striking force of the Monarchy is unmistakably being weakened; and should war break out in the East, Austria cannot easily, at least at the beginning, do more than maintain a useless neutrality. If, amongst all the Great Powers, Germany alone has unerringly maintained a firm and dignified attitude, we owe the advantage above all to our geographical situation. It is due to Prince Bismarck's fame that he clearly recognizes the tasks devolving upon our world-position, and that, uninfluenced by alluring temptations, he makes no step beyond. Our new Empire does not consider itself called upon to constantly keep the world on the *qui vive* by raising new questions in the charlatanical fashion of Napoleon. Germany aims at a real balance of power, and does not even wish to play the part of *primus inter pares*, but is ready to remain modestly in the second line as long as her interests are not immediately interfered with. The complaints of the English and Turcophile Press regarding the unbending stiffness of Herr von Werther only prove that our Ambassador on the Bosphorus conscientiously fulfils his duty and quietly rejects the lead which some people in some respects would so much like to foist upon him.

The speech of the Imperial Chancellor said nothing about the present state of affairs of German politics which any impartial observer might not have said himself; yet it freed the prejudiced and anxious masses from many a grievous

doubt, and even forced the outside world to recognize the peaceful and moderate attitude of the much-calumniated Empire. Its chief merit, however, lay in the fact that it reminded shifty public opinion of the great common duties of Christianity. It is not—as the Turcophiles reproach us—out of grateful devotion to Russia that Germany aimed at the establishment of orderly conditions in the Rayah land, but because it is the duty of all Christian countries to espouse the cause of their co-religionists. Another reproach on the part of Turk admirers the Chancellor has not even thought it worth while referring to, viz., the assertion that fear of a Franco-Russian Alliance should dictate the course of German diplomacy. This alliance has now for two generations been the pet idea of all political visionaries in France; Lamartine named it *le cri de la nature*. But the same thing happens with it as with the famous race war between Slavs and Germans, which has always been predicted by cocksure prophets as an inevitable necessity and is yet never realized. For the present all justification is lacking for such radical shifting of power on the Continent. It is extremely unlikely that Czar Alexander would wantonly reject the hand of his trusted German ally in order to combine with Ultramontane and Republican France. The sober heads of French diplomatists know very well that all endeavours in this direction are but labour lost.

As long as the Court of St. Petersburg aspires

only to securing the rights of the Rayah it may count on Germany's friendship, even if it should become necessary to take up arms. This implies that our Empire cannot tolerate Russian territorial conquests in the Balkan Peninsula. Russian patriots believe they are very modest in their wish to bring the estuaries of the Danube into Russia's hands, and thus abolish the last clause still remaining from the hated Peace of Paris. But this modest wish is utterly unacceptable to Germany. Austria has unfortunately irrevocably lost the opportunity of taking possession of the estuaries of her river; it however remains a question of life and death for the Empire of the Danube that its most important line of communication should not be impaired by another State superior in power, and Germany is immediately concerned in the existence of Austria. Rumania, however unfinished she appears to-day, can play a happy part in the peace of the world, for she forms a barrier between Russia and the South Slav world. Neither Austria nor Russia must consent to the destruction of this young State. When Russia, in peace time, advanced from Adrianople to the Sulina she went beyond her natural sphere of power; the removal of this usurpation was one of the few real merits of the Paris Conventions, and, fortunately, Germany possesses to-day a constitutional right to prohibit the return of that unnatural condition. As everybody knows, the lower part of the Danube is under the suzerainty

of a European Commission, to which Germany likewise sends a delegate; Russia cannot enlarge her territory there without permission of the six Powers, and that permission will never be granted.

Now if this insignificant extension of Russian frontiers is incompatible with German interests, it is self-evident that the higher aspirations of Pan-Slavists would meet with decided opposition on the part of our Empire. The famous expression, *Constantinople c'est l'empire du monde*, appears to us practical Germans of course as a Napoleonic phrase, but all the same the Bosphorus remains a highly important strategic position. To subjugate that natural heritage of the Greeks to the Russian Empire would be tantamount to substituting a new foreign domination for the Turkish; it would be tantamount to transferring the centre of gravity of Muscovite power from territories where it has healthy natural roots, thus creating morbid conditions which would be no less pernicious to Russia than to us. A free passage through the Dardanelles is a just claim on the part of the Russians, and Germany will surely not oppose it if Russia has the strength to defend it with the sword. Neither does the formation of a Bosnian or Bulgarian State run counter to our interests, and as the aversion of the Magyars and German Austrians to the neighbourhood of South Slav minor Powers merely arises from an uncertain frame of mind, it will, in view of accomplished facts, also be difficult in time to come to resist Austria's

opposition. But it is the fundamental idea of the Triple Alliance that great changes in the East are not to be accomplished without the consent of the Allies. The weakened and wearied Prussia of the 'twenties once spoke the decisive word at the Peace of Adrianople. Germany, now powerful, can still less think of permitting the Russians the sole regulation of Turkish affairs. If the Russian Crown, with the silent consent of the two other Imperial Powers, should start the war, it will find out that its allies claim for themselves, and for the other European Powers, the right of co-decision at the conclusion of peace. The intimate ties which unite the Petersburg Court with that of Berlin are a guarantee that on the Neva, the limits which Germany's friendship cannot exceed have been known for ever so long.

The securing of rights for Oriental Christians, whether by serious administrative reforms or by the establishment of South Slav States without disturbance of the peace in the West of Europe, and without aggrandizement of the Russian Empire—these are the aims of German diplomacy, and up to now the preservation of peace, at least, has succeeded beyond all expectation. It may rely upon the consent of the huge majority of the German nation. Since the repugnant spectacle of the Servian War, an alarming confusion of ideas seems to be spreading in our Press; only the Government-inspired papers and a few

respectable Liberal organs in Berlin, in Suabia, and the towns of the Hansa still preserve impartial judgment. This complete ignorance of the European balance of power, which from olden times was a special peculiarity of German Radicalism, is again revealed in the senseless phraseology of Berlin democratic journals; the Press of the Ultramontanes preaches wild hatred against schismatic Russia, the tamer of Catholic Poland, and unfortunately many Liberal papers also chime in this party-biassed chorus, as, for instance, the *Koelnische* and the *Augsburger Allgemeine*, the two papers most read abroad. Not to wish to forget anything is a bad habit of the German mind which seems closely allied with the highest power of our nature, namely, our fate. Even as we of the Progressive party number a few members who live on old recollections and ancient resentment, so there is amongst our publicists many a well-meaning man who in a totally changed situation of the world adheres to the fear of Russia of 1854. Luckily, however, the Press is not public opinion. The German nation does not love the Slavs. It also knows how intensely we are hated by a considerable part of our Eastern neighbours, and nevertheless it thinks sufficiently liberally and justly not to grudge the Slavs their good right to form national States. It has made sufficient acquaintance in its own struggles for unity with the narrow-minded reactionary tendency of present-day England, and no more allows itself to be

deceived by stale panegyrics about British liberty; it understands very well that we should to-day have had to fight a world war had the Empire listened to the foolish councils of the Anglomane. No doubt is entertained any more as to the true spirit of the German people since the brilliant success of the Chancellor's speech; the impression of those simple words was so powerful that not even the member for "Meppen" dared contradict, and even some Radical papers showed half-hearted approval. Thus, supported by the will of the nation, the German Crown can look forward with some calmness to the next acts of the Oriental drama. The temperate assurances of the Petersburg Court would—such is the way of the world—mean little if Russia could expect to carry its standards in quick triumphal march right before the walls of Stamboul. Such an easy victory of Russian arms is, however, by no means probable. It is true that long ago the catchword of the "colossus with feet of clay" became a quite exploded idea; the Czar's Empire commands a mighty power whose efficiency has also increased considerably; the railway net has within fifteen years extended from 500 to over 7000 versts; the bitter lessons of the last Oriental war have been taken to heart, and the fortresses of the Balkans no longer seem impregnable to modern artillery. But the enormous obstacles which this dreary, unhealthy country, poor in roads, has at all times placed in the way of advancing armies are still

the same to-day. Turkey commands to-day the Pontus, which was closed to her in 1828, and a brave, well-trained army, which will gladly fight for the Holy Islam cause against her old sworn enemy. The issue of the campaign seems very uncertain, and the Courts at Vienna and Berlin will hardly have the opportunity to speak a momentous word at the right moment should the enthusiasm of victory arouse the arrogance of Pan-Slavism.

Every war baffles foresight. It is of course conceivable that the moral anguish of "English commercial policy" will, after all, delight the world with a fresh "Opium War," and that the Mohammedan cavalry of the Empress of India, accompanied by the blessings of pious clergymen, will fight for the Christian Half-Moon. For the time being, however, it looks as if the fateful question of Oriental politics, the future of Constantinople, is not to be decided this time. The Turkish War is for Russia an enormous risk. No European knows what is going on in the minds of the 8,000,000 Mohammedan subjects of the White Czar, how much the word of the Sheik Islam and the prestige of the Caliph are still worth amongst those masses, and what consequences an explosion of the fanaticism of Allah's warriors may have for Russia as well as for England's East Indian dominions. Even as the Crimean War brought about a decisive social upheaval in Russia, a long new Oriental War may easily incite the highly dangerous powers

of Radical Nihilism fermenting in the half-trained Muscovite mind to a savage struggle—not to mention the uneducated Polish nobility. Many are the sore spots of the Czar's Empire. The Emperor's as yet incomplete great work of reform needs peace, and the balance in the State Budget which is hardly re-established, would infallibly be lost in a long war. As a matter of fact, the moderate extent of Russian war preparations does not point to the intention of dealing a blow at the heart of Ottoman Power. Perhaps the country is at present not able to use more than 200,000 men for warfare abroad, and, anyhow, it will have to be admitted in St. Petersburg that such an army has to-day little chance to reach the town of the Comneni from the Pruth.

Unready and unripe conditions meet us everywhere in the lands of the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean world is ailing from two great evils: the naval supremacy of England and the irretrievable rottenness of the Ottoman Empire. But the young Powers which can oust these decrepit Powers are nevertheless in being. The Greek people, who by origin and position seem called upon to take the best part of the legacy of the "Sick Man," have badly neglected their war preparations. If the Rumanians may expect, with some justification, to gain complete independence through the Russian Alliance, Greece in the best of cases may only expect to move her frontiers a little farther towards the North. Still worse

conditions prevail in the West. But if the country in the centre of the Mediterranean which possesses the most magnificent harbours of the South, and which still dominates with its language the trade of the Levant—if Italy, formerly mighty at sea, again grows conscious of her tasks in the world's history—the strange conditions in the Mediterranean will again develop in a free and natural manner, and nobody can desire this great change more sincerely than we Germans, as fate-companions of the Italians. Napoleon said the first condition of the existence of Italy as an empire is for her to become a naval Power. But not even the sad event of Lissa has decided the Italians to reform their fleet on a big scale; the ambition of Roman statesmen at the utmost rises to the question as to whether with the collapse of the Turkish Empire Tunis could perhaps be conquered. In this way, the situation in the South seems in all directions unprepared for a great decision. We must expect that the present crisis will only break a few more stones out of the rickety structure of the Turkish Empire without actually destroying the building.

Whichever way the die may be cast, we Germans do not swim against the stream of history. The principle of intervention has become discredited since the Holy Alliance wantonly misused it; properly applied, however, it maintains its value in a society which is conscious of its entirety. Turkey has trampled on all the solemn promises

which granted her the entrance into our State-confederation. Christian Europe must not have the right wrested from her to at least gag this barbaric Power if as yet it cannot be destroyed, so that it may no more endanger the human rights of Christian subjects.

WHAT WE DEMAND FROM FRANCE

WHEREVER Germans live, as far as the remote colonies beyond the seas, the flags are flying from every window, and the clanging of bells and the thunder of cannon are proclaiming victory after victory. All of us know that after three more frightful struggles—at Metz, at Strassburg, at Paris—the war will be gloriously closed. To him who remembers at this moment the bitter shame which we have hidden in our hearts for so many years since the day of Olmütz, it must often appear as if all this were a dream. The nation cannot rejoice in its victory with its whole heart. The sacrifices which that victory demanded were too frightful; but the stakes actually paid in the bloody game, in which the flower of our German youth was to perish in battle against Turcos and mercenaries, are ludicrously unlike our anticipations.

Out of our mourning for our fallen heroes rises the fixed resolve that we Germans shall fight it out to the very end. King William, who has so often during these weeks spoken out the word that was in all our hearts, has solemnly promised already that

the peace shall be worthy of our sacrifices. At such a time the task of the political writer is a very modest one. Only a dilettante can take the trouble to draw out, in all their details, the heads of a peace the preliminary conditions of which have not yet become visible to statesmen. We do not know in what condition our troops, when they enter it, will find the morally and politically wasted capital of the enemy. We cannot calculate how long it may be before the blind rage of the French will soften into a temper which will enable us to treat with them. We cannot even guess what power will govern France after this monstrous disloyalty of all parties, disgraceful alike to the despot and the people. But one task remains for our Press—to bring out the unuttered and half-formed hopes which move in every breast into clear consciousness, so that, on the conclusion of peace, a firm and intelligent national pride may rise in enthusiasm behind our statesmen. When Germany last dictated peace in Paris, we had reason to lament bitterly that the German diplomatists had no such support.

The thought, however, which, after first knocking timidly at our doors as a shamefaced wish, has, in four swift weeks, grown to be the mighty war-cry of the nation, is no other than this: "Restore what you stole from us long ago; give back Alsace and Lorraine."

I

WHAT WE DEMAND

Were I to marshal the reasons which make it our duty to demand this, I should feel as if the task had been set me to prove that the world is round. What can be said on the subject was said after the battle of Leipzig, in Ernst Moritz Arndt's glorious tract, "The Rhine the German river, not the German boundary"; said exhaustively, and beyond contradiction, at the time of the Second Peace of Paris, by all the considerable statesmen of non-Austrian-Germany—by Stein and Humboldt, by Münster and Gagern, by the two Crown Princes of Württemberg and Bavaria; and confirmed, since that time, by the experience of two generations. If a reckless, robber war like this is to cost that frivolous people nothing more than a war indemnity, the cynical jesters, who worship chance and fortune as the only governing powers among the nations, and laugh at the rights of States as a dream of kind-hearted ideologues, would be proved to be in the right. The sense of justice to Germany demands the lessening of France. Every intelligent man sees that that military nation cannot be forgiven, even for the economic sacrifices of the war, on the payment of the heaviest indemnity in money. Why was it that, before the declaration of the war, the anxious cry rang through Alsace and Lorraine, "The dice are to

be thrown to settle the destiny of our provinces," before a single German newspaper had demanded the restitution of the plunder? Because the awakened conscience of the people felt what penalty would have to be paid in the interests of justice by the disturber of the peace of nations.

What is demanded by justice is, at the same time, absolutely necessary for our security. Let the reader glance at the map, and he will see in an instant what a jest it was, what a bitter cynicism, to fix such boundaries for Germany, after our victorious arms had, twice over, given peace to the world! In the east, the triangle of strong fortresses between Vistula and Narew cleaves like a dividing wedge between Prussia and Silesia. In the west, Strassburg is in the hands of France—the beautiful "pass into the Empire," as Henry II of France enviously called it three hundred years ago. We have seen, for some twenty years, how the whole pontoon corps of the French lay in garrison in that great gate opening on the Upper Rhine; and we have watched them at their summer amusements, throwing their bridges of boats over the Rhine as a friendly preparation for the German war. The railway bridge at Kehl, which is indispensable to the commerce of the world, had to be blown up at once after the declaration of war. The guns of Fort Mortier look menacingly down on the open town of Altbreisach, which fell a prey to them once before. A little higher, at the Istein Rock, two shots from a French outwork would break up the

railway between Freiburg and Upper Germany. Such a boundary is intolerable to a proud nation; it is a living memory of those days of German impotence when the mournful inscription stood over the Rhine gate at Altbreisach, "I was the prison wall of the Frenchman; now I am his gateway and his bridge. Alas, there will soon be nothing to confine him left anywhere."

At the time of the Second Peace of Paris the Crown Prince of Württemberg warned us that if Germany omitted to secure the German boundaries on the Upper Rhine the instinct of self-preservation would, sooner or later, unite the Courts of South Germany in a new Rhine Confederation. Thanks to the growth of Prussia, and to the sound patriotic sense of the Princes of Bavaria and Baden, the prophecy has not literally come true; but it was very far from an empty speech. The danger of a new Confederation of the Rhine threatened the unprotected South for fifty long years. For fifty years have the people of South Germany, oscillating between blind admiration and passionate hatred, failed, on almost every occasion, to maintain that proud reserve towards their French neighbours which becomes a great people, and which springs only from the consciousness of assured strength. When our descendants look back, out of their great Empire, on our struggles, they will doubtless rejoice over the unity of spirit we have shown; but they will shrug their shoulders and say, How unready and insecure

was the Germany of our fathers, which overflowed with praise and rang with shouts of joy and astonishment when the Bavarians and the Suabians, in one inspired moment, fulfilled their confounded duty to their great Fatherland!

Every State must seek the guarantees of its security in itself alone. The silly fancy, that gratitude and magnanimity could secure the German countries against a defeated France, has, twice over, been its own fearful punishment. What German can read without rage the account of those peace proceedings at Paris in which victor and vanquished exchanged parts, and a respectful attention was paid to all the prejudices of France, while nobody thought of the feelings of Germany? The fortress of Condé had to be left to the French for the sake of its name; the conquerors thought that it would be cruel to take away a stronghold from France which had been named after a great Bourbon general. What thanks did we get for our magnanimity in 1814? The Hundred Days and Waterloo. What gratitude for our consideration in 1815? A steadily growing political demoralization, which gradually destroyed every feeling of justice in France; a conviction that not only was the Rhine country the property of France, but that even those art treasures which the conquerors of the world once took from Berlin and Venice, from Rome and Danzig, belonged of right to the capital of the whole world. If the France of 1815, which still possessed a great

treasure of moral forces, fell back so soon on greedy dreams of conquest, what have we to expect from the society of the Second Empire, which has lost all its faith in the ideal treasures of life in the course of the barren party struggles of these many years? The nation is our enemy, not this Bonaparte, who rather obeyed than led it. For a long time to come, the one idea which will inspire the fallen State will be revenge for Wörth and Forbach, revenge for Mars and Gravelotte. For the time, peaceful relations founded on mutual confidence are impossible.

It is not sufficient for us now that we should feel ourselves able to resist an attack from France or even from a European alliance. Our nation in arms cannot afford to send its sons forth at any moment into such another steeplechase against its greedy neighbour. Our military organization has no meaning without secure boundaries. The distracted world already foresees a whole brood of wars springing out of the bloody seed of this. We owe it some guarantee of permanent peace among the nations, and we shall only give it, so far as human strength can, when German guns frown from the fortified passes of the Vosges on the territories of the Gaulish race, when our armies can sweep into the plains of Champagne in a few days' march, when the teeth of the wild beast are broken, and weakened France can no longer venture to attack us. Even Wellington, the good friend of the Bourbons, had to allow that France

was too strong for the peace of Europe; and the statesmen of the present day, whenever they have realized the altered equilibrium of the Powers, will feel that the strengthening of the boundaries of Germany contributes to the security of the peace of the world. We are a peaceful nation. The traditions of the Hohenzollerns, the constitution of our army, the long and difficult work before us in the upbuilding of our united German State, forbid the abuse of our warlike power. We need a generation devoted to the works of peace to solve the difficult but not impossible problem of the unification of Germany, while France is driven into all the delusions of a policy of adventure by the false political ideas which are engrained in her luxurious people, by the free-lance spirit of her conscript soldiers, and the all but hopeless break-up of her domestic life.

In view of our obligation to secure the peace of the world, who will venture to object that the people of Alsace and Lorraine do not want to belong to us? The doctrine of the right of all the branches of the German race to decide on their own destinies, the plausible solution of demagogues without a fatherland, shiver to pieces in presence of the sacred necessity of these great days. These territories are ours by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire. We Germans, who know

Germany and France, know better than these unfortunates themselves what is good for the people of Alsace, who have remained under the misleading influence of their French connection outside the sympathies of new Germany. Against their will we shall restore them to their true selves. We have seen with joyful wonder the undying power of the moral forces of history, manifested far too frequently in the immense changes of these days, to place much confidence in the value of a mere popular disinclination. The spirit of a nation lays hold, not only of the generations which live beside it, but of those which are before and behind it. We appeal from the mistaken wishes of the men who are there to-day to the wishes of those who were there before them. We appeal to all those strong German men who once stamped the seal of our German nature on the language and manners, the art and the social life of the Upper Rhine. Before the nineteenth century closes the world will recognize that the spirits of Erwin von Steinbach and Sebastian Brandt are still alive, and that we were only obeying the dictates of national honour when we made little account of the preferences of the people who live in Alsace to-day.

During the last two centuries, from the earliest beginnings of the Prussian State, we have been struggling to liberate the lost German lands from foreign domination. It is not the object of this national policy to force every strip of German soil

which we ever gave up in the days of our weakness, back again into our new Empire. We see without uneasiness our people in Switzerland developing themselves in peace and freedom unconnected with the German State. We do not count on the breaking up of Austria. We have no desire to interfere with the separate life of that branch of the German stock which has grown up in the Netherlands into a small independent nation. But we cannot permit a German people, thoroughly degraded and debased, to serve against Germany, before our eyes, as the vassal of a foreign Power. France owes her predominance in Europe solely to our having been broken into fragments, and to the condition of the other German Powers, and her influence is out of all proportion to the real force of the Gallic nationality. Who would have ventured in Luther's days to say that France would ever be superior to the warlike Germany which he knew? The blood of German nobles flowed in torrents in the Huguenot wars of the French; a German host, the host of Bernhard von Weimar, was the solid centre round which the armies of Louis XIV grew up; it was in our own school that the Gaul first learned to defeat us. Who can count all the German commanders of the Bourbons, from Bassenstein (Bassompierre) down to Maréchal de Saxe; all the gallant German regiments, Royal Alsace, Royal Deux Ponts, Royal Allemand; all the teeming hosts of warlike dependants whom the treachery of German princes brought under the

yoke of the foreigner? When those frightful robberies began with the Revolution, which at last made the determination to fight the French like a passion in the blood of our peaceful people, and the name of "Frenchman" a synonym in North Germany for "enemy," there were thousands of Germans still fighting under that enemy's banner. Ney and Kellermann, Lefebvre, Rapp, and Kléber were counted among the bravest of the brave. Even in this war, the best soldiers in the army of France are the sturdy German stock of the people of Alsace and Lorraine, and the genuine Celtic race of Bretagne.

When Alsace fell under the dominion of the French, our Empire lay powerless on the ground. The fire of the German spirit, which had once flamed through the whole world, seemed extinguished. Germany bowed herself before the conquering policy and the victorious culture of France. Even so, the French spirit has been unable quite to displace the German popular spirit, which is even yet as vigorous as it is on the Upper Rhine. Since that time the life of our people has progressed steadily from strength to strength. We are before the French to-day in the number and in the density of our population. How often have their war orators demanded conquests on the Rhine because France has been unable to keep peace with the increase in our population, as if it were the bounden duty of us Germans to make up for Celtic unchastity and impotence by pouring

into their veins, every now and then, fresh German blood? We have broken with the rules of their Art, and we can confidently challenge comparison between the free movement of our scientific and religious life, and the spiritual culture of France. We have succeeded in giving our richer and stronger language such a freedom and delicacy that it need no longer fear the rivalry of French. Even the advantage of their elder culture, the fine tone and polish of social intercourse, is passing away, since the wanton audacity of the *demi-monde* of Paris has all but blotted out the division lines between honourable and degraded people. We adopted with gratitude the ideas of their Revolution, so far as they were healthy, and we have built them up on the solid basis of a free administration, such as France never knew. We are trying earnestly to procure, after our own fashion, that priceless blessing of the unity of the State for which we have long envied them; and we believe that we shall be able by hard work to make up for the slight advantage in their economic life which they owe to the Empire and to the situation of their country.

They have felt the weight of our sword, and we had challenged the whole world to say which of the two combatants bore himself with the greater manliness, uprightness, and modesty. At all times, the subjection of a German race to France has been an unhealthy thing; to-day it is an offence

against the reason of History—a vassalship of free men to half-educated barbarians.

Sooner or later the hour must have struck which would have summoned the growing German State to demand security from France for the preservation of our nationality in Alsace. It has come sooner, and it is more full of promise, than any of us had hoped; and it is our business now to draw honourable lines of separation between the German and the Gaulish races, and to lay the old quarrel for ever. Fifty years ago, Arndt lamented that if right was not done in that day, it would be very difficult in the future to do it at all. If we neglect our duty this time, the French will act with all that vigorous and passionate hatred which characterizes nations in their decay; and will fling themselves on Alsace in the rage of their reawakened detestation of Germany, resolute to crush out every trace of the German nature. It would be to our disgrace as much as to our disadvantage, and we should have to draw the sword again to protect our own flesh and blood from the most hateful of all tyrannies—the suppression of its language.

The wretched outcome of the Second Peace of Paris was fruitful of consequences in our domestic situation; it greatly contributed to fix in the true hearts of our people that embittered discontent which was so long the key-note of German political feeling. Our victorious armies must not return this time with the bitter cry that their priceless

sacrifices have been rewarded with ingratitude. What we need above all things is the glad enthusiasm that rises buoyant on the wave of great events—the joyful self-consciousness which cannot grow freely within the constraining furrows of petty Statedom. In all the words of patriotism which rang through South Germany before the battle of Wörth, there never was a doubt expressed as to our final victory, but many a one spoke of the fear that we should have to wade through the waters of misfortune of some new Jena before we could reach ultimate victory. We must have done with this weary self-distrust, which has eaten into the simple greatness of our national character. But so long as that wound still gapes on the Upper Rhine, the German will never cease the sorrowful lamentation which Schlegel uttered in the days of our shame:

Upon the Rhine, my own countrie,
Ah, well-a-day, what woe is me!
For that so much is lost to us!

The masses of South Germany know little of those splendid successes which the sword of Prussia long since obtained for us. The liberation of Pomerania, Silesia, Old Prussia, and Schleswig-Holstein, lay far outside of the circle of their vision. Yet the old song,

O Strassburg, O Strassburg,
Thou city wondrous fair!

is sung by every peasant of the South; and from the day when the German flag waves from the Minster—and a splendid and enduring reward of victory crowns the deeds of the German army—in the distant huts of the Black Forest, and the Suabian Jura, there will be a joyful confidence that the old German splendours have risen from the dead, and that a new augments has been given to the Empire.

When our united strength has won that outwork of the German State, which is now in such mortal peril, the nation will have pledged its soul to the idea of unity. The resistance of the new province will strengthen the impulse of our policy towards unity, and constrain all sensible men to range themselves in disciplined loyalty behind the Prussian throne. The advantage is all the greater, as it is still possible that some new Republican attempt in Paris might tempt the moon-struck glance of the German Radicals once more to turn gradually towards the west. But the circle of vision of German politics becomes yearly wider and freer. When the nation feels that the vital interests of the German States are involved in the Slavic, the Scandinavian, and the Latin world, and that we are standing in the midst of the greatest and most complex revolution of the century, our parties will learn to rise out of the dogmatism of party life, and above the poverty of *doctrinaire* programmes, to the earnest and lofty treatment of the great questions which concern the State.

The German Confederation which has crossed the line of the Main will best fulfil its national mission when the clear activity of the North, and the more delicate and contemplative nature of the South, stand side by side in beautiful rivalry. We cannot spare one of all the powerful races which make up the complete German nation. But the narrow footstool of the Confederation in the south-east reaches no farther than the Bohemian forest. The manifold wealth of our German civilization will be vastly augmented when the South German nation is more fully represented in our new State, and the powerful nationality of the Germans of the Upper Rhine will certainly show its genuine German colour very soon after the foreign whitewash has been washed away.

A politico-economical consideration may be added. Inspiring descriptions of the rich and happy plains of Germany make a necessary chapter of our patriotic catechism, and are never omitted in our German school books. They affect us as a sign of true love to the land of our forefathers; but they are anything but true in themselves. Our sober judgment cannot refuse to admit that nature has dealt with our country much more like a step-mother than a mother. The singularly barren outline of our shore coast-line on the North Sea, and the course of most of our German rivers and hill-chains, are just as unfavourable to political unity as they are to commerce. Only a few strips of our German soil can compare in natural

fertility with wealthy Normandy, the luxurious plains of England, and the teeming corn-fields of the interior of Russia. But here, in Alsace, there is a real German district, the soil of which, under favouring skies, is rich with blessings such as only a very few spots in the Upper Rhenish Palatinate and the mountain country of Baden enjoy. The unusual configuration of the country has made it possible to pierce canals through gaps in the mountains—magnificent waterways, from the Rhine to the basin of the Rhone and of the Seine—such as German ground scarcely ever admits. We are by no means rich enough to be able to renounce so precious a possession.

Everything, in fact, is as clear as day. None of the foreign statesmen who interfered with our plans at the time of the Second Peace of Paris ever attempted to meet the arguments of Humboldt. Jealousy of the growing greatness of Germany, and the opposition which dominated all that period between the policies of England and of Russia—which vied with each other in showing favour to France—were decisive. England had already secured her war prizes in her colonies, and Russia hers in her Polish territories; Germany was left alone to make her further demands.

The full cynicism of this jealous statesmanship is revealed in the words which the Czar Alexander permitted himself in a thoughtless moment, "Either I must have a hand in this pie, or the pie shall not be baked at all." Freiherr von Stein

said, sorrowfully, "Russia decides that we are to remain vulnerable!" What a difference there is between then and now! We are not now so exhausted in money and in men as not to be able to defy the opposition of the whole of Europe. The neutral Powers might have stopped this French attempt at robbery by one strong and timely word. They failed to utter it, and they cannot complain to-day because we alone decide what we shall take as the prize of the victory which we alone have won. We owe it to the clear-sighted audacity of Count Bismarck that this war was begun at the right time—that the Court of the Tuileries was not allowed the welcome respite which would have permitted it to complete the web of its treacherous devices. And as the war began as a work of clear and statesmanlike calculation, so it will end. If, during its prosecution, we have been magnanimous, almost to a fault—if we turned aside from the revolting ill-usage of our countrymen in France, and disdained to requite with a like brutality the loathsome threats directed against the women of Baden, we are all the more bound, at all hazards, to be firm about the terms of peace, and to complete the work of 1813 and of 1815. What lay in all our hearts as a far-off vision of longing desire has suddenly sprung up a practical fact, to be dealt with by a nation unprepared for it. Occasion urges us; the wonderful favour of Destiny bends down to offer us, in the grey dawn of German unity, the wreath

which we hardly hoped to have won in the mid-day splendour of the German Empire. Let us grasp it with courageous hands, that the blood of the dear ones who have died for us may not again cry out against our faint-heartedness.

II

ALSACE AND LORRAINE PAST AND PRESENT

Where lies the frontier which we are justified in demanding? The answer is simple; for since the French nation made itself prominent in the Celto-Romance world, its national life and ours have at all times stood toughly and sharply opposed to one another. The two peoples dwelt side by side, not cast together like the nations which a geographical necessity forces to mingle at various points in Eastern Europe. Our West and South have, for a long period, received more culture than they gave, and yet the French boundary of language has been able, in the course of centuries, to advance no farther than a few hours' march. It became a source of trouble to both peoples when an arbitrary system of creating new states wedged the Lorraine-Burgundian Empire in between their natural frontiers, to become an apple of unceasing contests; while both made a termination of the struggle difficult to themselves by an aberration of the national imagination. To this day the Frenchman continues to glance across the Rhine with

feelings like those of the ancient Romans under Cæsar. He has never forgotten the days when gorgeous Treves was the capital of Gaul; his school-books describe those first centuries of the Middle Ages, in which no French nation yet existed, as a period of French dominion. The German Karl is the Frenchman's Charlemagne; in numerous inscriptions in Alsatian towns the memory of the Merovingian Dagoberts is purposely freshened up in order to recall the ancient power of France. Already in the fifteenth century, when the Armagnacs were bringing fire and sword into Upper Germany, the longing for the Rhine frontier found expression in France. Above all, since the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon I, State and Society, Press and School, have run a race of rivalry in perverting history; and the whole of France laments the enormous breach between Lauterburg and Dunkirk, which the grasping greed of Germany is declared to have made in the natural boundaries of France. We Germans, on the other hand, are unwilling to forget the supreme rights which the Holy Roman Empire once possessed over the Burgundian kingdom of the Arelat.

We must hasten to relinquish cheerfully this dreaming of antiquated dreams. As it is our intention to force the French to renounce their vision of the Rhine frontier, to give up to us what is ours, to recognize the European necessity of the two intermediate States on the Lower Rhine and on the Scheldt, we must concede to

them what is their due, and frankly confess that the conquering policy of France, directed against the Burgundian territories, obeyed, in its beginnings, a well-justified national instinct. Afterwards, indeed, deluded by easy successes, it passed all bounds. More than 50,000 square miles of the Holy Empire belong at this day to the French State, and by far the greater part of them most justly. The Southern Provinces of the Burgundian kingdom were French, beyond a doubt. When Charles V endeavoured at the Peace of Madrid to sever them from France, the Estates of Burgundy unanimously vowed that they were Frenchmen, and Frenchmen they would remain; and the history of three centuries has justified their declaration. The fact that the ancient one-headed eagle of our Empire once stood gorgeous on the town-hall of Lyons, over the same gate where we see the equestrian statue of Henry IV to-day; the fact that the same eagle once gazed down upon the glorious amphitheatre of Arles; and all similar facts, are but historical reminiscences which concern us little, and which are of no more value for the present policy of Germany than the ancient feudal rights of our Emperors in Italy.

We desire to renew the power and glory of the Hohenstaufens and the Ottos, but not their World-Empire. Our new State owes its strength to the national idea. Its intention is to be an honest neighbour to every foreign nationality, a grasping adversary to none; and for this reason it finds its

western frontier indicated to it by the language and manners and life of the rural population. Every State is kept fresh and young from below. New forces never cease to arise out of the healthy depths of the peasant class, while the population of the towns swiftly changes, and the families of the upper classes either fall away or are carried off into other habitations. We Germans still continue to make this experience in the colonies of our eastern frontier. Wherever we have succeeded in Germanizing the peasant, our national life stands erect; wherever he has remained non-German, German ways of life wage to this day a struggle for their existence. Applying this standard, we shall find German and French nationality separated by a line which may be roughly described as leading along the ridge of the Vosges to the sources of the Saar, and thence to the north-west towards Diedenhofen and Longwy. What lies beyond is Gaulish. This boundary-line, hard to be perceived in the hilly districts of Lorraine, is drawn with mathematical precision at several points of the Wasgau hills. Wandering westward from the busy little town of Wesserling in Upper Alsace, one first ascends through leafy woods, enjoying the view into the smiling valley of the Thur, and reaching at Urbes the river boundary, the frontier of the *département* of the Upper Rhine. There the road leads through a long tunnel, and the moment the traveller passes out of the dark into the *département* of the Vosges, he sees that the country

and its inhabitants have undergone a complete change. The woods of Germany have vanished, and naked hills surround the valley of the infant Moselle. True, it is possible to guess, from the aspect of the tall peasants, from whom the French army draws so many fine-looking Cuirassiers, that many a drop of Germanic blood may flow in the veins of the population; but down at Bous-sang no word of German is spoken. The poorer fashion in which the houses are built, the wooden shoes, and the cotton night-cap, at once betray French civilization. It is nothing short of German Chauvinism which makes a few newspapers already gratify themselves by restoring to Remirémont, which is entirely French, the name of Reimers-berg. What is it to us that the geographers of the sixteenth century called Plombières the Plumbersbad? that lovely Pont-a-Mousson once formed an imperial county named Muselbruck? that no further back than eighty years ago the Duchy of Lorraine was mentioned under the name of Nomeny in the Diet at Ratisbon?

So, too, it is possible, even in Nanzig (Nancy) to discover faint traces of German reminiscences. At the railway-station the German traveller is cheered to observe the comfortable inscription "Trinkstube" by the side of the inevitable "Bu-vette." But the capital of Lorraine is French in manners and in language. This second and more charming Versailles received its architectural character from the French *régime* of its *Stanislas le*

Bienfaisant, and four years ago it was both sincere and justified in celebrating the centenary jubilee of its incorporation in France.

Hardly the tithe of those French provinces which once upon a time belonged to the Germanic Empire—a territory comprising about 5000 square miles, with rather less than a million and a half of inhabitants—can at this day be reckoned as German land. It is not the business of a wise national policy to go very far beyond this extent of territory; but, at the same time, such a policy ought not to cling with *doctrinaire* obstinacy to the boundary of language as a limit which must in no case be crossed. There is no perfect identity between the political and the national frontier in any European country. Not one of the great Powers, and Germany no more than the rest of them, can ever subscribe to the principle that “language alone decides the formation of States.” It would be impossible to carry that principle into effect. From a military point of view, the German territory in France is secured by two strongholds, which lie a few miles beyond the line of language. The fortress of Belfort commands the gap in the mountains between the Jura and the Vosges, which has so often been the gateway through which invading hosts have passed into or out of France. The upper part of the course of the Moselle, again, is covered by Metz, which is at this day, like Belfort, almost entirely French, in spite of its ancient traditions as an Imperial city (*Reichstadt*),

in spite of the German inscriptions which still appear here and there, on a wagoner's hostelry in the high-roofed "German street" (*Deutsche Gasse*), in spite of the bad French dialect spoken by its citizens, in spite of the two thousand German inhabitants, to whom sermons used to be preached in German only a few years ago. Are we to renounce these two strongholds for the sake of an untenable dogma? Renounce the strong walls of Metz, which are trebly necessary to us since, in our good-natured desire for peace, we relinquished the rock nest of Luxemburg? No! right and prudence support our moderate claims when we simply demand the German territory in the possession of France, and so much Gaulish territory as is necessary for securing its possession; in other words, something like the *Départements Haut-Rhin* and *Bas-Rhin* in their entirety, the greater part of *Moselle*, and the lesser part of *Meurthe*. The Virgin image, which so long stood boastfully over the arms of Metz, and which defied even the hosts of Charles V, shall be struck to the ground by our good sword to-day. The brave Saxon troops were permitted to aid in reconquering the fortress with the sacrifice of which the Saxon Maurice commenced the long period of German humiliation. It ill befits a people rising to new greatness to abandon the spot where the justice of its destiny has so visibly prevailed. The comfort of the French at Metz is of little importance compared with the necessity of securing its natural capital, and a strong bul-

wark, for the province of Lorraine. In the progress of time, German ways of life will find a home once more in the ancient episcopal city. As for measures of force against their nationality: they need no more be feared by the Gauls of Lorraine and the inhabitants of the few Gallic-speaking villages of the Vosges, than they have had to be feared by the brave Walloons in Malmedy and Montjoie, who at this day rival their German fellow-citizens in faithful self-devotion.

If a livelier sense of their common duties and interests prevailed in the family of European States, the arrogant disturber of their peace would have to be humbled far more deeply. He would be forced to give up Savoy and Nice to Italy, and West Flanders, famous from of old, with Dunkirk, with Lille—the ancient Ryssel—with Douai, on whose town-hall the Flemish lion still brandishes the weather-flag, to Belgium. But the *vis inertię*, the fear which fills Europe at the thought of any violent change, and the secret mistrust with which all the States regard the new Germany, will hardly permit so thorough a reconstruction of the political system of Europe.

The German territory which we demand is ours by nature and by history. It is true that here, where the Rhine still rushes along as an untamed stream from the glaciers, changing its bed according to its will, the people on its opposite banks maintain no such lively intercourse as below Mainz. The traveller who passes from an Alsatian

village towards the Rhine has often to make long detours through bushes and rolling stones, past morasses in which the Rhine formerly had its bed, and he is not unfrequently detained for an hour by the riverside, until a wretched boat ferries him across to one of the castles of the *Kaiserstuhl*. But, after all, no greater difficulties beset the intercourse between the high-lying lands of Baden and the *Überrhein* than that between the Baden and the Bavarian Palatinate, or between Starkenburg and Rhenish Hesse. Nature herself meant that the plain of the Upper Rhine should have a common destiny, and has environed it with mountain walls of the same formation. On either bank the mountain range reaches its greatest height to the south; for the peasant of the Breisgau, the Ballon d'Alsace serves as a weather-glass, just as the Sundgau man on the other side gazes upon the Schwarzwald Belchen and the Blue Mountain (*dem Blauen*). On either bank the lovely scenery displays its full beauty where a cross valley comes forth out of the mountain-chain, where the Engelsburg commands the entrance to the valley of the Thur, where the three castles of Rappoltstein look down into the narrow gorge, where the ancient fastness, Hoh-Barr, rises from the red rock of the valley of the Zorn—just as on the opposite side at Freiburg, Offenburg, and Baden. A trade-road of hoar antiquity crosses the middle of the plain, passing through the Wasgau at the Zabern Stair, through the Schwarzwald at Pforz-

heim gate, connecting the *Westerreich*, to use the expression of our fathers, with the interior of Germany. Where it crosses the river lies Strassburg, the Cologne of the Upper Rhine, with her Minster visible as a landmark in a wide circuit of Upper Germany, as the Cathedral of Cologne stands in the districts of Berg. A glorious panorama of German scenery! This thought has most assuredly suggested itself to everyone who has stood, in the freshness of morning, when the shreds of the mists still cling to the rocky summits upon the walls of Schlettstadt. High up on the mountains tower the dark pine-forests, which are hardly known in the woodless Gaulish country; lower down those bright chestnut-woods, which no man who has once made the Rhine his home can bear to miss; on the slopes, the gardens of the vines; and down below, that undulating, odorous plain, the mere recollection of which charmed from Goethe in his old age glowing words of praise for his "glorious Alsace." Even we of the younger generation, who are more familiar with the beauty of the mountains, and have a duller sense for the charms of the plain than the people of the eighteenth century, cannot help joining in the enthusiasm of the old Master-poet, as he describes the broad fruit-trees in the midst of the corn-field, the ancient limes of the Wanzenau, and the play of the sunlight, caught and broken at numberless openings of the wide waving plain.

German story winds its wondrous network

round the hundred castles of the Sundgau as closely as the ivy twining round their walls. Here by the rushing waterfall the giant's daughter ascended to the castle of Nideck, carrying the peasant wight in her apron, plough and horses and all. There on Tronja dwelt the dread Hagen of the Nibelungs; high up on the Wasgenstein raged the wild conflicts of our Song of Waltharius. Here, in the valley of the Zorn, Fridolin went his way to the forge. There, by the Bergkirche, flows a fountain of the tears of Ottilia, saint of sorrow and suffering, like unto that which flows on the other bank in the quiet recess of the valley near Freiburg. Everywhere in the merry little land, German humour and German merriment and enjoyment of life held their jousts. The Count of Rappoltstein was the king of all singers and errants of the Holy Empire, and every year he summoned the masterless Guild of Jesters to a joyous Diet of Pipers. In the town-hall of Mülhausen is preserved to this day the chattering-stone (*Klapperstein*), which used to be hung round the necks of quarrelsome women. Without the golden wine of Rangen the delicate spire of the Church of St. Theobald at Thann could never have risen so boldly into the air; for it was a prosperous vintage, and the grape-gatherers came to the rescue of the despairing architect and mixed fiery must with his mortar, lest the joists of the airy edifice should fall asunder.

Alsace has always maintained an honourable place in the earlier history of German Art. A

thousand years ago the famous Ottfried, in his monk's cell at Weissenburg, wrote his *Krist*, the most ancient great monument of old German poetry which has come down to our time. Gottfried of Strassburg sang the passionate lay of Tristan and Isolda, and Master Walther von der Vogelweide proclaimed the poetic glories of Reinmar of Hagenau. Those marvels of Gothic architecture arose in Thann and Strassburg, and Martin Schongauer painted his simple-minded pictures for the good town of Colmar. Above all the jest and the mocking play of wit have remained ever dear to the joyous sons of our frontier-land. Nearly all the noteworthy humorists of our earlier literature were natives of Alsace, or, at all events, socially connected with the district. In Strassburg the liberal-minded and lovable wag, Sebastian Brandt, wrote his *Ship of Fools*, and Thomas Murner his malicious satires against the Lutherans. George Wickram, who, in his *Rollwagen* (country wagon), collected the merriest conceits of our ancestors, was a Colmar boy; and in Forbach dwelt Fischart, the mightiest among the few Germans who have manifested power amounting to genius in comic poetry.

And what a busy mixture of political forces, what power and boldness of German civic life, there gathered in the little land in the days when the lions of the Hohenstaufen still gazed down as lords and masters from the royal citadel above. Eleven free cities of the Empire, among them

Hagenau, the favourite city of Barbarossa, which he entrusted with the imperial jewels, and, outshining all the rest, Strassburg. What has the capital of the *Département Bas-Rhin* done, or seen done, that might be even compared to the ancient history—great in its smallness, proud in its modesty—of the German Imperial city? Its episcopal see was called the noblest of the nine great foundations which came one after another along the “priestly lane” (*Pfaffengasse*) of the Rhine; and at all times loud praises were heard in the Empire of the ancient German honesty and bravery of its citizens. Thus Strassburg faithfully shared all the fortunes of the Rhenish cities—among them the diseases which assailed the very heart and soul of our civic life: the Black Death, and its fellow, the Jews’ gangrene (*Judenbrand*). She firmly adhered to the Rhenish Hansa; like Cologne, she strove with her bishop in bitter feuds; she saw the great families of the Zorns and Mullnheims contending for the upper hand, as Cologne did those of her *Weisen* and *Overstolzen*; she witnessed the men of the Guilds rise in insurrection against the great families, until at last after their victory there was inscribed in the Common Book of the city that excellent constitution, which Erasmus compared, as a living ensample of well-ordered government, to the polity of Massilia. The frontier-city loved to hear itself called the strong outwork of the Empire; its citizens looked down with deep hatred upon their Gaulish neighbours; and they

marched into the field, with the Swiss, against Burgundians, and beheaded the bailiff of Charles the Bold at Colmar. Happy days, when the strong *Pfennigthurm* could hardly contain the treasure of its wealth, when Gutenberg was venturing upon his first essays, when the fame of the Strassburg mastersingers (*Meistersänger*) flew far and wide through the Empire, and the architectural lodge of the Minster sat in judgment over the fellows of its craft as far as Thuringia and Saxony, when the friendly Zurichers, in their fortunate vessel, bore the hot Porridge-Pot (*Breitopf*) down the stream, and Bishop William, of Hohenstein, held the pompous entry of which the keen pen of Sebastian Brandt has left us so charming a description.

The age of the Reformation supervened. Germany reached, for the second time, as she is now reaching for the third time, one of the crowning summits of her national life; and the population of Alsace, too, with lofty consciousness, took part in the great struggles of the German mind. In Strassburg, in Schlettstadt and Hagenau, Dringenberg and Wimpfelingen conducted the learned labours of the schools of the Humanists; Gailer von Kaiserberg preached in German in the Strassburg Minster against the abuses of the Church. There was a wealth of intellectual forces, of which the Alsace of to-day has not the faintest conception. The maltreated peasantry laid passionate hold of the world-liberating teachings of Wittenberg. The

peasants in Alsace affixed the *Bundschuh* (shoe-symbol of union) to the pole, like the peasants hard by in the district of Spire and the Schwarzwald. Like the latter, they fought and suffered. At Zabern the Bishop of Strassburg passed his cruel judgment on the rebels, as the hard prelate of Spire did at Grombach and on the Kästemburg. In the towns, however, the evangelical doctrine maintained its footing. Fourteen cities of the Empire, with Strassburg at their head, subscribed, at the Diet of Spire, the famous Protest of the Seven Princes, which was to give its name to the new faith. Hereupon Martin Bucer began his productive work at Strassburg. The city stood in a meditating position between the Lutheranism of the North and the doctrine of Zwingli. She liberally bestowed upon Protestantism those weapons which have never failed it. She founded her library, her gymnasium, and, at a later date, her famous University, where Hedio and Capito taught. When the Protestants professed their creed at Augsburg, Strassburg, together with three other cities of Upper Germany, handed in her freer confession, the "Tetrapolitana." After this the city, like the other chief towns of Upper Germany,—like Augsburg, Ulm, and Nuremberg,—was involved in the evil fortunes of the Schmalkaldic League. There remained yet one hope—the aid of France. But the German city disdained an alliance with the arch-foe of the Empire. With death in his heart, her burgomaster, Jacob Sturm, bent his knee be-

fore Charles V, for the Spaniard was the Emperor after all. And when, six years later, the criminally reckless among the German Protestants actually concluded their offensive and defensive league with France, and when King Henry II, as the Protector of "Germanic liberty," advanced his armies towards the Rhine, Strassburg once more proved true to Emperor and Empire, and shut her gates against the French.

Are we to believe that that rich millennium of German history has been utterly destroyed by two centuries of French dominion? Only we Germans who dwell in the upper country, which our ancestors were so fond of calling "the Empire" (*das Reich*), can thoroughly realize the terrible extent of the criminal excesses of the Hunlike fury which was directed against us by the French. How different would be the aspect of our native land did we possess, besides the glorious city types of ancient Danzig, Lübeck, and Nuremberg, our ancient Spires also, and our ancient Worms and Freiburg, and Heidelberg—those cities with proud towers and lofty roofs, with which Merian was still acquainted. In the Church of Landau the sepulchre still stands which Louis XIV caused to be erected to his lieutenant-governor in Alsace, the wild Catalan Montclar, the destroyer of the magnificent Madenburg. The Christian virtue of the ruthless brigand is lauded in grandiloquent Latin, and the inscription thus unctuously concludes: "Pass on thy way, O wanderer, and learn that it

is only virtue which ennobles military glory." Was not such a blasphemous offence even more shameful for us than for the wrongdoers themselves? But the law of nations knows of no prescription.

The land of the Vistula in the possession of the German order and the castle of its Grand Master, the Marienburg, were once upon a time delivered, by the treason of German Estates, into the hands of the stranger. Three centuries passed away before Germany felt herself to be strong enough to demand back from the Poles that of which they had despoiled her. With the same right we seek justice to-day for the wrong committed by France against our West two centuries ago.

As soon as the three Lorraine Sees had been made over, by the treason of Maurice of Saxony, to France, the Paris politicians, with cunning calculation, directed their first efforts to obtain Alsace; because the remnant of Lorraine, surrounded on all sides by French domains, must follow, after that, of itself. The unspeakable meanness of the numberless petty sovereign lords, among whom Alsace was parcelled out, offered the most satisfactory basis of operations to the devices of French intrigue during the rotten years of peace which followed the religious pacification of Augsburg. On the ruins of Hoh-Barr may yet be read how, in the year 1584, Johann von Mandercheidt, Bishop of Strassburg, erected *hanc arcem nulli inimicam*—the frontier-fortress against

France, hostile to no one! Do not these two words imply the bitterest of satires against the shameful impotence of the sinking Germanic Empire? Do they not recall the delightful inscription, "Grant peace, O Lord, in this our day," which the valiant army of the Prince-Bishop of Hildesheim wore on their hats? Thus had the higher nobility of the once great German nation been already shaken in its moral forces, when the Elector of Bavaria, in the Thirty Years' War, abandoned Alsace to the French, upon which the instrument of the Peace of Westphalia, in terms capable of divers interpretations, transferred the rights which had previously belonged to the House of Austria to the French Crown.

It was inevitable that the rigid unity of the French State should next direct its activity towards the final annihilation of those relics of German petty-State life which still survived in its new domain. French residents were fixed at Strassburg, and French pay was drawn by the three notorious brothers Fürstenberg, who governed in Munich, in Cologne, and in Strassburg, and whom their indignant contemporaries called the Egonists. Yet while the nobility was thus weaving the nets of France, German intellectual force and German fidelity were long preserved to the people in Alsace. It was at this very period that the famous Philip Jacob Spener, who awakened to a new life the moral force of Lutheranism, which had waxed cold and dull, was growing up in

Rappoltswiler; and the people joyously hailed the Brandenburger as he struggled with the French on the Upper Rhine, and then routed the Swedes at Fehrbellin on his own Marches. A popular song, printed at Strassburg in 1675, to be sung to the old Protestant tune of "Gustav Adolf, high-born leader," commences thus:

With might the great Elector came,
 Peace to secure right truly;
 He seeks to break the Frenchman's pride,
 So boastful and unruly,
 All by his skill and art in war.

It was thus that the distant Western Marches were the first to salute the first hero of the new Northern Power by the title of the Great.

Meanwhile French statecraft bored more and more deeply down into the rotten Empire. The ten small imperial cities in Alsace were subjected to the sovereignty of the King, when an act of treason, the foul threads of which are to this day hidden in obscurity, delivered Strassburg also into the hands of Louis. What a day, that fatal 24th of October, 1681, when the new master held his entry! with the citizens of the free imperial city swearing fidelity on their knees, while German peasants were doing serf's labour outside in the trenches of the citadel! At the porch of the Minster, Bishop Francis Egon von Fürstenberg received the King, thanked him for having again recovered the cathedral out of the hands of the

heretics, and exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, since he has seen his Saviour!" Meanwhile Rebenac, the King's envoy, declared at Berlin that the King had not had the least intention of breaking the peace of the Empire. Cruel acts of maltreatment directed against the Strassburg Protestants formed the worthy close of this for ever shameful episode. Three times over the dynastic policy of the Hapsburgs neglected the fairest opportunities of recovering what had been lost, and at last it sacrificed Lorraine also.

Slowly and cautiously the French began to Gallicize their new territories. Years passed before the independent administration of the German Lorraine was done away with, and more years before the German chancery at the Court of Versailles was abolished. Yet it was precisely in this period of foreign dominion that Alsace sank deep into the heart of the German nation. For there is no book more German than that incomparable one which tells of the most beautiful of all the mysteries of human existence, of the growth of genius; and there is no picture in Goethe's life of greater warmth and depth than the story of the blissful days of love in Alsace. A ray of love from the Sesenheim parsonage has penetrated into the youthful dreams of every German heart. That German home, threatened with inundation by Gaulish manners and customs seems to us all like a sanctuary desecrated. But the merry folk of Alsace whom Goethe knew, fond

of the song and the dance, lived carelessly on, troubling themselves but little about their ambiguous political existence, and coming rarely into contact with foreign language and ways of life. The Strassburg University, indeed, already began, in French fashion, to insist more upon practical usefulness than upon depth of knowledge, but it still taught in the German tongue. Through its ornaments, Schöpflin and Köch, it maintained a constant intercourse with German science, and it was frequented by many young men from the neighbouring parts of the Empire, by Goethe, Herder, Lenz, Stilling, Metternich. Even under the oppressive superintendence of royal prætors, the city adhered to its ancient constitution; and a hundred years after its incorporation it remained as little French, as Danzig was Polish under the protection of the Crown of Poland.

It was the Revolution which first made the Strassburgers part of the State, and caused them to share the national feeling of the French. The Revolution united to the French territory the petty German sovereignties of Alsace which still remained, and here, as everywhere else, it destroyed the separate rights of the province. Even the ancient glorious name of the country had to give way before names characteristic of French vanity, *Haut-Rhin* and *Bas-Rhin*—the Lower Rhine where the stream is not yet capable of bearing large vessels! In the tempests of the great Revolution the people of Alsace, like all the citizens of France,

learned to forget their past. And it is here that the essential and fundamental feature of modern French political sentiment, and the ultimate source of the disease pervading the French State, is to be sought. The nation has broken with its history; it accounts what lies behind the Revolution as dead and done. Thirty years ago the city of Strassburg began the publication of its straightforward old chronicles—doubtless a work due to the genuine love of home—but the German, whose past ages are still a living truth to him, reads with an uncomfortable shudder the unsympathetic preface composed by the *maire* Schutzenberger. The glorious days of the imperial city are treated of in precisely the same tone as the fact that the Eighth Legion, once upon a time, was stationed at Argentoratum. All that happened before the sacred date of '89 belongs to archæological research, and no bridge remains to connect to-day with yesterday.

Awful and abnormal events were necessary if so radical a transmutation of political feeling was to be achieved, and hardly anywhere else did the Convention carry on its war of annihilation against the Provinces after so bloody and so merciless a fashion as at Strassburg. The loyal and ponderous German burghers were unable to follow with sufficient swiftness the whimsical spasms of the French mind. The city was enthusiastically in favour of the constitutional Monarchy; and it held fast to its faith long after the Parisians had broken the

Crown in pieces. Then it applauded with its whole heart the rhetorical pathos of the Gironde, after the Parisians had already donned the Jacobin cap. When it fell at last into the power of the Jacobins, a trait of German idealism and of a German sense of equity survived after all in its native demagogues, in Eulogius Schneider and in the shoemaker Jung. Thus the Strassburgers were suspected as Moderates by the Terrorists; and in its rage for equality, and its mad passion for unity, the Convention cast itself with loathsome savageness upon the German city. St. Juste and Lebas declared the guillotine *en permanence*, in order to "nationalize" Alsace and to purify it from the German barbarians. The German dress was prohibited, the Minster was dedicated as a Temple of Reason, the red cap was planted on its spire, and the club of the Propaganda proposed in serious earnest the deportation of every citizen not speaking French.

Thus, while the obstinate resistance of the German city passed away, amidst these sanguinary horrors, the peasant population was gained for France by the benefits of the Revolution. German "peasant right" still obtained in the country; the peasant still groaned under the harsh dues he owed to the lord of the soil; in some cases he was still in a condition of serfdom. The night of the 4th of August suddenly made him a free landed proprietor. In parts of the interior of France, on the other hand, the system of *métayers*, or some other similar

oppressive system of land tenure, still prevailed, and the new law made but little change in the condition of the rural population. To these things we owe it that the German peasants of France blessed the Revolution, while the French peasantry in the Vendée fought passionately against it. The old obstinate love of liberty of the Alemanni was reawakened; the peasants in Alsace hurried to the standards of the Republic; and during the struggles of those savage days they drank deep of the new French ideas, which are closely connected with that contempt for the past of which I have spoken. Henceforth there burnt in them a fanatical love of equality which loathes as feudalism any and every advantage of birth, however innocent, and the measureless self-consciousness of the Fourth Estate, which in France is unable to forget how the existence of the State once rested on the points of its pikes. On the other hand, Count Wurmser, who commanded the Austrian army before the lines of Weissenburg, was an Alsatian nobleman, deeply initiated into the secret intrigues of discontented members of his order. He made no secret of his intention that his good sword should restore the glories of the squirearchy (*Junkerthum*). Thus the war against Germany appeared in the eyes of the Alsatian peasantry to be a war for the liberty of their persons and for their bit of soil.

Finally the population gave itself up to the charm of the fame of the soldiers' Emperor, who

knew so thoroughly how to make use of the warlike vigour of these Germans. The Germanic Empire came to a miserable end. The Alsatians Pfeffel and Matthieu acted as middlemen in the dirty barter, when our princes shared the shreds of the Empire among themselves. The last feeling of respect for the German State was at an end. When Germany rose at last, and the allies invaded France, the people of Alsace once more deemed the blessings of the Revolution to be in danger. The fortified places, bravely defended by citizens and soldiers, held out for a long time. Armed bands of peasants carried on a guerilla warfare in the Vosges; they crucified captive German soldiers, and perpetrated such inhuman abominations as to make Rückert lament the ungermanized manners and morals of the land. Numerous pictures in the churches and old-fashioned burghers' houses remain to recall this war of the people against the *étrangers*. The wretched period of the raid upon the demagogues in Germany followed. German fugitives found protection and refuge in the land across the Rhine, Strassburg presses printed what the German censorship prohibited, and the man of Alsace looked with contempt upon his ancient home as upon a land of impotence and slavery. And according to the constant law that an unnatural condition of the people begets strange popular diseases, it was precisely this conquered German land which became the nursery of Chauvinism. The course of the Rhine, the Saar, and the Moselle,

indicated intercourse with Germany as necessary to these districts. They hungered after new conquests; boasted of surpassing all other provinces of France in "patriotism"; were specially fond of sending their sons into the army; and two years ago the war-loving natives of Lorraine were alone ready to accept the proposal of universal military service which the self-love of the French rejected. A clear picture, and one simply unintelligible to a German, is presented of this French feeling in the frontier-lands in the much-read "national novels" of the two natives of Alsace-Lorraine, Erckmann and Chatrian, the apostles of peace among the poets of France. What genuinely German men and women are their Pfalzburgers! In language and sentiment they are Germans, but they have lost the last trace of a remembrance of their ancient connection with the Empire. They are enthusiastic for the *tricolore*; they bitterly hate the *Prussien*; and the narrators themselves—write in French!

Well may we Germans be seized with awe when we witness the reawakening of the blind fury of 1815 in Gunstett and Weissenburg; when we find these German men raving, in the German tongue, against the "German dogs," the "stinking Prussians," and raging like wild beasts against their flesh and blood. And yet we have no right to sit in judgment on this deluded population, which, notwithstanding everything, is among the most vigorous of the German races. Arndt himself found good reason for defending the men of Alsace

against Rückert's bitter complaints. What raises our indignation in these unhappy men after all is nothing else than the old German particularism, the fatal impulse of every German to be something else and something better than his German neighbour—to deem his own little country the sacred land of the Centre, and to stand fast, with blind fidelity, by standards which he has once taken up. It is true that, in this case, our old hereditary German disease appears in the most revolting form possible, under circumstances of the most unnatural character. Look at the unhappy, misused men who fell like assassins at Wörth and Forbach, on the rear of the German warriors. They are the Germans who have had no share in the great resurrection of our nation during the last two centuries, and we should all of us be like them were there no Prussia in existence. The man of Alsace is not a mere Frenchman; he has no desire to be so; he views the Gaul with suspicion, often with hatred; he feels self-conscious as a member of the little chosen people, which surpasses all Frenchmen in industry and warlike vigour, as it surpasses all Germans in the fact that it is French. Other Germans, too, have been known in other times to take pride in displaying their German fidelity to the Kings of Poland, Sweden, Denmark, or England; and the men of Stettin fought once for the Swedish Crown, against the great Elector, in even bitterer earnest than the men of Alsace of to-day. It is only from

the hands of the Prussian State, as it grew into its strength, that we have recovered the gift of a common country.

And where were the people of Alsace to learn to esteem our German ways of life? What sights met them immediately outside their gates? The ridiculous comedy of the petty States, and the gambling-tables of Baden, at which German good-nature bowed humbly down before French immorality! The old Empire to which they had once loyally adhered had disappeared; of the young State which was arising in glory they knew nothing. How long ago is it since public opinion, among ourselves, deplored as the fall of Germany what was really Germany's awakening? How long since there existed a French, and a Hapsburg, but not a German view of German history? As recently as the beginning of the century, the ordinary German patriot used to seek the final cause of German disunion in the genesis of the Prussian State. And pray what was the picture of Germany which our Radicals, following in the footsteps of Heine, were in the habit of sketching only forty years ago? The German nation was supposed to be partial to talking philosophy and to drinking beer; but it was otherwise harmless, and it had the tendencies of a lackey. Its petty States were blessed with a few ideas of liberty which they had picked up from the great Revolution and the great Napoleon, while in the north there was unfortunately the State of the drill-

sergeant and of feudalism—the robber-State of the *Hoberaux*. It is this caricature of Germany which circulates to this day in France. The Second Empire, which has performed so many involuntary services to Germany, has, indeed, to some extent shaken the self-consciousness of the men of Alsace themselves. A few thinking men have recognized the fact, which is clear as the light of day, that any and every German State is at present incomparably freer than Imperial France. But the mass of the people, misguided by an indescribably stupid provincial Press, was left without any tidings of the immense change which was being accomplished in Germany, and lived on in its old dreams.

Has a new and individual civilization come into life in this German race, saturated with French feelings and opinions? The people of Alsace, accustomed after the manner of Germans to make a virtue of necessity, often delight to declare that their country forms the connecting link between the Romance and the Germanic world, and that, for this reason, it is of greater importance at the present day to the progress of European culture than formerly when it was a territory of the Germanic Empire. No man has developed this idea more delicately and felicitously than the highly cultivated Mülhausener, Ch. Dollfus. About the year 1860 it appeared as if the province were really about to fulfil this office of mediation. The *Revue Germanique*, written chiefly by men from

Alsace, endeavoured to offer the French a faithful picture of German science; the *Temps* also, conducted by them, laboured to arrive at a fair judgment of our political life. At that time even Frenchmen of old Celtic blood remarked that nothing but the unearthing of the Germanic forces which had been half buried could supply the French soil with new creative power; and we Germans used to watch these unusual efforts with honest delight. But all such attempts have been utterly wrecked. It could not well have been otherwise. The pleasure which the French took in the works of the German intellect always rested on the tacit assumption that we continued to resemble the old caricature, that we were still a people devoid of political organization, a people of poets and thinkers. No sooner had the Bohemian victories shown the power of the German State than a change ensued in French life, to which we have failed to pay sufficient attention here. The influence of German ideas halted; the *Revue Germanique* died long ago; the *Temps* has displayed precisely the same captiousness and hostility against the new German Confederation as has been shown by the rest of the French papers; and after all the awful experiences of the last few weeks we can expect nothing but a still deeper estrangement for the immediate future.

Was Alsace in truth a connecting link between Germany and France? A mutual giving and taking is surely an indispensable element of such

a connection. What have we received from the people of Alsace? What have they been to us? Their higher intellects were simply lost to German national life, they became Frenchmen with a slight colouring of German culture; like Dollfus himself, they served the foreigner, not us. The loss of the German provinces would be of infinitely more importance to France than is implied in the diminution of the eighty-nine *départements* by three. It would not only be a terrible moral blow—for these territories are the pride of the nation, the oft-contested prize of ancient victories, the famed *terre classique de la France*—but a loss of intellectual forces which it would be utterly impossible to make good. It is astonishing to find in every large town in France, everywhere and in every station in life, the industrious, clever, and trustworthy sons of Alsace. The population of the *Département Bas-Rhin*, although it is healthy and fertile in the German fashion, considerably diminished during the decade from 1850 to 1860, in consequence of the emigration *en masse* into the French cities. Are we to regard this regular absorption of German forces by the French people as a healthy action and reaction—now that we possess the power of putting an end to this morbid state of affairs? Switzerland is really a land of transition and of mediation. There, three nations, united by means of a free and flexible constitution, learn how to appreciate and deal considerately with one another. But the centralization and the

domineering national spirit of France cannot allow a province either an independent culture or a separate language. Official statistics in France, as their director, Legoyt, has often openly confessed, disdain on principle to enquire into the relations between the different languages. The State assumes that every Frenchman understands French. The world is not permitted to learn how many millions of Basques, Bretons, Provençals, Flemings, and Germans have no acquaintance with the language of the State; the popular tongue differing from it is to be degraded into a dialect, into the speech of the uncultivated. The French bureaucracy in Alsace has laboured in the direction of this goal with a ruthless zeal, and so fanatically, that Napoleon III was at times obliged to moderate the clumsiness of his too eager officials. Superior education is entirely given in French. An attempt has even been made recently, by the introduction of French educational nurseries for the young (*Kindergarten*), to estrange the children from their tenderest years from their mother-tongue. Those who speak pure high-German may sometimes find it easier to make themselves understood by half-educated men in Alsace if they help themselves out with French; for people of this class have lost the free and facile use of any form of speech except the dialect of their native district. The attempt to degrade the language of a nation which is one of the standard-bearers of civilization, into the rudeness of the Celtic *patois* of the Bretons,

is sheer insanity and a sin against nature. The proverb of our homely ancestors must remain eternally true: "So German heart and Gaulish tongue, strong man, lame steed, are suited wrong." The foreign language which has been forced upon them has done unspeakable harm to the upper classes of Alsace in their moral feeling and in their spiritual life, and has impressed upon the intellectual life of the province the character of a bastard culture which is neither fish nor flesh. What unhappy creatures these German boys are who pass by in their gold-rimmed Lyceum caps under the guardianship of an elegant *abbé*, and whose German souls are bidden to find edification in Boileau and Racine, while they speak to the servants in a horrible Gaulish perversion of their native language, the language of Goethe.

In the struggle between the independent languages of highly civilized nations, flexibility of form is unfortunately apt to gain the victory over depth and thoroughness of culture. The national character of the rising generation ultimately depends upon the mothers; and women find it hard to withstand the charm of brilliant form. As a rule, woman—more loyal than man in good things as well as in evil—adheres more firmly than he does to ancestral ways; the women of Alsace become Gaulish faster than the men. This is proved by ocular demonstration, and it is confirmed by the returns reported from all the popular libraries in the province, which show that the women hardly

read any books but French. The language of the State, of good society, and of important commercial transactions, is French. The language of the books and newspapers is the same; for it is better to pass over in compassionate silence the barbarous German translation which the Frenchman, M. Schneegans, is in the habit of placing alongside of the French text of his *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*. Whoever has seen three generations of an Alsatian family side by side must have had the growing Gallicization of the upper classes brought palpably before him. If one reminds these people of the glorious German past, a confident "We are Frenchmen" helps them over all argument; and if they are men of learning, they are not unlikely, like the *maire* Schutzenberger aforesaid, to add a few profound phrases on the mutability of all things human, as destructive even of national life. The public service, the settlement of numerous Frenchmen in the province, and manifold family and business connections, all hasten this unnatural degeneration. Of the great families of the land, some have crossed over to the right bank, like the Schaumburgs, the Böcklins, the Türkheims; the rest have, almost without exception, betaken themselves to French ways, like the Keinachs, the Andlaus, the Vogt von Hunolsteins. It was a Zorn von Bulach, a scion of the famous old house of free imperial citizens (*Reichsbürger*), who recently demanded, in a stormy Chauvinist speech in the *Corps Législatif*, the fortification of Hünigen, to

prevent the Fatherland falling a prey to the Germans.

In contrast with this Gallicization of the educated classes, how glorious appears the faithful adherence of the Alemannic peasant to the usages of his ancestors. Here among the simple folk, where culture is held of no account, and the whole intellectual life is comprehended in the moral feelings, the German tongue continues to hold unbounded sway, and even among the higher classes it has frequently remained the language of the feelings and of the domestic hearth. The German wanderer, who enters a village in the Vosges, is saluted at first by some official ordinance or other in French, or by an advertisement painted on the wall by the Great Paris advertising firms, *Chocolat Ménier* and *Au Pauvre Diable*. In the village itself everything is German; red waistcoats, big fur caps, and three-cornered hats, popular costumes of a primitive antiquity which survive only in the remote valleys of Schwarzwald. The name Gaulish (*Wälsch*) is often regarded even yet as a term of abuse. The *maire*, the *cantonnier*, and a few of the younger people whose wanderings as handicraftsmen have carried them to a great distance, are frequently the only persons who speak the foreign tongue with facility. All the public decrees with which the people are seriously meant to become acquainted must be read out in both languages. To teach the children in French is either impossible or they forget in a few years what it has cost them so much

trouble to acquire. The peasant of the Sundgau contemplates the stork's nest on his thatch with the same pleasure as the Ditmarsher; he is on as intimate terms with his stork as the other with his *Hadbar*; and he receives the payment for lodging, which the bird annually throws down, with equal conscientiousness. If he reads anything at all, he reads the jests of the "Hobbling Messenger" (*des hinkenden Boten*), like his neighbour in the Schwarzwald across the river. A rich mine of primitive German legends and usages yet remains among the woodmen up in the Wasgau, who push the trunks of the trees, in the winter time, on mighty sleighs (*Schlitten*), down the steep precipice. The Gaul bestows on these sturdy fellows the exquisite name of *Schlitteurs*.

But the mightiest of all the forces at the root of our German ways is Protestantism, which is the strong shield of the German language and of German life here, as in the mountains of Transylvania, and on the distant shores of the Baltic. After all, it is the free life of different creeds side by side with one another which remains the strong root of our modern German culture; and in this essential characteristic, which distinguishes us both from the Catholic south and the Lutheran north, Alsace, which is divided between the confessions (*partitâtésch*), fully participates. So long as the peasant continues to sing "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," from a German hymn-book, German life will not perish in the Wasgau. The loving and energetic

spirit of old Spener, and, after him, of the worthy Oberlin, the benefactor of the Steinthal, survives to this day in the excellent evangelical pastors of Alsace; and perhaps they are the only men in the country who secretly long for its return to Germany. Any loyal love on the part of the shamefully persecuted Evangelical Church towards the land of the Dragonnades, and of the War of the Cevennes, must have been out of the question at all times. German science—the free and fearless spirit of inquiry of the Tübingen school—prevails among the admirable scholars of the Protestant Faculty at Strassburg, some of whom still lecture in German. They owe nothing to the French but an active practical sense, which seeks to impress the truth which their own minds have recognized on the life and constitution of their congregations.

What is it, speaking generally, that is healthy and energetic in Alsace? what is it that elevates these districts above the dark mists of self-indulgence and priestly obscurantism which overhang most of the remaining provinces of France? The German nature of Alsace, and nothing else. The active spirit of its inhabitants, and the ineradicable impulse towards self-government, which even the artifices of Napoleonic prefects could not wholly banish, and which refused to bow its head before the monarchical socialism of the Second Empire, are German. Let the worthy members of *Société Industrielle de Mulhouse* believe as long as they choose that they are Frenchmen in body and soul,

and set up the inscriptions *Place Napoléon* and *Rue Napoléon* at the street-corners of their artisan town. That admirable enterprise of free civic spirit could only have arisen on Germanic soil, just as the great city workhouse of Ostwald, near Strassburg, could only have been founded by a German city. The *cités ouvrières* in French towns, in Lille, for example, owe their origin to the State. The active care of the communes and fathers of families for popular education, which has at least succeeded in bringing about this result, that on an average there are, of a hundred unmarried persons in the *Haut-Rhin*, only from six to seven, and in the *Bas-Rhin* only from two to three, unable to write, is altogether German. This seems poor enough in comparison with the state of things in Germany, but it is brilliant in comparison with that in France. The spirit of the popular libraries and singing-clubs, which used to be constantly at feud with the Prefects, is German. Notwithstanding the Gaulish tongue which it uses, the scholarly culture, which produces such good fruit in the *Revue Critique* and in the works of the provincial historians, is German. Even among the French-speaking classes, have we not the more natural, straightforward, youthful way of German life, which has been infected indeed, but not yet destroyed, by Celtic immorality? Are not the military virtues of the man of Alsace German too? Is the same thing not true of his loyalty and discipline—of the close application to the military

instruction of each individual soldier, and the delight in accurate firing, which make him alone, among the soldiers of France, capable of an effective partisan war (*Parteigängerkrieg*), and which have created a species of volunteer popular army—the *franc-tireurs*—in his part of the country alone?

But, alas! when we praise the indestructible German nature of the man of Alsace, the subject of our praise declines to receive it. He adheres to his conviction that he is no Suabian, and that all Suabians are yellow-footed. He was introduced by France, sooner than we Germans have been, into the grand activity of the modern economical world. To France he owes a most admirable organization of the means of commercial intercourse, a wide market, the influx of capital on a great scale, and a high rate of wages, which, to this day, draws daily labourers in crowds at harvest-time from the fields of Baden across the Rhine. From the French he has learned a certain *savoir-faire*; his industrial activity, upon the whole, stands higher than that of his German neighbour; and in special branches—in nursery gardening, for instance—he presents a marked contrast to the easy-going indifference of the natives of Baden. The son of Alsace is bound to his great State not merely by ancient loyalty and pride, but by material bonds, the power of which we, in our freer political life, generally fail duly to appreciate. A bureaucratic centralization possesses this advantage after all, among a thousand sins, that it

penetrates like a binding mortar into every joint of the social edifice, and renders it unspeakably difficult to break one of its stones out of the wall. What labour will be requisite before the threads which lead across from Strassburg and Colmar to Paris are all cut! The *fonction-nomanie* of the French, their anxiety to make a profit out of the State, even were it by means of a *bureau de tabac*, has penetrated as far as these frontier lands. A countless host of officials, pensioners and veterans, swarms in this province. All the great institutions of intercourse and credit are in reality State establishments. What a power lies in the hands of the Great Eastern Railway [of France], which, although a private company in name, is in fact connected closely with the State! If the district is given up to Germany, and this railway remains what it is, every pointsman and guard on the line will contribute to the French propaganda.

The smallest amount of resistance will probably be offered to the reconquest in Lower Alsace, where a third of the population is Protestant, and where a vigorous intercourse is carried on with Baden and the Palatinate. The state of affairs on the Upper Rhine is far less promising. A powerful clergy is there, adding fuel to the hatred of the lively and excitable people against Germany, and it finds no counterpoise in the Protestant portion of the population, which amounts only to a tithe. The manufactories of Mülhausen have their chief market in France, although a considerable busi-

ness has been done in the calico and muslin trade of the place at the Leipzig fairs since the recent treaties of commerce. The German State is repugnant to the old reminiscences of this Swiss city. Its patrician families assiduously display their French sentiments. Its masses of workingmen, thrown together from long distances, and who come, for the most part, from Germany, have always welcomed the hollow pathos of the Paris demagogues. But it is in German Lorraine that we are threatened by the most embittered hostility. In a population almost exclusively Catholic, German ways of thought and life have never found so grand a development as in Alsace; and for more than a century they have been abused by all the evil artifices of the French bureaucracy—most cynically of all in the old Luxemburg districts round Diedenhofen; besides which their ordinary intercourse takes the peasantry to two French towns, to Metz and Nancy.

Most assuredly, the task of reuniting there the broken links between the ages is one of the heaviest that has ever been imposed upon the political forces of our nation. Capital and culture, those faithful allies of the German cause in Posen and in Schleswig-Holstein, are our opponents. German ways of thought and life have been terribly discredited in the upper classes of these western marches. What we deem horrible, they deem sacred. They remember with pride how it was at Strassburg that Rouget de l'Isle once composed

those burning lines which threatened the enemies of France, the Germans, with death and destruction; and how the soldiers' Emperor passed out to his war against us through the gate of Austerlitz. The city which fought as a heroine in the spiritual battles of the Reformation boasts to-day in her own phrase, *De porter fièrement l'épée de la France*. What appears ridiculous to us seems to them to speak for itself. They are not ashamed to call themselves "Monsieur" Schwilgué or Stöcklé. They allow the venerable names of their towns to be changed into Gaulish perversions, like Wasselonne, Cernay, and Séléstat. They obediently accept the indescribably absurd Obernai (for Oberehnheim), and consider it fine to write "*antwergmestres*" when they are speaking in their French historical works of the masters of the old guilds (*Meister der alten Zünfte*). They are astonished at our shrugging our shoulders as we contemplate the monument in honour of the industrial grandees of the place, on the market-place at Rappoltsweiler, and see enumerated on it, in the style of the tables issued from the Prefectures, the names Meyer, Jaques, Muller, Etienne, etc. What to us seems freedom, to them appears oppression. While taking part in the life of a State whose parties bow beneath despotism as their taskmaster, without an exception, they have lost all perception for the truth that every healthy kind of freedom imposes burdens and duties. They look with repugnance upon the

fundamental principle of the German State, the duty of all men to serve the State in arms, and the right of every local community (*Gemeinde*) to manage its own affairs. Yet, with all their devotion, they are not regarded by the Gauls as their equals. The Frenchman contrives cleverly to turn the fresh vigour of the man of Alsace to the best advantage for himself; but he laughs in secret at these honest *têtes carrées*. It is simply impossible to domesticate the modern French art of undergoing a grand revolution of political thought and opinion once in every ten years among these tough Suabians. Even in our own days, just as in those of the First Revolution, it was with hesitation and unwillingly that the men of Alsace followed the periodically recurring general desertion of the Flag, which is characteristic of the party life of the French. When the President Louis Napoleon was engaged in his notorious Emperor's tour through France, and the whole country sang the praises of the new idol, he was confronted by sturdy Republican pride in Alsace alone. Loyalty of this kind is unintelligible to the Frenchman. Even Duruy, who stands nearer to our culture than most of his fellow-countrymen, remarks, condescendingly, of the population of Alsace, after a few words of well-merited encomium: "*Mais elle délaisse trop lentement son mauvais jargon allemand et son intolérance religieuse.*" *Mauvais jargon allemand!* This is what is said of the mother-tongue, the straightforward Aleman-

nic, which went so warm and kindly to the heart of the youthful Goethe! *Intolérance religieuse*, this is how they describe faithful adherence to the evangelical faith! Such is the distance which separates the French from the German members of their State.

It is precisely in this that there lies for us a pledge of hope. The source of German life is choked, but it is not dried up. Tear these men out of the foreign soil, and they are as German as ourselves. The men of Alsace and Lorraine who have emigrated to America range themselves regularly with the Germans, and, like the latter, are at this day joyously hailing our victories. The German spirit of the house of Ludwig Uhland met hardly anywhere so clear an echo as in the songs of August and Adolf Stober of Alsace. How touching is the admonition coming from lips such as these to the Strassburgers:

Around your sons shall wind
Loyalty's bond from hand to hand,
And ever shall them bind
Unto the German fatherland!

And in Kleeburg there, not far from the Gaisberg which the heroes of Lower Silesia stormed in the awful fray, stood the cradle of Ludwig Häusser—the loyal man, who was the first to relate to us in the spirit of a true German the history of our War of Liberation. In times past other German districts have been sunk in depths of degeneration

as deep as that of Alsace to-day. Under the rotten dominion of the Crozier, and the iron yoke of the first Empire, the burghers of Cologne and Coblenz had hardly been reached by far-off tidings of the triumphs of Frederick and the poems of Schiller, of all that was great and genuine in modern German history. Ten years of Prussian government sufficed to recover these lost ones to German life. If at this day foreign ways have roots incomparably deeper in Colmar and Mülhausen than was the case of old on the Lower Rhine, the vigour and self-consciousness of the German nation, on the other hand, have immeasurably increased since that time. The people of Alsace are already beginning to doubt the invincibility of their nation, and at all events to divine the mighty growth of the German Empire. Perverse obstinacy, and a thousand French intrigues creeping in the dark, will make every step on the newly conquered soil difficult for us; but our ultimate success is certain, for on our side fights what is stronger than the lying artifices of the stranger—nature herself and the voice of common blood.

III

THE CLAIMS OF PRUSSIA

Who is strong enough to rule these lost lands, and to recover them, by a salutary discipline, for German life? Prussia, and Prussia alone. I am well aware that there are many sagacious persons in

the North who utter words of warning and entreat us to leave that awkward question for the present, and, above all, to abstain, at this moment, from awakening the wrath of conflicting parties which has hardly been put to sleep. Singular error! The question which arises at this point is elevated above all parties; it is the question, whether a German peace is to follow this German war, whether the peace and the war are to be one in fashion and in spirit, whether, as the German swords struck their blows only for the sake of the great Fatherland, the statutes of the peace are to satisfy the demands of German security and honour and not the miserable suggestions of particularism. This is precisely the moment in which it is the duty of the Press to speak plainly, while the brand of the nation's sacred wrath is still being forged in the fire, and before the glorious unanimity of this war has been overgrown by the petty play of parties. The eye of our nation is clear-sighted, and its heart is wide enough, if rationally instructed, to understand what is indispensable for the security of Germany. Should a traitor here or there be induced by the open expression of those national demands, the rejection of which is impossible, prematurely to doff his mask and to lift up once more his old favourite cry, "Rather French than Prussian," the defection of such gentry would do no harm to the German cause.

If the war progresses on the grand scale in which it has commenced, the leader of the Germans will

conclude peace in the name of the Allies, and cause whatever cessions of territory have to be demanded to be made to the Allies in common. Further arrangements in the conquered territory must then be left as a matter for mutual discussion between the German confederates. We Germans should be most unwilling to exhibit the dreary remains of our utter disunion to a peace congress, and to show a contemptuous Europe that our political unity is very far from being as complete, as yet, as the unity of the German army. But if these discussions should not lead rapidly and harmoniously to a sound conclusion, a resolute and unanimous public opinion would have to lighten the difficulties of the task. What was it, besides the jealousy of foreign countries, which hampered the German statesmen of 1815? The uncertainty and confusion that reigned in the national mind. One party wanted to give the Duchy of Alsace to the Crown Prince of Württemberg, and another to the Archduke Charles. Arndt, himself, insisted only on securing the freedom of the German river. Let us show that we have learned in these great times to live while our fathers knew only how to die for Germany, and that the unity of the national will has succeeded that indeterminate sort of national oneness which inspired the men of the Second Peace of Paris.

The current talk in the North is, "Let us reward the South Germans for their loyalty." This is one of those vague fashions of speech which is due

to sincere feeling, but which in times of popular excitement might easily lead to dangerous results. Oh! if the North Germans who echo these phrases, and fancy themselves very magnanimous and noble in so doing, could but see how the eyes of honest and clear-sighted South Germans flash out with anger at such words! We want no reward, they say; if people want to reward us, let them at all events not reward the particularism of the Courts which we held down with such effort. I speak under the impression of earnest warnings, which reach me from South German friends, and which entreat me to defend the interests of South Germany in this review. The course of the argument which these politicians press on behalf of South Germany is plain and not open to question.

France, they say, will not and cannot honourably conclude peace until her army and her administration are entirely changed. Until a thoroughly different popular education has built up a new nation round it, the French people will never in earnest renounce their natural boundaries, or their illusion that the weakness of Germany is their strength. We in Upper Germany cannot lead our lives in quiet, or witness in contemptuous confidence the feverish rage of these Gallic vandals, so long as Alsace has not been placed under a strong protecting power. The Prussian Eagle alone is able to keep his grip of what he has once pounced upon. In any weaker grasp the

border country would be but a temporary possession. We know better than our friends in the North do the strength of the resistance which will rise up in Strassburg and Mülhausen against their Germanization. Prussian territory must be wrapped, like a protecting mantle, round all our threatened boundaries from Wesel, past Metz and Saarlouis, down to Strassburg and Belfort. Prussia may not always be led by strong men. She will certainly not be led always by men of genius. The time may come when Prussian particularism, which is out of heart at present, may again say to itself, "Is the shirt not nearer the skin than the coat? Is it absolutely necessary that North Germany should always defend South Germany?" Such questions ought to be impossible in the Germany of the future. It is in that view that we wish to bind Prussia to us by the only bond which is always sure in politics: the bond of its own vital interests. We have always regarded it as a misfortune that the State which leads Germany should be, in appearance at least, exclusively North German, but the priceless opportunity to leaven it with South German life is given us, so as to do away with the misleading and arbitrary distinction between North and South for ever. Once before, in one of the pettiest periods of its history, Prussia filled the little South German Anspach-Baireuth with Prussian political feeling. To-day, in the splendour of power and fame, she could accomplish a similar task with a like

success. It will be the healing of the German Empire if our leading Power learns to like and to value South German ways in their home, if the citizen forces of her western, and the still immature social conditions of her eastern, provinces find their counterpoise—in one word, if Prussia includes and reconciles within herself all the opposites of German life.

What have people in the North to oppose to such solid arguments? Nothing but the self-sufficient phrase that Prussia is strong enough to care for no annexation of territory. How magnanimous it sounds!—but the indolence and pettiness of particularism lie behind it. Which of the two lines of policy would be the loftier or the more German? Is Prussia to enter into a suitable engagement, flattering to the vanity of the Court of Munich, and then to observe, at a comfortable distance, Bavaria struggling to subdue her mutinous province; or is she herself to undertake that watch upon the Rhine which she alone can keep, and decisively to take a province which will bring nothing at first but trouble and resistance to its new masters? Nothing but an exaggerated delicacy, a false magnanimity, have hitherto prevented the North German Press from demanding what is necessary, and what the South German papers, for example, the courageous *Schwäbische Volkszeitung*, have long been urging. Every other plan which has been suggested for the future of these border countries is foolish—so foolish that it

requires some self-command to induce one to refute it. What is the use of attempting to answer the suggestion that Alsace and Lorraine should form a neutral State? Has not Europe had enough of that already in the disgusting spectacle of the *Nation Luxembourgeoise*? Only the brain of an English Manchester man, surrounded by the mists he blows from his pipe of peace, could conceive such extraordinary bubbles. No wonder that every enemy of Germany should approve of this suggestion. No better way has yet been thought of to enable France to recover all that she has lost.

The proposal to entrust this outwork of Germany to a secondary State appears scarcely more unreasonable. One would think we were hurled back out of the great year of 1870 into the times of the Federal Diet. We seem, again, to hear those wise thinkers of the *Eschenheimer Gasse*, who kept warning us so earnestly against the flames of centralization, while the marsh-water of petty Statedom was rising above our shoulders—those gallant riflemen patriots who shouted so lustily for the unity of Germany—but with Nuremberg as its capital! Prince and people in Baden have acquitted themselves nobly in trying times; and we can now fully comprehend, and that perhaps for the first time, what it cost them to maintain an honourable national policy here for four years in face of the enemy. Are we, in return, to impose a burden on that State which could not fail to crush it? The plan of founding an

Upper Rhine kingdom of Baden proceeds from nothing but a too conscientious study of the map; and an old North German mistake has procured for it a few adherents in the North. As Baden has reckoned among its sons a long line of distinguished politicians, from Rotteck and Liebenstein down to Mathy and Roggenbach, the men of the North have accustomed themselves to expectations, founded on the intellectual power of the country, which no State of the third rank could possibly fulfil. In Baden itself people are more modest. Every reasonable man shudders at the thought of a Diet of Carlsruhe, half made up of the representatives of Alsace. If they allied themselves with the same party in Alsace, who could control the strong native Ultramontane and Radical parties which an intelligent Liberal majority keeps in order at present? Such a State would delight the eyes of a map-drawer, as the kingdom of the Netherlands did, when it was welded out of Belgium and Holland; but, like that, it would be a political impossibility.

The Government of Baden no doubt regards the prospect of an acquisition which would be the ruin of the country with sufficient wisdom and patriotism. All the more must it be listened to with respect, as it is most nearly concerned in the matter, when it protests decisively against any increase of Bavaria by Alsace. I shall not grope in the filth of a petty past; but it is impossible for people in Carlsruhe to forget that the desires of Bavaria for

the Baden Palatinate disturbed the Grand Duchy for a whole generation, while Prussia was all that time its honourable protector. Would our boundaries be safe in Bavarian hands? Let us picture to ourselves the Bavarian Government under a king less honestly German than Ludwig II, surrounded on all sides, as it would be, by the insubordinate province, kept in a constant state of irritation by France, until at last the bad neighbour returns in a favourable hour with the proposal: Take all Baden and Württemberg, and give us back our own. Even a State has need to pray, "Lead me not into temptation!" What are all compacts and federal constitutions against the plain fact of the possession of the land? God be praised, a result so unworthy as I am describing is little to be feared in New Germany! The noble blood that reddens the plains of Wörth and Weissenburg bound the armies of Prussia and Bavaria in a close alliance. No new Lord Castlereagh can step forward, as his prototype did fifty years ago, to tell us scornfully that the loosely compacted German Bund is not able to defend Alsace. Yet the troublesome question presses on us whether Bavaria possesses the intellectual and the political power which are necessary to fuse Alsace into union with itself. Facts familiar to everyone supply the answer. What was it that, in 1849, saved the German-minded Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine for the kingdom of Bavaria? The sword of Prussia.

The results of Bavarian administration in the Palatinate are, to put it mildly, extremely modest. Wanting in all creative power, she has indolently adopted far too many of the Napoleonic institutions of the province. It is precisely this despotic administration of the French which must be rooted out of Alsace. The people of the Palatinate are German, body and soul, and yet they have remained half strange, half hostile, to the German State; and their representative almost always sat in the Diet at Munich as a close party of fellow-countrymen. The feeble and unnatural body of the kingdom had not strength sufficient to break down the separate life of the province. And it is just that breaking down of a life of unnatural separation that is our most serious duty in Alsace.

Let no man tell us that it matters very little in the New Germany to what single State a district may be assigned, since the Munich Parliament must henceforth be content to play the part of a Provincial Diet. To say so is to assume, foolishly, that a work has already been completed which can develop only slowly in the course of many years. The powerful excitement of this war will certainly find some statesmanlike expression, but we cannot yet foresee the form which it may take. The unity of the armies, which has manifested itself so splendidly in the war, will continue, beyond all question, in time of peace also. From that follows, as an immediate corollary, a common diplomacy; and from that again a collective German Parlia-

ment. The North German Confederation must and will remain true to those two fixed principles which it laid down, not in fear of France, but from a true sense of the conditions of Germany. It will declare then, as it has done before, that we demand the entrance of no South German State; and we shall not loosen the strong and dearly-bought compactness of our Confederation in the very smallest degree. It is by no means certain that the Bavarian Court will at once enter the Confederation on these conditions. If it should, there will still remain very essential differences between the separate States. The province of internal administration can hardly be affected in the slightest degree of federal legislation.

The administration, the whole new hierarchy of the Government offices—the communes, the schools—must all of them be organized in the best possible way in Alsace-Lorraine. The Prussian administration has shown indisputably, on the Rhine, that it is superior, with all its defects, to the French, or to that of the little States. Compare the later history of the three great Rhenish towns, which are limited in their natural development by fortress walls. In what wretchedness and beggary did Cologne stand in the days of Napoleon in comparison with the golden Mainz and the prosperous Strassburg! How far the stately metropolis of the Lower Rhine surpasses both her sisters to-day! All of that is due to the blessing of Prussian laws. Prussia alone can undertake the

remorseless sweeping away of the French officials in Alsace, which is indispensable, and replace the foreign powers by vigorous home ones. Prussia alone can steadfastly maintain the state of siege which, we may easily imagine, may be necessary for a time in some of the districts of the forlorn land. The worst fault of the Prussian administration, its perpetual scribbling, will seem innocent to the people of Alsace after the corruption and the statistical mania of the prefectures. A powerful State, which has impressed its spirit on the inhabitants of the Rhine country and the people of Posen, will know how to reconcile the separate life of the half-French Germans; and just as Prussian parties have spread themselves immediately, in three or four years, over every part of the new provinces, the people of Alsace will one day be ready to ally themselves with the various parties of Prussia, and cease to form a separate faction in the Parliament at Berlin.

The peace must break many a bond which was dear to those borderers. Can Germany venture to add the useless cruelty of separating them from each other, and giving Metz to Prussia, and Strassburg to Bavaria? The peace will cut the people of Alsace off from a powerful nation, in their connection with which they found their honour and their pride. Can Germany humiliate them in the hour of their violent liberation, and raise the modest white and blue or the red and yellow flag where waved the *tricolore* of the Rev-

olution, which once conquered the world? No! These Germans have been accustomed to the larger views of a great State; they will not endure being anything but Prussians, if they must cease to be Frenchmen. Let us give them something in exchange for what they have lost—a great and glorious State, a powerful capital, a free competition for all the offices and honours of a great Empire. In the uniformity of a great State they have lost all taste for those bewildering conditions of South German political life which we ourselves often hardly understand. They might learn to be Prussian citizens, but they would think it as ridiculous if they were handed over to a king in Munich, and to a supreme king in Berlin. Here, in fact, there is no place for those half measures and artificial relations. Nothing but the simple and intelligible reality of the German State will serve. Everything like “federal fortresses,” or “territory acknowledging no authority between itself and the Empire”—or by whatever name the too-clever-by-half devices of gambling dilettantes are known—is utterly out of the question.

We, who are old champions of German unity, have for six years been demanding the incorporation of the Elbe Duchies into the Prussian State, although the hereditary claim of a German princely house stood in the way. Is this review to plead to-day that a little State should insinuate itself into the far more dangerously threatened Duchies of the Rhine, where no claim of right bars the claim

of Prussia? Once give up the standpoint of German unity, and cease to ask only what is for the benefit of the great Fatherland; once begin to reckon, like a shopkeeper, what part of the prizes of victory should be assigned to each of the confederate allies, and one must be driven to the manifest absurdity that the border territories should be split up into I know not how many fragments. It would be a worthy repetition of that ludicrous sub-division of the Department of the Saar which brought the sarcasms of Europe on us in 1815. At that time, when the consciousness of the strength of Prussia was yet in its infancy, Gneisenau could still propose that Prussia should hand over Alsace to Bavaria, and receive the territory of Anspach-Baireuth in exchange. All such barterers of territory are out of the question to-day. The nation knows how casually its internal boundary lines have been drawn. It tolerates those barriers of separation; but it is with a quiet dislike, and without any serious confidence; and it looks unfavourably on any attempt to draw similar lines anew. Prussia is not in a condition to hand over its own share of the rewards of victory to each separate country and people. If it were really so—if the friendliness of the Court of Munich to the Confederation were to be bought only by the cession to them of at least Northern Alsace, including Hagenau and Weissenburg—what an ugly escape it would be out of our difficulties! how repulsive to the people of Alsace! But what is essential—the

uninterrupted boundary-line stretching from Diedenhofen to Mülhausen—can never be given up by Prussia without serious injury to Germany.

We are told in warning tones of the objections of Europe. If you go to the foreigner for counsel he will most likely suggest to you that the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his Herr von Dalwigk, should be created King of Alsace. It is so, and we are surrounded by secret enemies. Even the unworthy attitude of England has a deeper root than her mere indolent love of peace—it springs from her unspoken mistrust of the incalculable power of New Germany. In company with the Great Powers, Switzerland and the Netherlands see our growing strength with suspicion. Watched as we are by angry neighbours, we must trust gallantly in our own right and in our sword. If Germany is powerful enough to tear the border country away from France, she can venture, without troubling herself about the reluctance of foreign countries, to hand them over to the protectorate of Prussia.

But the solution of the question of the people of Alsace involves the nearest future of the German State. For Bavaria, strengthened by Alsace, and hemming in all her South German neighbours, would be the Great Power of the German South. No man who comprehends this great time would dream of replacing the unlucky dualism of Austria and Prussia by a new dualism of Prussia and Bavaria, between which a powerless Baden and a

weak Württemberg would be kept feebly oscillating. The day for the secondary States of Germany to rise into fresh importance is past for ever. The first Napoleon created the kingdom of the South with the express intent that that seeming sovereignty might bar the way against a real and powerful German kingdom, and that its apparent authority might undermine the real strength of Germany. By their German loyalty these sovereigns have deserved the thanks of the whole nation to-day. They have obtained our forgiveness for the fault of their original existence. The blood which had to flow before North and South could be united has flowed, thank God, in battle against the hereditary enemy and not in civil war. Even we radical partisans of unity are delighted, and have no intention now of ever diminishing the authority of the Bavarian Crown in opposition to the wishes of the Bavarian people themselves. Why should we be asked to increase the power of the secondary States, which is unquestionably too great at present for any permanent national existence? Why should we celebrate our victory over the third Napoleon by strengthening the creation of the first? We are determined to secure the unity of Germany, and to leave no treacherous German balance of power.

Deep-thinking persons advise us to reflect whether the augmentation of its territory might not predispose Bavaria to enter the German Confederation. Those who talk so have little

notion of the power of the national idea. The entry of Bavaria is merely a question of time, and it must come as surely as the blossom passes into fruit. If Alsace be first made Prussian, and then admitted, along with Baden, into the German Confederation, we may rest secure against the blindness of the sovereigns of Munich, and wait in patience till the sense of what will be to her an advantage constrains Bavaria to come in. If Alsace fell to Bavaria, our European policy could not rise out of its everlasting uncertainty, or our German policy surmount the feeble vacillation of its past. There is only one way in which the jealousy of foreign Powers can prevent a just peace for Germany—they may try to separate Bavaria from Prussia. If this be prevented, public opinion, North and South, will declare itself unanimously, "It is our will that Alsace and Lorraine should become Prussian, because it is only so that they will become German." The spirit of the nation has already acquired a wonderful force in these blessed weeks; and it is able, when it declares itself unanimously in favour of this clear and straightforward course, to cure the Court of Munich of sickly and ambitious dreams, which an intelligent Bavarian policy can never encourage.

The people of Alsace have learned to despise this Germany, broken into fragments. They will learn to love us when the strong hand of Prussia has educated them. We are no longer dreaming,

as Arndt did many years ago, of a new German Order, whose task it was to be to guard the borderland. The sober and upright principles which we have applied in all newly taken provinces are completely applicable here in the West. After a short period of transition, under a strict dictatorship, the new districts may enter without danger into the full enjoyment of the rights of the Prusso-German constitution. When the official world has once been cleared by the moderate use of pensions, every attempt at treachery will be repressed with relentless severity; but native officials who know the country will be employed here, as they have been everywhere, in the new provinces. Even the good old Prussian fashion, according to which the troops that garrisoned the fortresses usually came from the provinces in which they were situated, may be applied here cautiously after a time. We Germans despise the babyish war against stone and bronze, in which the French are adepts. We left the monuments of Hoche and Marceau standing, in honour, in the Department of the Lower Rhine, and we have no intention of transgressing against any of the glorious memories of the people of Alsace and Lorraine. Still less shall we meddle with their language. The German State must, of course, speak German only; but it will always practise the mild regulations it has adopted in the mixed districts of Posen and Schleswig-Holstein. It would contradict all our Prussian ways of thinking were we to assail with

violence the customs of domestic life. All our hope rests on the re-awakening of the free German spirit. When once the mother-tongue is taught, purely and honestly—when the Evangelical Church can again move about in undisturbed liberty—when an intelligent German provincial Press brings back the country to the knowledge of German life—the cure of its sickness will have begun. Is it idle folly to give expression to the hope which rises unbidden in a scholar's mind? Why should the great University of Strassburg, restored again after its disgraceful mutilation, not bring as many blessings to the Upper Rhine provinces as Bonn has done to the Lower? Another Rhenana in Upper Germany would certainly be a worthy issue of the German war, which has been a struggle between ideas and sensuous self-seeking.

The work of liberation will be hard and toilsome; and the first German teachers and officials in the estranged districts are not men to be envied. The monarchical feeling of the German people there has been thoroughly broken up by hateful party fights. The Ultramontanes on the right bank will soon conclude a close alliance with those on the left; and there will be found, even among the German Liberals, many good souls ready trustfully to re-echo the cry of pain which the people of Alsace will raise against the fury of Borussic officialism. But the province cannot, after all, long continue to be a German Venice.

Single families of the upper classes may migrate indignantly into foreign countries, as the patricians of Danzig once fled before the Prussian Eagle. The rest will soon adapt themselves to the German life, just as the Polonized German nobility of West Prussia have resumed their old German names since they became Prussian subjects. Even the material advantages which the Prussian State brings with it are considerable: lighter taxes better distributed, and finances better arranged; the opening of the natural channels of commerce for the country of the Saar and the Moselle; the razing of those useless fortifications of Vauban, which, maintained in the interest of the traditional war policy of the French, have hitherto limited the progress of so many towns of Alsace. Even the manufacturing industry of the country will discover new and broad openings, naturally after a trying period of transition, in East Germany. But all this is of secondary importance as compared with the ideal advantages which they will derive from their German political life. And are these German lads to grumble because they are no longer compelled to learn Gaulish? Will the citizens be angry with us for ever when they find that they are permitted freely to elect their own burgomaster? When they have to deal with well-educated, honourable German-speaking officials? When we offer them, in place of their worthless *Conseils Généraux*, a Provincial Diet, with an independent activity; and in place of their *Corps Législatif* a

powerful Parliament? When their sons will all be entitled to pass a brief period of service in the neighbourhood of their own homes, instead of wasting long years as homeless soldiers of fortune in migratory regiments? When they mingle unmolested in the numerous unions and gatherings of our free and joyous social life? The deadly hatred which the Ultramontane clergy show toward the Prussian State is the happiest omen for the future. Such an enmity must draw all the Protestants, and all the Catholics who can think freely, in this province to the side of Prussia.

Humbled and torn by contending parties, France will find it very difficult to think of a war of vengeance for the next few years. Give us time, and it is to be hoped that Strassburg may then have risen out of her ruins, and that the people of Alsace may already have become reconciled to their fate. Their grandchildren will look back one day as coldly and strangely on the two-century-long French episode in the history of their German district as the Pomeranians now do on the century and a half of Swedish government. No German soil anywhere has ever repented placing itself under the protection of Prussia when it passed out of the subjection to the foreigner, which is, taken at the best of it, but a splendid misery.

Who knows not Uhland's *Minstersage*, the beautiful poem which expresses so finely and so truly the love which the Germans bear to the land

of Goethe's youth? The old dome begins to shake as the young poet ascends the tower.

A movement through the mighty work,
As though, in wondrous wise,
Its body travailed to give birth
To what unfinished lies.

Oh, Ludwig Uhland, and all of you who dreamt of a great and free Germany in the desolate days bygone, how far stronger than your dreams are the days in which we are living now! How much else that was unfinished then has yet to be born anew in the restored German land! It is all but three hundred years since a Hohenzollern, the Margrave Johann Georg, chosen as coadjutor of Strassburg, bore the title of Landgrave in Alsace; but his young State did not dare to defend the claim. The great stream of German popular power which burst forth and rolled its mighty waters over the Slav country of the north-east is flowing back westward to-day, to fertilize anew its former bed, now choked up—the fair native lands of German civilization. In the same Western Marches, where our ancient Empire endured its deepest disgrace, the new Empire is completed by German victories; and the Prussia which has so often and so shamefully been evil-spoken of by German lips is building up the State, which is destined to march on, proud, thoughtful, warlike, from century to century.

THE INCORPORATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE AS AN IMPERIAL PROVINCE IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE

(A Speech in the Reichstag)

GENTLEMEN,

A man from the Upper Rhine province might be pardoned if the weighty words of the first paragraph of the motion stimulated him to make a pompous speech. Everywhere in our beautiful land we see the bloody traces of the French, from that hill in Freiburg where Louis XIV built his three castles, his Defiance of Germany, down to the ruined towers of the Castle of Heidelberg. We have looked hundreds of times with silent sorrow at the summits of the Vosges. It would be quite pardonable if now a man from the Upper Rhine proudly expressed his joy at feeling how everything has quite altered, how confidently we look into the future, glad at the thought that the German sword has reconquered the old frontier territory. But, gentlemen, I regard it as more worthy of us, even to-day, not to abandon that simple and modest tone which, thank God, is customary in this House. Our countrymen the

Alsations, who now return into our kingdom, have under their old masters been satiated to disgust with great pompous phrases. We would like to accustom them already now to the fact that the German way of dealing with things is simpler and more modest.

Allow me, gentlemen, to commence with a confession, which I make not in my name only, but in the name of many here in the House. I could have wished as early as some months ago that the first paragraph of the motion contained an additional clause, *i. e.*, the words, "The two provinces will be incorporated with the Prussian State." I wished that for a very practical reason. I said to myself, The task of re-incorporating these alienated races of German stock into our country is so great and difficult that it can be trusted only to experienced hands, and where is there a political power in the German Empire which has so well proved its talent for Germanization as glorious old Prussia? I, who am not a born Prussian, can well say so, without incurring the reproach of boasting. This State has rescued the Prussians themselves from Poland, the Pomeranians from Sweden, the East Frisians from Holland, the inhabitants of the Rhine provinces from France, and still daily advances some inches further eastward the toll-gates of German civilization. It was my opinion that to this well-tested Power we should entrust the task of being also in the West the champion and aug-
menter of the German Empire. I thought, more-

over, the Alsatians have become only too alienated from us as members of a centralized foreign State; with all the greater energy therefore should one compel them to come into a German unitary State, into the firmly-compacted strength of Prussian political life. Finally, it would be a good thing both for Prussia and for Germany if Germany's leading State were to comprise numerous South German elements. Prussia, if it is to understand and guide Germany, must learn to value within itself and do justice to the South German character. These were the reasons which some months ago made me hope that the incorporation of the two provinces in Prussia might be proclaimed. This hope, gentlemen, is completely shattered; it was shattered already on that day in September when the Prussian royal power declared in Munich that it wished for no increase of territory. All this happened at a time when the German Reichstag did not yet exist. We have no more to pronounce judgment on matters which are settled, but accept circumstances as they are, and now ask: How are we to set to work to fill this Imperial Province, this common possession of all Germany, with German civilization, in order to make it actually a member of the German Empire? The task appears to me, gentlemen, not merely theoretically, but also practically, very difficult. The only two former political phenomena which show some similarity to the life of our Empire awaken little confidence in my mind. The general provinces of

the United Netherlands succeeded as little as the common administered districts of the Swiss Confederates in maintaining their vigour for any length of time. The former have become in our century provinces of a homogeneous State, enjoying equal rights, and the latter have become equally privileged cantons of an alliance of States. But we do not approach this new province with the covetousness of the old Swiss Confederates, nor with the lazy pride of the Dutch, but with the honest wish to bring to our newly-won brothers our German character, the best of our possessions, our mother-tongue and its literature, and all the noble elements of German civilization. The task is unspeakably difficult, and I wish to ask you not to make it more difficult by academic disputes regarding the question, What is unitary and what is federal? These are theoretical questions which in my opinion have already occupied too much room in the discussions of the Commission.

We have heard in the Commission the distinct assertion that the imperial province is the first step to the unitary State. On the other hand, I have heard from many of my friends that the imperial province represents the true triumph of federalism. I ask, Whither will these academic disputes conduct us? We wish here honestly to acknowledge the constitution of the Confederation, as it has been formed, with all its faults, and we wish to say without more ado that what has been done in the West affords no precedent for what

might happen in Central Germany. There in the West we have to regulate provinces hitherto belonging to a foreign empire, in which at present there is no legally constituted State authority. In Germany there are States with constitutional dynasties, and no less constitutional diets, and what we do and consider necessary in Alsace does not impose limits on what we may some day be able to settle for the separate German States with their actually existing constitutional order.

Let us then approach the question without further ado, and allow me to ask, What should we do for the Alsatians in order to win them for Germany? I find myself in complete agreement with what the Commission says; we wish to treat our new fellow-countrymen from the first moment as Germans, and therefore we wish to instil into them from the beginning some of the fundamental ideas of German political law which form, so to speak, the political atmosphere which we breathe. Among these fundamental ideas of German political law I reckon the monarchy. The Alsatians, like all Frenchmen, have too much grown out of the habit of relying on the blessing of monarchy. Bourbons, Princes of Orleans, Napoleons, and Republican experiments have pressed on each others' heels in swift alternation, and after all the changes nothing remains but the unalterable despotism of the prefects. Here it is our part to show that we Germans understand monarchy in a much higher, nobler sense.

We wish to honour our new fellow-countrymen by giving them the most powerful and leading dynasty that we possess; and when hereafter the time comes when some of the old imperial castles in Alsace are built up again, then we need not be ashamed to set up the eagle of the Hohenzollerns by the lion of the Hohenstaufens, which still keeps watch on the King's Tower by Schlettstadt. But the monarchy, the imperial power which the Reichstag will set up there in Alsace, shall possess all the inalienable rights of monarchy, and among these I count as the least this one: that in a monarchic State nothing can happen against the expressed will of the monarch. In the further course of the debate I should like to draw your serious attention to this point. Sacred among these fundamental ideas of German political life I reckon the universal duty of bearing arms, our national military power. As you know, there has been lately an Assembly of Notables from Alsace in Strassburg, and among many more proper and easily satisfied requests it has also expressed the wish that the introduction of our law of military service might be postponed as long as possible. To this I beg to reply: This wish proceeds from the scanty knowledge of German life which still prevails in Alsace; it proceeds in the first place from the vague idea that there may some day be a war with France, and the hearts of the Alsatians revolt against the thought of fighting against their old fellow-countrymen. But we

cannot come to an understanding with the Alsations until they give up such vague expectations, and learn to regard their present condition as one which will last for ever. Further, that wish proceeds from a confusion of the French and German military establishments. Our Army is not an aggressive power intended within a measured interval to return home with a certain amount of military glory; it is the nation in arms, it is the great school of courage, of manly discipline, of moral self-sacrifice on the part of the whole flower of the nation, and from this great school we do not wish to exclude the Alsations at the outset. On the contrary, I say that the German law of military service should be introduced as soon as the economic conditions of the frontier territory admit of it.

Further, I count, gentlemen, among the essential fundamental ideas of German political life the noble freedom of our intellectual, and especially of our religious, culture. In these last few days a step has been taken towards this goal—one of those steps of sound statecraft whose value is only recognized by later generations. A new epoch of civilization has begun in Alsace on the happy day when the good old Prussian rule of compulsory school-attendance was introduced. On this foundation of the national school I wish to see the structure of German grammar-school education rise, which is not bound by the monotonous rules of the French *lycées*, but allows free scope to the

teacher's personality. Above all, we wish to see a university rise in the frontier territory. It should not be a district university—of such we possess plenty; it should be equipped with a truly royal munificence; it should be a German university. If nowadays a new university is to enter among the considerable number of her sisters, and maintain her place in this severe rivalry, she must possess a character of her own, she must be a personality distinct from all others. But the special character of the University of Strassburg—if indeed the Federal Council has a regard for what is truly German—should consist in the freedom of the humanist sciences, not in professional studies. Alsace, the old country of the German humanist, should once more witness a revival of free science in its capital.

Closely connected with this is the duty of introducing into Alsace that peace between religious creeds which is Germany's glory, the complete hitherto too much disturbed equality of rights between the Evangelical and Catholic Churches, whose traditional privileges we do not in the least think of encroaching upon.

Furthermore, we should grant the Alsatians at once the rights of German citizenship as a compensation for what they have lost, the possibility of giving practical proof of their abilities in the whole of France which they have hitherto enjoyed.

Then I wish that in the shortest possible time, in a time which indeed the Government only can

securely fix, the German market should be open to Alsace. This country, thanks to its perverted Bonapartist education, is only too much accustomed to attach very great weight to material gains. It is only natural that we should first attach them to ourselves by material advantages, for it is on this basis that a spiritual approximation will be completed.

Then there is another fundamental idea of German political life. We wish and demand for Alsace self-government in the German sense, the self-government which was recently outlined for us by the Imperial Chancellor. It is undeniable, gentlemen, that it is a bold idea to make the experiment of free self-government there in Alsace; for every form of self-government depends in the first place upon the higher classes, and it is precisely these classes which are the least friendly towards us. There will be many a disappointment, for German self-government consists less in extended electoral rights than in the fulfilment of difficult duties of honorary service in communities and districts. But I think we should pluck up courage and do quickly what is necessary. I wish to see an early election of the mayors, and an early election of the enlarged general councils. When a danger is present, we wish to learn to know it, to look it in the face, and to adopt our measures accordingly.

But now allow me to say just as openly what we cannot offer the Alsatians, if the safety of the

German Empire is not to be impaired. I believe we have the pleasure to see to-day upon the platform deputies from Alsace among the audience; at any rate, every word which is spoken to-day in the House will be read in Alsace. It will seem to our new fellow-countrymen somewhat strange if, as soon as they join us, we tell them which of their wishes we consider cannot be fulfilled, but that I think is the German custom. The Alsatians have been for years past fed with promises and promises; they have thereby acquired a habit of mistrust towards every government which rules them—a mistrust which has become a characteristic feature of the French people. But our habits are German; we do not promise the Alsatians too much—but then, gentlemen, we keep our word. The Imperial Chancellor has indeed recently exhorted us not to look too far ahead; but I regret that I cannot altogether obey this warning. Why should I keep back, gentlemen, what everyone thinks in secret? Years ago, when the name of Bismarck was the most hated in all Germany, I defended the great policy of our leading statesman with all my heart; I shall therefore be allowed to point out a danger which lies in the fact that such an extraordinary man stands at the head of German affairs. It is the habit of extraordinary statesmen to count on themselves and their superior strength, and, so to speak, to make institutions to fit themselves. They can create institutions which are obscure, confused, and

difficult to control, though they believe, and rightly, that they can manage them. But we, gentlemen, should remember the smaller men who will hereafter follow Prince Bismarck. I cannot reconcile it to my conscience, as a representative of the people, to stand on a ship as it were with my eyes bandaged and to sail out into a sea full of reefs, simply trusting that a weather-proof pilot is at the helm. We should all know the sea which our keel ploughs, and the rocks which we wish to avoid. Among these "rocks," the impossible wishes which are cherished in Alsace, I regard as the first the desire expressed by the Notables that the province Alsace-Lorraine should be changed into a State. I consider this idea as altogether objectionable; it is another instance of one springing from lack of knowledge of German life. We have been contending vigorously, gentlemen, during many years for the unity of Germany; we have seen in the course of this century hundreds of small German States collapse; we are now prepared as men of good feeling to respect and to spare the few States which remain, because they are no longer in a condition to be exactly injurious to the might of the German Empire. But to create a new State in addition to the already too great existing number, now when we are hard at work counteracting the German tendency to division, to form afresh a State out of three departments which never in the course of their history were a State, to cultivate a new half-German provincial-

ism on the severely endangered frontier: that, gentlemen, I call striking our own face.

Let us draw some deductions from the foregoing considerations. I find in the clauses of the proposed law, which for the rest I do not regard exactly as a masterpiece, an excellent passage on the sixth page, in which it is stated that according to the spirit of the constitution of the German Empire every federal State should possess a representative assembly to administer the government and to take part in legislation. I am glad to hear this declaration from the Federal Council. My political friends and I intend to make use of this, this autumn, in the case of the fortunate land of Mecklenburg, and to ask the representatives of Mecklenburg whether such a representative assembly really exists there. This old German principle should now be applied, but only as it is possible in a province which neither is nor will be a State. I should not like to have a diet in Strassburg possessing the same powers as that of Stuttgart or Munich, but I should like one or two or three provincial assemblies, according to circumstances. That is a question of administrative efficiency. The real centre of legislature shall remain here in this House. The Alsatians will hereafter be represented among us, only by sixteen representatives, it is true, but their importance will be proportionately much greater than their number, because they will possess the immense superiority of special knowledge, and the Alsatians can

rely upon it that their demands will be considered by us. The great danger, the most serious matter for consideration regarding the Imperial Province, is that we might easily artificially cherish there a new provincialism of the most unwholesome kind, which would be constantly fomented afresh by French agents. There are certainly many easy-going people who say that Alsatian provincialism is the bridge between the French and German nationalities. But I ask, gentlemen, is it absolutely necessary to carry coals to Newcastle? Must we cherish a provincialism which is already flourishing vigorously? There lives in Alsace a provincialism similar to that which made the Pomeranians patriotic Swedes, and made the Hanoverians proud of the three Crowns of England, a provincialism more firmly and deeply rooted than anywhere else in Germany. It seems to me to be our proper task to oppose it, and to take care that it does not become a danger; and therefore I also wish for this province no Alsatian officials. There should be no separate life there; the educated youth of the country should not grow accustomed, as they say with us at home, to remaining "on the spot." You know what the conferring of citizenship in Germany has hitherto signified regarding this matter. How few Reuss-Schleizers have entered the Prussian State-service, although they are able to do so! If we give the frontier territories an independent class of officials, the educated Alsations will grow accustomed to remaining at home, and will become

more and more estranged from the Germans. I wish for a class of officials which the Kaiser can transfer under certain circumstances to the ominous places Schwelm and Stallupöhnen.¹

Yes, gentlemen, that is practical German unity. That is the peculiar quality of all real political greatness that under certain circumstances it can become unpleasant for individuals. We have a superfluity of centrifugal elements in Germany. We want to take care that there should be some classes who belong to the whole of Germany. Among these I reckon in the first place ourselves, as representatives of the whole nation; and secondly, the civil servants of the Empire, who, please God, will be ever more numerous and powerful. For the same reason I desire, moreover, and I believe that is a wish shared by the Alsatians themselves, that there should not be any foolish experiment with a princely governor, a prince who must keep a Court. Such a prince (I say it with all respect for those of high birth) can only count as one of the worst officials, because he must keep a Court. The kinds of society which can be won with such courtly tinsel are of such a kind that I at any rate gladly dispense with their support.

Moreover, the Alsatians should have no legal claim to be governed as an undivided province. It is in my opinion merely a question of administrative efficiency whether you divide the country

¹ Extreme east of Prussia.

into one, two, or three departments. Here I would like to draw your attention to a point of view which has hitherto been little regarded in Germany. I received, some days ago, a letter from one of the most distinguished and experienced Alsatians, a man of unmixed French blood, who nevertheless possesses enough political intelligence to perceive the unavoidability of the new circumstances and to adapt himself to them. He says to me, "Our greatest fear is this, lest we should be treated in the same way as the French Lorrainers. Here in Alsace, where German blood flows in the people's veins, it will soon be possible to proceed with mildness; in Lorraine severity alone will be of use. We should be displeased if we were treated from the same point of view as these obstinate Lorrainers."

I do not know, gentlemen, whether my correspondent is right, and I believe here in the whole House there is no one, not even the best-informed of us, Count Luxburg himself, who could say with certainty that matters will turn out as the writer of the letter asserts. But if it is really so, if actually the feeling in French Lorraine differs so widely from that of German Lorraine and German Alsace, then it would be better to centralize the government in Berlin, and to set up three independent departmental authorities who could proceed in a different way on the Moselle from that on the Rhine and the Ill. At any rate, it is better that the Government should now make a mis-

take, than that we should make a false step in legislation.

Let me, in conclusion, gentlemen, put some separate questions. As regards the necessity of the dictatorship, we are all here in the House, as in Alsace, I suppose, agreed. I hope the proposal to summon deputies from Alsace hither as early as the autumn will meet with no approval in this House; it would be in my opinion a sin against the Alsatians themselves. One should not lead a people into temptation; one should not make demands on the political intelligence of a people which are beyond average human power to meet. It is not on our account that I fear Alsatian deputies being called here too soon, for we are strong enough to defy such a danger. But what sort of motives could they be which could as early as this bring about a complete change of mind in the Alsatians? A few months ago they elected Gambetta to the French National Assembly; they have since learnt to know our soldiers, and learnt so much—that we are not the devils we are said to be—but we are not in any way justified in expecting affection and real devotion from Alsace. The reasons which as early as this could bring about reasonable elections could only be materialistic ones, and we cannot allow such a moral confusion in the people's ideas to be produced. With sound German pride we have despised the Bonapartist jugglery of universal suffrage. I think that with the officials whom we found on our arrival there,

with the well-oiled machine of bureaucratic influence on the elections, we could have evoked a strong majority for the incorporation of the province into Germany. I thank God that we have been spared this disgraceful spectacle, and I wish therefore that we quietly wait awhile. Let us wait till the countenances of our fellow-countrymen, distorted by grief, fear, and passion, have become smooth again; later on they will show us their real faces.

Then I must once more remind you of the necessity of preserving our Emperor's honour there in the Imperial Province. We should not bring him into the position, which is unworthy of him, of having to carry out laws against which he himself has pronounced his opinion quite recently. It is a great danger for a land with such weak monarchic traditions to bring the person of the monarch into a false dependent position.

Now a word about the rights which we must reserve to ourselves.

I think that to grant to Alsace the right that the Reichstag should approve whatever the dictatorship resolves upon would be dangerous both for it and its inward peace. It would be really tantamount to challenging contradiction and agitation against the Emperor's laws if every Alsatian could say to himself, "We can get everything reversed through the Reichstag in a few weeks, if we only scream loud enough!" In this way we shall reach no result. On the contrary, I

consider it right to reserve for the Reichstag the control over the money liabilities of the province. I think that necessary in order to prevent a new kind of State being formed there by mistakes of the dictatorship, and by seeking to impose on the province a burden such as only a State is accustomed to bear. That would be, as I fear, the first step towards the founding of a new kind of intermediary State—a step which I could never approve.

Finally, since we have reserved to ourselves such modest rights as long as the dictatorship lasts, it is not less than fair that we shorten its duration. The appointment of January, 1873, as its limits, will, I expect, be approved by the House. If it was a question of allowing the Imperial Chancellor to govern there with full powers I would allow a few months more. But it is beyond human power to fulfil simultaneously the duties of an Imperial Chancellor and a Governor of Alsace. If the attempt was made, the management of present affairs would necessarily fall into the hands of a few Privy Councillors whom most of us do not even know by name, and who, being anonymous, would be free from the control even of public opinion. I should consider it unwarrantable to entrust dictatorial power for any length of time to such second-class officials. It is perhaps more wholesome for the Alsatians themselves that they should make an experiment as early as 1873, a year before they have another election. That would afford an opportunity to eliminate the last

remnants of bitterness which may be slumbering in the souls of this people; a year afterwards intelligence and cool calculation may assert themselves.

And now, gentlemen, allow me to close with a request which in the mouth of a new-comer may seem presumptuous. Recently in the Press the reproach has been levelled at us in a not very dignified way that the Reichstag does not rise to the height of these great days, and that its transactions do not show the intellectual capacity which such a proud and aspiring nation must demand of its representatives. I believe, gentlemen, the cause of this reproach is not due to us: it is due to the unfortunate mistake of our being summoned too soon. In the absence of more weighty business, all kinds of legislative improvisations have turned up, such as that proposal about diets and such-like, among whose admirers I cannot count myself. But now, gentlemen, we have really a great subject before us. I beg you that we show ourselves worthy of the occasion. We wish to emphasize the rights of the two powers which represent the unity of our nation, the rights of the Imperial Power and of Parliament, and we do not wish, when we have made sure of that, to dispute further about details which we might wish otherwise. For we have a feeling of assurance that the work of Germanization in Alsace will and must succeed. Recently I have been reading the secret documents regarding the organization of the Rhine provinces in the years 1815 and 1816. At

that time all the officials spoke in a tone of discouragement; they said that inhabitants of these provinces were a hybrid people, quite estranged from German nationality, and that many decades must pass before one could cease issuing orders in both languages. What German, gentlemen, can read these fears expressed in 1815 without feeling his heart swell proudly and hopefully? It is true that to-day we nowhere possess in Germany a government even faintly comparable in strength to the old Prussian Government of that time. That has become unavoidably a darker side of constitutional life for Germany. But, on the other hand, to-day we are a nation who issue from an unequal struggle, not weary to death, but in a well-assured state of prosperity, abounding with vigour and strength. To-day we are a nation which does not wait anxiously for a king to fulfil his word, but which already possesses and uses parliamentary rights. Finally, we are a nation which has raised itself, not by foreign help, but by its own strength.

These, gentlemen, are hopeful signs. I tell you that the instinct of nature and the call of the blood will speak in Alsace, the call of the blood which has already brought back so many lost sons of our great Fatherland to our Empire. I tell you the day will come when, in the most distant villages of the Vosges, the German peasant will say, "It is a happiness and an honour to be a citizen of the German Empire."

IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT WAR

(A Speech delivered at the Festival of the Commemoration of the War at the Frederick William University at Berlin on July 19, 1895)

DEAR COLLEAGUES AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS,

To-day's festival recalls to us of the older generation the golden days of our life—the days when the grace of God after battle and tribulation and mourning gloriously fulfilled beyond all our expectations all the longings of our youth. And yet, as I begin to speak, I feel keenly how profoundly the world has changed in this quarter of a century. It is not given to every period to do great deeds nor to understand them rightly. After the great crises of history there generally follows a generation which hears the iron voice of war, the great moulder of nations, still vibrating in its own heart, and rejoices with youthful enthusiasm over what has been gained. But without the constant work of self-recollection and self-testing, progress is impossible. New parties spring up imbued with new ideas; they ask doubtfully or scornfully whether the goal attained was worth the sacrifice made. The field-m Marshals of

the study calculate arrangements which could certainly have been better made on the patient paper.

Industrious critics diligently spy out all the sordid and revolting details which adhere to every great human exploit, as the fungus to the oak-tree, and the preponderance of censure easily overwhelms joy and gratitude. A long period must generally elapse before a nation resolves to view the greatness of its past again on a great scale. The deep significance of the War of Liberation was not revealed to the majority of Germans till half a century afterwards through the works of Häusser, Droysen, Bernhardi, and Sybel. Let us to-day turn our eyes away from everything that is trivial and regard only the moral forces which operated in the most fortunate of all wars.

When Field-Marshal Moltke once visited his regiment, the Kolberg Grenadiers, he pointed to the portrait of Gneisenau—who had once formed this brilliant corps behind the ramparts of the unconquered Pomeranian fortress from the scattered remnants of the old army—and said, "Between us and him there is a great difference. We have had to record only victories. He has led the army to victory after a defeat. This severest test we have not yet undergone." Who can hear this utterance without admiring the profound modesty and at the same time the lofty ambition of the Field-Marshal. But we cannot merely echo the noble words; we rather thank the

hero that he has himself confuted them by his deeds. So, exactly so, unerring as the hammer of Thor, had the German sword to hew down opposition, so, contrary to all experience, the changeable fortune of war had to become abiding, and garland after garland of victory had to adorn our banners if this most deeply-slandered and deeply-scorned of all nations was to win its due place in the community of States. We had been for centuries hampered and impeded in the simple task of national policy by the world-wide power of our Holy Roman Empire, just as the Italians were through their Papacy; in our Confederation of States we were obliged to let many foreign Powers co-operate, and saw ourselves at the same time linked on to a half-German Power, a disguised foreign one whose insincerity a great part of the nation, misled by old, fond recollections, would never recognize. The fame of invincibility which once no one had dared to deny the armies of Frederick, had not been restored by all the glorious contests of the War of Liberation; for foreigners always said sneeringly, "When the Prussians stood alone at Jena, they were beaten; only when allied with other Powers were they again victorious." And at the same time there grew and grew in the nation the consciousness of an immeasurable strength, a living indestructible union of both intellectual and political life. A nation in a position of such unexampled difficulty, so strong in its justifiable self-esteem, and so weak through its

wretched federal constitution, must necessarily fall into confused and aimless party struggles, and pass through all the infant ailments of political life. Among the millions abroad there was only one, our faithful friend Thomas Carlyle, who, in spite of the confusion of our party divisions, recognized the nobility of the soul of the German nation. All others were unanimous in the belief that we would come to nothing, and that this central part of the Continent, on whose weakness the old society of States had so long rested, would never become strong. In the eyes of foreigners we were only the comic-looking, jovial members of singing and shooting clubs, and the German word "Vaterland" was, in England, simply a term of contempt. Then, when Prussia had again entered the old victorious paths of the Great Elector, and the Great King freed our Northern Marches, and shattered the foreign rule of the House of Austria by the cannon of Königgratz, Europe was still far from recognizing the new order of things in Germany. We had in early times aimed at the world-rule of the Roman Empire, and had been then, by the cruel justice of history, condemned to an unhappy cosmopolitanism, so that our territory provided the arena for the armies and the diplomatic intrigues of all nations. Was this state of things to continue?

What we needed was a complete, incontestable victory, won solely by German strength, which would compel our neighbours to acknowledge at

last respectfully that we, as a nation, had attained our majority. This was clearly understood by the Emperor William, who so often re-echoed his people's words, when he said in his address from the throne, "If Germany silently endured violations of her rights and of her honour in past centuries, that was only because she did not realize in her dismembered condition how strong she was." For a long time past we were no longer the poor, ill-treated nation of 1813, which had seen its colours disgraced, its lands laid desolate, prayed in holy wrath, "Save us from the yoke of slavery!" and then, quietly prepared for the worst, waged the unequal strife. On the contrary, at the King's summons, a free, strong, proud nation arose in radiant exultation; she knew her power, and from amid the confused tumult of public meetings and the din of the streets, of the newspapers and the pamphlets, one cry overpowered all other sounds, "We must, we will conquer." Poets have compared the grey-haired ruler as he rode majestically before his knights to the kings of armies in German antiquity. King William was more; he was a hero of our time, the dominating monarchic leader of an immense democratic mass-movement, which shook the nation from top to bottom, and, sure of its goal, stormily swept on, regardless of the caution of hesitating Courts. It was a matter of course that the ancient and faithful nobility of Prussia should joyfully take up arms. Here in each peasant's farmhouse the talk was

still of "the old Fritz" and "the old Blücher." Here even in the French churches hung tablets with the iron cross and the inscription, "*Morts pour le roi et la patrie*," and the long lists of French names below showed how deeply a noble State may imbue noble foreigners with its spirit. But even in the small States, which had so long foregone the joy of victory, and now for the first learnt what a nation in arms means, there awoke everywhere a like zeal and a like confidence. Then a favourable turn of fortune brought it about that at the very beginning of the war the old scores of German internecine strife were wiped out, and wrongs committed in old quarrels were adjusted. The Bavarians, who had already three times owed the deliverance of their State to the friendship of Prussia, but through the misleading influences of the Court had become quite estranged from their old natural allies, now, led by Prussia's Crown Prince, helped to win the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth. "Our Fritz," with his kindly radiant smile, soon became the favourite of them all; he knit together the hearts of the South and North, and it was not long before the Bavarian reckoned the Prussian as his most faithful brother. Once, Maurice of Saxony had betrayed the bulwark of Lorraine to the French. Now Saxon regiments, nobly atoning for the sins of their fathers at St. Privat, carried out the final operations in the battles round Metz; and their Crown Prince Albert, who four years before at Königgratz had

chivalrously covered the retreat of the defeated army, now proved himself to be one of the best of the leaders of the Prussian-German Army. The envy and jealousy of the German races was absorbed in the passionate rivalry of good comrades and blood-relations. Now there was nothing to remind anyone of the anxious way in which the Prussian Guards had been spared risks which had caused so much discontent in 1814. The Guards bled and fought with much more devotion than many other corps, and if anyone complained it was only because he found that his regiment did not come often enough under fire.

With such an army everything may be dared; every general aimed at the proud privilege of the initiative, which King Frederick had reserved for his Prussians. Spontaneously, and without a plan, and yet necessitated by the character of our army, the terrible battle raged round the heights of Spichern, because each commandant of a corps without ado went in the direction of the cannon-firing. One day, sooner than they were commanded, the Brandenburgers ascended the left bank of the Moselle, and through the whole summer-day, quite unsupported at first, blocked at Mars la Tour the retreat which would have saved the whole of the enemy's army in the most heroic battle of the whole war. Thus two days afterwards that daring, tremendous battle with a reversed front was possible, which would have hurled our forces, if they had not been victorious,

into the midst of the enemy's country. As soon as one army was shut up in Metz, began, as the musketeers said, the great "battue" against the other. At Sedan, the descendants surpassed the deeds of the brave *Landsknechts* at the battle of Pavia, which their ancestors had celebrated; the French Emperor and his last army laid down their arms. Hitherto our troops had fought a well-trained army with crushing attacks as befitted the proud Prussian tradition. This army consisted for a large part of old professional soldiers who were accustomed to victory, but was inferior in numbers to its opponents. Now they had suddenly to undertake an entirely different and more troublesome task, less suited to the Prussian character. There commenced what was hitherto unexampled in all history, the siege of a metropolis defended with fanatical courage. While the Germans beat back the continual sallies of the Parisian army recruited from the people, which was far superior to their own in numbers, there pressed from all sides to the relief of the capital new armies in countless masses, the choicest of the French youth, remnants of the old army and undisciplined mobs in wild confusion.

Against these the besiegers had to conduct great sallying skirmishes and make bold attacks as far as the canal and the Loire. We Germans can surely not give Gambetta the name of "the raging fool," as many of his countrymen did in the heat of party strife. To attempt the impossible

in order to save one's fatherland is always a great thing to do. Moreover, the dictator's plans were not absolutely impossible; with his revolutionary impetuosity, he created new armies as if by a word, and fanned the flame of his nation's ardent patriotism into the fury of a race-war. The copious economic resources of Southern France, which had been accumulated through long years of industry and were as yet untouched by the war, seemed inexhaustible; but moral resources are not so, either in the case of nations or individuals. From the beginning the French armies lacked the fidelity, the confidence, the consciousness of right which alone gives defeated troops a stand-by. And now, when all their fiery courage, all the momentum of their heavy masses, all the superiority of their infantry's firearms, could not in twenty battles turn the fortune of war, and as the Germans, veiled by the screen of their wide-sweeping cavalry squadrons, kept on pressing forward, contrary to all expectations, then even brave hearts were seized by the Prussian nightmare (*le cauchemar prussien*).

France had already lost the leading position in Europe since the overthrow of the first Empire, and then apparently recovered it through the diplomatic skill of the third Napoleon. As soon as Prussia's victories in Bohemia threatened to restore a just balance of power, there took possession of those noisy Parisian circles, which had always dominated the wavering provinces, a

fantastic intoxication of national pride. There reappeared the old delusion that France's greatness depended on the weakness of her neighbours. The public opinion of the agitators compelled the sick Emperor to declare war against his will; it arrogantly controlled and disturbed every movement of the enemy; it compelled the fatal march to Sedan. After the first defeats, the imperial throne, whose only support was good fortune, fell, and the party-rule of the new revolutionary government could neither exercise justice, nor command the general respect. The fact that a superior commands and a subordinate obeys was almost forgotten in the widespread and unnatural mistrust which prevailed. Every misfortune was regarded as a piece of treachery, even when the war had seasoned men, and the army of the Loire had found a commander in Chanzy. Finally, after the surrender of Paris, the conquered people, under the eyes of the conqueror, tore each other to pieces in a terrible civil war.

Seldom has it been so clearly demonstrated that it is the will which is the deciding factor in national struggles for existence, and in unity of will we were the stronger. France, which had so often fomented and misused our domestic quarrels, all at once found herself opposed by the vital union of the Germans; for a righteous war releases all the natural forces of character, and, side by side with hatred, the power of affection. Inviolable confidence bound the soldiers to their officers, and all

of them to those in supreme command. The people of Suabia, Baden, and Bavaria, who had hitherto known us only as enemies, and were now for the first time joined to us by the loose tie of treaties based on international law, said quite as confidently as the Prussians, "The King and Moltke will manage it all right!" What a safeguard and stay this absolute confidence was for the mass of the rank-and-file, when, after the victorious exultation of the summer, they had now in winter to make acquaintance with the whole terrible prosaic side of war—hunger, frost, exhaustion, necessary mercilessness towards the enemy, and, being aroused from a short sleep in the snow-filled furrows by the sound of drums and fifes, to fresh fights and endless marches the purport and object of which they did not understand. Many did not learn the value of the victories they had won till later, as though by hearsay. Thus, for example, the brave 56th drove the Gardes Mobiles of Brittany out of the farm La Tuilerie without suspecting that they had given a decisive turn to the three days' battle of Le Mans. "Good will, persistence, and discipline overcome all difficulties"—such is Moltke's simple verdict. This good will, however, was possible only in a nation of religious-minded soldiers. In simple humility, without much talking and praying, men bowed before the Inscrutable, who reaps the harvest of death on the battle-field. Often did an army chaplain, when he administered the last consola-

tions to the dying, hear from them words of deep and modest piety.

Those who remained at home also became more generous, broader-minded, and affectionate; the seriousness of the crisis lifted them above the selfishness of every-day life. Party strife disappeared, isolated, unpatriotic fools were quickly reduced to silence, and the longer the struggle lasted the more firmly did the whole nation unite in the resolve that this war should restore to us the German Empire and our old lost western provinces. One hundred and thirty thousand Germans fell a sacrifice to war's insatiable demands, but the lines of the old Landwehr's men which followed them appeared endless, till more than a million of our soldiers gradually crossed the French frontier. The war demanded all. When the reports of deaths arrived from the West, the fathers and brothers of those who had fallen said, "Much mourning, much honour," and even the mothers, wives, and sisters had in their heavy sorrow the consolation that their little house owned a leaf in the growing garland of German glory.

But ideas alone kindle no enduring fire in the hearts of a nation; they need men. And certainly it was fortunate that the nation could look up unitedly to the grey-headed ruler, whose venerable figure will always appear greater to coming generations the more closely it is made the subject of historical investigation. "His Majesty sees everything!" the sergeant-majors used to thunder

at their careless men, and they said the truth. When destiny raised him at an advanced age to the throne he had never sought, he soon perceived that Providence had determined him and his army to be an instrument for its dispensations. "If I did not believe that," he said calmly, "how could I otherwise have been able to bear the burden of this war?" As a youth, he had admired the nation under arms, when under the pressure of necessity it had collected to carry out Scharnhorst's plans though only half-drilled; as a man, he had constantly considered with Scharnhorst's successor, Boyen, how these unripe ideas might take a vital shape; finally as king, amid severe parliamentary struggles, he had carried through the three-years' service law which strengthened the troops of the line, and secured us an army which was at once popular and fully trained. He knew every little wheel-work of the gigantic machine; now he watched with satisfaction how it worked. Alone, without a council of war, he formed his resolves according to Moltke's reports. Earlier and more clearly than all those around him, he perceived that the battle of Sedan had indeed decided, but was far from ending the war. He knew the fervent patriotic pride of the French; he possessed in a special degree the rich experience of old age preserved by a powerful memory; he remembered how fifty-six years previously the armed throngs of the peasantry of Champagne had, as it were, started up out of the ground under

the eyes of the Prussians. Sooner and more clearly than all others, he perceived the danger which threatened from the Loire, and ordered the army in the South to be strengthened. Thus, till the end he remained the Commander-in-Chief, and when he left French territory, even after such victories, he seriously thought of the perpetual vicissitudes of mortal things, and warned the army of what was now united Germany that it could maintain its position only by perpetual striving after improvement.

It is the characteristic charm of German history that we have never known a Napoleon suppressing all the personalities around him. At all great epochs there have stood near our principal heroes free men of firm character and assured self-confidence. King William also, a born ruler, understood how to allow able men, each superior to himself in his own department, to have a free hand, each in the right place. Nothing is more admirable than the true friendship which united the Commander-in-Chief to the strategist, the intellectual leader of the army, the wonderful man on whom prodigal Nature bestowed not only the sure eye and genial energy of a great commander, but the keenness of an intelligence which comprehended almost the whole range of human knowledge and the artistic sense of a classical author. And by the side of Moltke stood Roon, the stern and bitterly hated; hard and immovable in his principles like a devout dragoon of Oliver Crom-

well's, he had carried out the reconstitution of the army according to the instructions of his master; now his converted opponents called him "Germany's new armourer." Then came the army-leaders. After the Crown Prince, Goeben, the serious and taciturn, of whom his men said that he could not speak, but also that he could make no mistake; they did not know that he could write in a style like that of Cæsar's *Commentaries*. Then Constantine Alvensleben, a genuine son of the Brandenburg warriors, cheerful and good-natured, but terrible in battle, impetuous and unwearable, until at last his troops' shout of victory, "Hurrah! Brandenburg!" rang out at Le Mans. Then the spirited, fiery Franke von der Tann, who now helped to complete what he had once attempted in the ardent fervour of youth, as leader of the Schleswig-Holstein voluntary corps; and so on, a large company of brave and thoughtful men whom our people in the course of years will regard with ever-deepening affection as they do the heroes of the War of Liberation. Just as the King himself was so simple and assured in his bearing that the flatterers of the Courts never dared to make any attempts on him, so his generals, with a very few exceptions, displayed the modest demeanour which Germans like. Let anyone go through the forest to the little hunting-lodge of Dreilinden. There in rural retirement lived the commander to whom the announcement was made, *Monseigneur, j'ai l'ordre de vous rendre*

la garde impériale. This was Prince Friedrich Karl, who brought about the greatest capitulation in the world's history.

At last came the time of harvest. Paris surrendered, and the last desperate attempt of the French against Southern Alsace came to a pitiable end. Four great armies were taken prisoners or disarmed, and all the German races had an equal and glorious share in the enormous success. In these last weeks of the war there stepped into the foreground of German history the strong man of whom the troops had so often spoken by their bivouac-fires. Ever since historical times began the masses of people have always rated character and energy above intellect and culture; the greatest and most boundless popularity was always only bestowed on the heroes of religion and of the sword. The one statesman who seems to be an exception only confirms the rule. In the popular mind Bismarck was never anything but the gigantic warrior with the bronze helmet and the yellow collar of the cuirassiers of Mars la Tour, as the painters depicted him riding down the avenue of poplars at Sedan. It was he who had once spoken the salutary word, "Get rid of Austria!" It was he who by treaties with the South German States had in his far-sighted way prepared for the inevitable war. And when twenty-five years ago he read to the Reichstag the French declaration of war, all felt as though he were the first to raise the cry, "All Germany on into France!"

and it seemed to all as though he rode into the enemy's land like a herald in front of the German squadrons. Now when the war was over he summed up the net results of the great battles, and after troublesome negotiations settled the constitution of the new kingdom. This constitution seemed quite new, and yet it evoked the old sacred unforgettable emotions of German loyalty to the Kaiser. It appeared complicated even to formlessness, and yet it was fundamentally simple because it admitted of unlimited development. In her relations to foreign countries Germany was henceforth one, and in spite of much doubt all discerning people hoped that the Empire, possessing an imperial head, would now attain to its full growth.

This work of Bismarck's brought peace and reconciliation to nearly all the old factions which had hitherto struggled on our territory. They had all made mistakes, and almost all rediscovered in the constitution of the Empire some of their most deeply-cherished projects. Our princes especially had been in the wrong. In the course of an eventful history they had often been the protectors of German religious freedom and the rich many-sidedness of our civilization, but had been often misled by dynastic envy and pride, even to the point of committing treachery. At the middle of the century their pride was at its height, for what else was the object of the war of 1866 except to break in pieces the State of the

great Frederick, and to degrade it to the wretched condition of the petty German princedoms? But the dethroning of the sovereigns of Hanover, Hesse, and Nassau was a tremendous warning to the princes. They recollected themselves and remembered the noble traditions of imperial sentiment in the old princely families; and as soon as the war began they gathered round their royal leader. Therefore they could, according to the old privileges of the German princes, themselves elect their emperor, and secure for themselves their proper share in the new imperial power. There in France was the first foundation laid for that invisible council of German princes, which is something else than the Council of the Confederation, which is not mentioned in any article of the imperial constitution, and yet always works perceptibly for the good of the Fatherland. Never yet at a critical time has the honest help of the princes failed the Hohenzollern Kaisers.

The Conservative parties in Prussia had courageously championed the reconstitution of the army, but had at first followed the German policy of the new Chancellor of the Confederation not without mistrust; but now they saw the martial glory of their King established, and soon recognized that the revolutionary idea of German unity really signified nothing else than the victory of the monarchic constitution over dynastic anarchy.

A tardy reparation was made to the old Gotha Party, the much-ridiculed professors of Frankfort.

They had certainly made a mistake when they thought to constrain the imperial power by the authoritative decree of a parliament; but now there fell to them the honour of being the first pioneers of the nation's thought. What their leader, Dahlmann, had said in the spring of 1848, was literally fulfilled: "When Germany's united council of princes leads before the Reichstag a Prince of their own choice as hereditary head of the Empire, then freedom and order will co-exist in harmony." Even the Democrats, so far as they were not mere visionaries, were able to rejoice at a success. Their best representative, Ludwig Uhland, had been in the right when he prophesied, "No head will be crowned over Germany which is not richly anointed with democratic oil." Without the co-operation of the Parliaments of the North German Confederation and the Southern States the new imperial power could not have come into existence.

The heaviest blow befell the partisans of Austria, the "Great Germans."¹ So severe was it that even their party-name entirely disappeared. But those who were sincere among them had only fought against the German "rival-Emperor" because they feared a Prussian imperial power would be too weak to sustain the position of the nation as one of the Great Powers. And how was it now? It was never doubtful whether a man was a German or not. We bore the mark of our good

¹ That is, partisans of the union of Germany and Austria.

and evil qualities as distinctly impressed upon our brows as formerly did the Greeks, our kindred in temperament and destiny. But it was always a matter of dispute for centuries where Germany exactly was; its boundaries were constantly changing or disappearing in the fog of "rights of the Empire." Now for the first time there existed a German State whose frontiers were clearly defined. It had lost the frontier territories of the South-east, which for a long time past had only been loosely connected with the Empire, but as a compensation had finally recovered by conquest those on the Rhine and the Moselle, which had been torn away from the Empire. It had also, through the State of the Hohenzollerns, won wide territories in the East and North which had never or merely nominally belonged to the old Empire, *i. e.*, Silesia, Posen, Prussia, the land of the old Teutonic orders, and Schleswig. It was more powerful than the old Empire had been for six centuries. Who could now speak of it sneeringly as "Little Germany"? Out of the perpetual ebb and flow of races in Central Europe there had finally emerged two great Empires—one purely German with a mixture of religions, the other Catholic, and comprising a variety of races who yet could not dispense with the German language and culture. Such an outcome of the struggles of centuries could not fail to satisfy for a time even the imagination of the "Greater Germany" enthusiasts. The great majority of the nation

joined in jubilantly when, in the Palace of Versailles, the acclamation of the princes and the army greeted the Emperor, who in his deep modesty accepted the new dignity only with hesitation.

Not all the blossoms of those days of enthusiasm have ripened into fruit. We hoped then that the intelligible resentment of the conquered would in two decades at least have grown milder, and that a friendly and neighbourly relation between two peoples so closely united by common aims of civilization would again be possible. But our hopes were vain. Over the Vosges there came to us voices of hatred, unanswered indeed, but irreconcilable; serious and learned people even suggested to us to give up voluntarily the western frontier territories which had been recovered by the sacrifice of thousands of our men. This was an impudent insult, to which in the consciousness of our good right we could only reply with cold contempt. Unavoidably the influences of the war of 1870 operate much longer in the formation of the community of European States than did those of the War of Liberation. The irreconcilable hatred of our neighbours confines our foreign policy to one spot, and cramps the development of our power overseas. We hoped also that the old crippling jealousy between Austria and Germany would disappear, that the two would stand independently side by side as free allies, and that then the Teutonic race on the Danube would flourish more vigorously. This also was an error. With total

lack of consideration, the sub-Germanic peoples of the Danube Empire verified the old rule of historical ingratitude towards the Germans who had brought them civilization. Forcibly the conviction was impressed upon us that at home, at any rate, where we are masters, we must defend every inch-breadth of German civilization against foreign Powers. Moreover, it was natural that after our victory a truce should be proclaimed between the German parties, but our party struggles assumed rougher and coarser shapes from year to year.

In the natural course of things, after the victory, a truce was proclaimed between the German political parties. But our party strifes have become from year to year rougher and coarser. They concern themselves less with political ideas than with economic interests; they stir up the flame of hatred between class and class, and threaten the peace of society.

This coarsening of politics has its deepest source in a serious alteration which has taken place in our whole national life. Much that we considered characteristic of a decaying old world is the outcome of every over-cultivated city-civilization, and is being repeated to-day before our eyes. A democratized society does not care, as enthusiasts suppose, for the aristocracy of talent, but for the power of gold or of the mob, or both together. In the new generation there is disappearing terribly fast, what Goethe called the final aim

of all moral education—reverence: reverence for God; reverence for the barriers which nature has placed between the two sexes, and the limits which the structure of human society has imposed upon desire; reverence for the Fatherland which, as an ideal, is said to be yielding its place to the dream of a sensual and cosmopolitan plutocracy.

The wider culture spreads the more shallow it becomes; the thoughtfulness of the ancient world is despised; only that which serves the aims of the immediate future seems still important. Where everyone gives his opinion about everything, according to the newspaper and the encyclopædia, there original mental power becomes rare, and with it the fine courage of ignorance, which marks an independent mind. Science, which, once descending too deep, sought to fathom the inscrutable, loses itself in expansion, and only isolated pines of original thought tower above the low undergrowth of collections of memoranda. The satiated taste, which no longer understands the true, goes after realism, and prizes the wax figure more than the work of art. In the tedium of an empty existence the affected naturalness of betting and athletic sports gains an undeserved importance, and when we see how immoderately the heroes of the circus and the performers of the playground are over-prized, we are unpleasantly reminded of the enormous costly mosaic picture of the twenty-eight prize-fighters in the Baths of Caracalla.

These are all serious signs of the time. But

no one stands so high that he can only accuse his people. We Germans, especially, have often sinned against ourselves through extravagant love of fault-finding. And no one can say that he really knows his own people. In the spring of 1870 even the most sanguine did not suppose that our young men would strike as they did. So we, also, will hope that to-day, deep in the hearts of our people, there are at work rejuvenating powers which we know not of. And how much that does not pass away has, in spite of all, remained to us from the great war. The Empire stands upright, stronger than we ever expected; every German discerns its mighty influence in the ordinary occurrences of every day, in the current exchange of the market-place. None of us could live without the Empire, and how strongly the thought of it glows in our hearts is shown by the grateful affection which seeks to console the first Imperial Chancellor for the bitter experiences of his old age. In my youth it was often said, "If the Germans become German, they will found the kingdom on earth which will bring peace to the world." We are not so inoffensive any longer. For a long time past we have known that the sword must maintain what the sword won, and to the end of history, the virile saying will hold good, βιά βιά βιάζεται, "Force is overcome by force." And yet there is a deep significance in that old verse about the Germans. Not only was the war for Prussia's existence—the Seven Years' War,—the first Euro-

pean war, not only did our State combine both the old State-systems of the East and the West into a European community of States, but being at last strengthened as a central State, during a quarter of a century of dangerous diplomatic friction, it has offered peace to the Continent not by means of the panacea of the pacifists—disarming—but by the exact opposite—universal arming. Germany's example compelled armies to become nations, nations to become armies, and consequently war to be a dangerous experiment; and since no Frenchman has yet asserted that France can recover her old booty by force of arms, we may perhaps hope for some more years of peace. Meanwhile, our western frontier territory coalesces slowly, but unceasingly, with the old Fatherland, and the time will come when German culture, which has changed its place of abode so often, will again recover complete predominance in its old home. Finally, after so many painful disappointments, we have lately succeeded in a work, as only a great and united people can succeed. It was, indeed, a well-omened day when the canal between the North Sea and the Baltic was opened, and the Germans on the Suabian Sea sent their brotherly greeting to the distant coast.

Such hours of happy success you must hold fast in memory, my dear comrades, when your heads grow dizzy with the frenzy of party-spirit. Our festival to-day has especial significance for you. It is the privilege and happiness of youth to look

up, to trust the future in good spirits, not to despise the deeds of their fathers, nor to become submerged in the controversies of the day. You have not, like we of the older generation, helped to conquer your Fatherland for yourselves with weapons, or the surgeon's knife, or the weak pen; you have not, like we, seen dear friends of your youth perish in body and soul, because they despaired too soon of Germany. To you comes the simple summons, *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*. Yes, you have obtained it, without any merit on your part, this united Fatherland, which for the good of mankind mounted ever higher, from Fehrbellin to Leuthen, from Belle-Alliance to Sedan. It can provide scope for every virile force, and the best is hardly good enough for it. If the call of the war-lord should ever summon you under the banners of the eagle, you will not wish to be weaker in courage and faithfulness, in the fear of God and devotion, than the old Berlin students, whose honoured names we preserve in marble in our University hall. Whether Germany demands from you the toils of peace, or the deeds of war, cherish ever the vow which once the poet, looking down on the corpse-strewn fields around Metz, made in all our names:

Think not that the blood you shed,
 Flowed in vain, O honoured dead,
 Or shall ever be forgot!

And now, gentlemen, as we do in all national

festivals of our University, let us remember, reverentially, with loyal fidelity, the ruler who guards our Empire with his sceptre. God bless his Majesty, our Emperor and King. God grant him to exercise a wise, righteous, and firm rule, and grant us all strength to guard and to increase the precious inheritance of those glorious times. Come, good Germans, everywhere! Join with me in the cry, "Long live Emperor and Empire!"

LUTHER AND THE GERMAN NATION

*(A Lecture given at Darmstadt on November 7,
1883)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

There are many among you who stood, not many weeks ago, on the heights of the Niederwald, when our venerable Emperor presided at the unveiling of the statue representing Germania girt with her sword; and you there had the privilege of uniting with your compatriots from far and near in a feeling of joy and thankfulness. For centuries we Germans have been denied the luxury of joining together in that happy and unenvious contemplation of our past which is the true life-blood of a healthy people. The very victories which brought about the unity of our Empire were the outcome of the first great united act performed by the whole nation since immemorial times. Glorious indeed is the history of our nation, which has so often given to this part of our globe the foremost figure of the century, and has, in warfare, so often spoken words of awakening or of reconciliation. Nearly all our great men were, however, so inextricably involved in the whirl of bewildering contrasts

which disorganized our inner life that even to this day they remain an enigma to great masses of the people, and are looked upon merely as the pioneers of a family, a party, or a creed—not simply as German heroes.

It was during the eighteenth century that the last and greatest representative of the old-fashioned unlimited monarchy held sway among us, and now that we are able to judge of the extent of his labours, the more enlightened among us have begun to feel that he was fighting for Germany when he waged war against Austria and the Holy Roman Empire. But in spite of this King Frederick, like his ancestor the Great Elector, will ever remain the favourite of his Prussians, while to the general mass of the Southern Germans he will continue to be something of a stranger. A century earlier we secured the religious peace of Europe after a horrible war, but victory was purchased at a fearful price, *i. e.*, the laying waste of our ancient culture; and almost the only luminous figure in all that sombre period, the hero Gustavus Adolphus, was a foreigner. Moreover, even his admirers must admit that his victorious career terminated—very favourably to us—just at the moment when his power began to be prejudicial to our country.

The same limitations are to be observed even in the commemorative festival which our Protestant nation is thankfully celebrating this week. It is not, unhappily, a festival in which all Ger-

mans will take part. Millions of our compatriots are holding aloof in silence, or even in open disapproval. They are neither able nor willing to understand that the Reformer of our Church was the pioneer of the whole German nation on the road to a freer civilization, and that in the State and in Society, in our homes and in our centres of learning, his spirit still breathes life into us. Everyone who takes it upon himself to speak of Luther must confess what is his own attitude towards the great moral problems of the present day. And the accusations of those who are unable to comprehend his greatness are as passionate in tone to-day as if the Reformer still walked in our midst.

Even during his life-time Martin Luther incurred the penalty which awaits all great men, and especially all great fighters: he was misunderstood. During the early years of his public activity—years so full of promise—he was greeted by the nation with a tempestuous joy such as has not been seen again in Germany until our own time. In the days when he first belled the cat, when, forced forward by a lively conscience and the driving power of untrammelled thought, he turned from the paths of ancient orthodoxy to those of open heresy; when he threw the Papal Bull into the fire and gave that ringing call to the “Christian nobility of the German nation,” in which he invited his Germans to reform the Church and the State, root and branch; then it was that he stood

revealed before the Emperor and the Empire as the leader of the nation, a man as heroic in aspect as the patron saint of his people, the warrior Michael. Then it was that men sought to express their joy in the words of the folk-song:

He showed himself at Worms,
All ready for the fray;
He silenced all his enemies,
And none could overcome him.

Then, also, it seemed as if the elemental forces at work in a nation stirred to its depths—the religious zeal of pious minds, the scientific curiosity of the rising generation, the national hatred of a knightly nobility for the foreign prelates, the discontent of an oppressed peasantry—were about to unite in a mighty torrent impetuous enough to sweep all Roman organizations and influences out of our State and our Church. The royal dignity of Germany was, however, still in close bondage to the world-embracing policy of the Holy Roman Empire. It can hardly have been an accident that the crown was at that momentous period worn by a stranger who could not discern the beating of our heart, and whose only answer to the acclamations with which the Germans hailed the courageous frankness of their countryman was a disdainful smile and the words, “Such a man shall never make me a heretic.”

As soon as it became evident that the Emperor had refused to listen to the voice of the nation, the

Reformer found ranged against him not only the political strength of the Spanish World-Empire, but also the immense moral force embodied in the firm loyalty of our nation to the Emperor. Class-hatred—that mortal sin which has played so large a part in our history—now again made its appearance. The nobility frittered away their hot-blooded energy in the carrying on of aimless and most unhappy feuds. The peasants interpreted the gospel doctrine of liberty in a material sense, and plunged into a furious social war. Luther, however, believed that his holy treasure had been insulted, and poured all the vials of his wrath upon the fools who sought to settle the problem of the gospel with hammer and tongs. When this horrible rising had been horribly punished by a cruel nobility, the man who had been so lately glorified by his compatriots found himself cursed by the common people. In the meantime Erasmus, the first scholar of the century, had separated himself from the Wittenberg party; Luther's teacher, the mystic Staupitz, and the clever humanists, Crotus Rubianus and Eobanus Hessus, recoiled from him in terror. Their defection made it clear that the new teaching would at first have but a partial influence over the most highly educated sections of the nation; and as this new doctrine freed the strong obstinacy as well as the power of independent thought which characterize the German character, its adherents began to fritter away their strength in a highly

dangerous manner. Undisciplined fanaticism and quarrels about dogma broke their unity.

Luther, thus harassed and forsaken on all sides, sought refuge among the German Princes. If his last years were rich in great results, they were even richer in painful disillusionments. He had begun hoping that he might give new energies to Church life in Christendom, or at least in his own nation. Now he was forced to content himself with the knowledge that small evangelical Churches had gradually come into being in the territories of the greater among the German temporal princes; and he who watches, even superficially, the dawn of day in history may consider it a merciful dispensation of Providence that the Reformer, whom over-work had quickly aged, should have died just before the dissensions and aimless weaknesses of the leaders in the Schmalkaldian War led to the subjection of German Protestants to a foreign rule. The glory of departed heroes is usually exaggerated in the popular imagination; Luther, on the contrary, appeared to his contemporaries a lesser man than he really was. In those weary decades of political inactivity and theological disputes which followed upon the golden period of the German Reformation, a little sect proceeded to recreate Luther after its own image, as if he also had been nothing but a zealous preacher of Bible truths and a respectable father of a family, and as if his aim had merely been to found a separate Church called by the name of a sinful mortal. It

is only the historical science of our own day which has succeeded in plucking up heart to comprehend Luther in his entirety, Luther the epitome of his century, in whose soul nearly all the new ideas of the time were mightily re-echoed. We are far enough removed from him in time to be able to gauge the indirect consequences of his destructive and constructive labours, to observe all the seeds of a new culture which he sowed in German soil with all the unconsciousness of genius, and to realize with thankfulness how faithfully he kept the promise thus made by him: "I was born for my Germans, and them will I serve."

The joy of life has from the beginning possessed the German soul; but side by side with this there has always existed a meditative seriousness which is painfully conscious of the transitory nature of all earthly things. Undaunted courage has always been accompanied in our national character by a deep longing for deliverance from the curse of sin. Of all the nations of Western Europe, the ancient Germans alone had some premonition, even in their heathen days, of the future disappearance of this sinful race and of a new world of purity and light which is to come. To such a people the glad tidings from Jerusalem were peculiarly acceptable, and the marvellous buildings of our old cathedrals sufficiently testify to the piety and the earnestness with which the Germans received the new faith. It should, nevertheless, be observed that the Christian

doctrine had assumed a form in Rome which, on its arrival in our midst, never entirely recommended itself to us. All ages, peoples, and countries seemed to be united in the great community of saints which bound the Church militant here below to the Church expectant of the poor souls in Purgatory and the Church triumphant of the saints in Heaven. From the treasury of good works laid up by the saints the Church dealt forth remission of sins to the faithful, through the medium of a ruling priesthood, whose members were empowered by the spiritual gifts of ordination to change bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Saviour. Outside the Church was no salvation; she embraced and hallowed the life of every Christian from the cradle to the bier, from baptism to extreme unction. The conception was indeed a great and wonderful one. The wisdom and piety of many holy persons and a rare talent for ruling men had built up the wonderful structure throughout many centuries. Each stone stood firmly cemented to its fellow, and the inevitable and logical sequence of one dogma upon another gave the Christian no choice between submission and heresy. But the close logic of the Romans had never quite satisfied the German mind; the living conscience of our people could never find peace in means of grace supplied by the Church and in prescribed good works alone. As early as the fourteenth century the German territories rang with the Kyrie eleisons of the sect

of Flagellants, and ever louder and more despairing—almost as heartrending as in the earliest days of Christian history—grew the cry of the sinful creature pleading for reconciliation with its Creator.

Further, the bellicose and practical mind of the Germans was bewildered by the teaching of the old Church. This beautiful world offered so many laurel wreaths of honour, and so many elevated pleasures to men of energy, and yet all these were to be of no account in comparison with the higher sanctity of dedicated men, of priests and monks who had renounced everything that binds men to one another by human ties, and who despised not only the infinite happiness, but also the sacred duties of married life. Walther von der Vogelweide, the greatest of our mediæval poets, pondered sadly over this dark riddle, complaining that "One and the same heart can never, alas! receive God's grace in form of riches and in form of honour."

And this priestly hierarchy, which kept itself so immeasurably above the obedient multitude, which so greatly scorned all worldly activities, had long been the prey of a shameless worldliness which caused secular persons to regard its members as a race of hypocrites. The clergy owned the wealthiest third of Germany, always formed a majority and carried all motions in the Reichstag, and exerted a political influence which was looked upon by the Germans as a kind of foreign rule. This latter idea was due to the knowledge that the

Church was ruled by the Pope and his Italian prelates; and all the wealth of intellect, wit, and culture which hobnobbed together in the ante-rooms of the Vatican, all the masterpieces of the chisel and the brush which the sun of Papal favour brought into being, could not console our nation for the fact that the mistress of Christendom was the most profligate city of the earth. It was in vain that the Germans had sought, at the councils of the fifteenth century, to reform the abuses in the Church. When Luther appeared the nation was in a dangerous state of ferment, the prey of conflicting emotions. On the one hand were the pious persons, consumed by scruples, and taking painful stock of their sins and their good works, and contemplating the popular pictures of the *Dance of Death* with holy terror; on the other stood the sensuous lovers of life, full of energy and high spirits, rejoicing in crude jests and delighted to mock at the caricature of a world turned upside down. But to whichever class they belonged, all Germans united in hating the foreign yoke.

The actual setting free of Germany was the direct outcome of an internal conflict waged in an honest German conscience. Luther drew from his very humility sufficient strength to endow him with the utmost boldness. In his youth a passionate anxiety respecting the salvation of himself and his brothers had driven him to leave father and mother, in order to storm heaven from his

cell by means of all the torments of monkish penances. Nothing, however, could drown the cry of his soul, "My sin, my sin, my sin," and at last the truth of the saying of the apostle about justification by faith was revealed to him in all its light-giving splendour. He now began to realize what was meant by the *μετάνοια* of Paul, by the conversion of the inner man. Humbly confessing the insufficiency of human merit, he resigned himself in faith to the mercies of the living God, and he dared to live according to this his new creed. The entire divergence between Roman and German feeling stands revealed to us when we compare these interior battles of Luther's with the spiritual conflicts later experienced by Ignatius Loyola, the champion of the old Church after its revival. The Spaniard puts an end to his sufferings by resolving never again to touch the wound of his soul; the German finds peace only when his mind is convinced of the truth of his beliefs and all doubts have been banished by the irrefutable testimony of personal experience.

Quite unconscious of the incalculable effect which his action will have on others, Luther now sets out on his campaign against the ugly abuses prevalent in a worldly Church, and then God leads him on as if he were an old blind horse. Every decisive thought that enters his mind further convinces him that God does not desire compulsory service, and that no one can sit in judgment over the human conscience but God alone. Hardly

three years after the beginning of the quarrel about indulgences he breaks loose from the restricted morality of the Middle Ages in that mighty hymn of Gospel liberty, the book concerning the freedom of the Christian soul. He there proclaims that the Christian is subject to no one in matters of faith, and that for that very reason he is the servant of all, pledged in loving service to the least of his brethren. Good works can never make a man holy, but a good man must by his very nature perform good works. His conception of what moral life should be is at the same time broader and stricter than that of his predecessors. It has a direct affinity with the war waged by Jesus against the rigid legal conventionality of the Pharisees, and is based on the axiom that the centre of gravity in the moral world is the conscience of man. This discovery at once leads to a realization of the priesthood of the laity, and the idea of a free Church which is content to let the outward forms of church life be carried away with all things human on the stream of time. Such a conception makes it possible to contrast the words, "On this rock will I build My Church"—words most grossly misunderstood—with these other words of which the meaning has vital application, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Luther's action certainly amounted to a revolution, and as religious belief has its roots in the inmost recesses of the heart of the nation, its

effects on existing institutions were more far-reaching than any political upheaval has been in modern history. It is certainly not a sign of evangelical courage when many well-meaning Protestants seek to deny or conceal this fact. So incredibly bold a course could only have been adopted by a man filled with all the native energy and unquenchable fire of German defiance. The whole of the old order in the moral world which had been held sacred during a thousand years, the long chain of venerable traditions which had held the life of Christendom together, were shattered at a blow. Indeed, we can even sympathize with the Alsatian Murner, the opponent of the Reformer, who cried out at the sight of this colossal ruin:

All books are lies,
The saints have deceived us,
Our teachers all are blind.

The greatness of the historical heroes lies in the fact that they unite in themselves mental and moral powers which seem to the common herd incompatible. Nothing could be more remarkable than the courage of this simple man, who described himself as a goose among swans, but yet dared to enter the lists against the mightiest of the political and moral powers of his time. Nothing, moreover, could exceed his native moderation. Never was he more bold than when he lovingly warned the Wittenberg iconoclasts not to let their "liberty be a cloak of offence." With

childlike confidence he builds upon the foundation of God's Word alone. And his belief did not deceive him, for when once the wild upheavals occasioned by the Peasants' War and by the risings of the Anabaptists had been mastered, the victory of the Reformation in Germany was gained by peaceful methods with the willing co-operation of the people. In spite of all the uglier aspects of this great movement, it was nevertheless characterized by that simple honesty and energy which especially reveal themselves at moments of great stress in our German history. The Reformation presented our people with a form of Christian belief which satisfied their craving for truth, and was in harmony with the untamable independence of the German character, just as the Roman Church satisfies the logical aptitude and the craving for beauty of the Latin races, and the Orthodox Church satisfies the semi-Oriental submissiveness of the Greco-Slavonic world. Luther's word had infinite influence over a circle far wider than that composed of his co-religionists. He was justified when he cried out to the German bishops, "You have procured a condemnation of my gospel, but you have secretly accepted many of its tenets." We are right to look upon him as a benefactor of the old Church as well; for that Church also was forced by him to gather her moral strength together, and she did not remain inwardly untouched by the heartfelt and soulful acceptance of the faith which Luther gave back to

Christendom. A doctrine of indulgences as material as that preached by Tetzels would now be untenable on German soil, and it is certain that to-day the thoughtful German Catholic stands nearer to the German Protestant in his entire conception of life than he stands to his Spanish co-religionist.

In all the mighty transformations of our spiritual life which have taken place since, the fundamental idea of the Reformation, the free surrender of the soul to God, has remained the immutable moral ideal of the German. In the sphere of worldly affairs it shows itself in the severe utterance of Kant, who declared that nothing in the world must be looked upon as good except a good intention. The same note is heard in the gentle song of the angels who bear the soul of Faust to heaven: "We can set free all those who never cease to strive." We have to thank the Reformation for the vital and paternal relationship of the creeds on which German civilization rests to-day; for that broad tolerance which springs neither from fear nor from indifference, but from a realization that the world being as it is, the light of Divine revelation is visible to human eyes only when broken into many rays. No sixteenth century person—not Luther himself—could have understood what we to-day call tolerance; still this long suffering became possible only under the influence of Protestant belief, which strikes at the roots of the arrogant false belief in a Church which alone

holds the keys of heaven. We have to thank the Reformation for enabling the German to think both piously and independently, for permitting not one of our great thinkers, however bold his flight, from falling into the blasphemous mockery of a Voltaire, and for causing the mortal sin of hypocrisy to be almost unknown amongst us.

Herein lies the greatness of Protestantism; it will not suffer a contradiction to exist between thinking and willing, between religion and moral life. It will not be gainsaid in its demand that what a man believes that he shall openly confess and openly follow. In Luther's day the Italians greatly excelled our nation in art and science. In the fourteenth century they were already able to point to Petrarch, the first modern man, a person who had elected to stand upon his own feet and to pull the bandage from his eyes. And at the time of the dispute in Germany on the subject of indulgences, Machiavelli was writing two books concerning the State in which he repudiated the traditional beliefs of the Middle Ages far more recklessly than Luther ever did. The Latins, however, lacked the strength to take their own ideas quite seriously; they succeeded in dividing their conscience, so that they were able to obey a Church which they ridiculed. The Germans dared to shape their lives in accordance with truths which they had lately learnt to believe; and since the historical world is a world of the will, and thought, not action, shapes the destinies of nations,

it may be said that the history of modern humanity begins, not with Petrarch or the artists of the fifteenth century, but with Martin Luther. Europe was in no way slow to realize this fact. Only a hundred and forty years after Luther's death the German historian, Cellarius, asserted that towards the close of the fifteenth century the Middle Ages were closed and relegated to the background as a period now passed away. The idea and the name of the Middle Ages have since become indigenous in most countries, and will so remain, although our present-day vanity seeks in vain to point to the French Revolution as the beginning of modern history.

Like all true Germans, Luther always cherished a deep sense of historical piety, and he delighted to regard the great changes which he had brought about in the Church as being merely a restoration of the conditions which prevailed in Christendom during the earliest periods of its existence. He knew, however, that he had endowed the political life of nations with an entirely new idea. He used to say of the men of his youth that "No one either taught or learnt, and that therefore no one knew aught concerning temporal authority, whence it was, what was its office or its work, or how it might serve God." The State had certainly never received its due since the difficult question as to the whereabouts of the boundary line between spiritual and temporal power had arisen to vex the mind of Christendom. The heathen world had been con-

fronted with no such problem. During the first few centuries of its career, the Church had had no dealings with the State, because the latter was heathen; and when it obtained the upper hand in the Roman Empire there gradually grew up the political system of an ecclesiastical world-empire—a system which had a very close connection both with the organization and with the dogma of the Church. According to it, the whole life of Christendom appears as a firmly compacted whole. Statecraft and political economy, science and art, all human callings receive the moral law governing their existence from the hands of the Church. The Church is God's State, but the earthly State is the kingdom of the flesh, existing for no moral purpose, and only justified by God when it places its strong arm at the service of the judge of the world of States, namely, the Pope. No vigorous mediæval State had completely recognized these very arbitrary claims of the Papacy. The ecclesiastical doctrine of a world-empire had begun to lose its prestige among scholars in the days of Dante, of Marsilius of Padua, and of the courageous Ghibelline authors who crowded round the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian. It could not be entirely overcome until the bull was taken by the horns, and the domination of the clergy brought to an end in the Church itself.

Luther first smashed to atoms the dictum behind which the Romanists entrench themselves: he denied that "spiritual power is higher than tem-

poral power," and taught that the State is itself ordained of God, and that it is justified in fulfilling and indeed pledged to fulfil, the moral purposes of its existence independently of the Church. The State was thus declared to be of age; and as it had really attained its majority, and as the temporal power everywhere received firm support from the growing self-realization of the nations, this political emancipation had almost a mightier and a more far-reaching influence than the reformation of the Church. All rulers, without exception, whether Catholic or Protestant, repudiated the political suzerainty of the crowned priest. An obedience such as that previously demanded of the temporal powers by the Pope was no more thought of, and before the close of Luther's century, Bodinus originated the idea of the sovereignty of the State with a real display of scientific acumen. The theory was an entirely new one, and, once discovered, it became, and still continues to be, the common property of all civilized men. In vain did the Jesuits continue to dream of the world-empire of the Church; the States of Europe, none the less, formed themselves by degrees into a new and free association, and built up for themselves a universal code of national law, which was more just than the former judgments of the Popes, and had its roots in the common interests and the sense of justice of the nations. Step by step the modern State forced back the Church on her spiritual territory. It deprived her of the admin-

istration of justice, of the management of education, and of the care of the poor, and proved by the results that it is more competent to fulfil these political duties than its predecessor had been. Nothing reveals the innate healthiness of the political ideas of the Reformation more completely than the undeniable fact that the political development of the Protestant States was throughout effected with less effort and in a more peaceful manner than that of the Catholic States.

The emancipation of the State from the tyranny of ecclesiastical control nowhere brought with it so rich and abiding a blessing as in Germany, for nowhere had the old Church been more closely interwoven with the State than in the Holy Roman Empire and in the many ecclesiastical princedoms supported by the imperial power. No one can deny that the Reformation furthered the break-up of the old Empire which had been threatening for so long, and fanned, by means of religious hatred, the flame of a political antagonism already in existence. But he who can heal wounds is thereby entitled to give them. From the well of Protestantism alone could this sickly kingdom draw the waters of youth. It was only when our State again became true like its Church, when it rejected the claims of the Holy Roman Empire, now proved ill-founded, when it placed its episcopal lands under worldly jurisdiction, that it again became able to move with the times.

Luther never drew these last conclusions him-

self. He quailed at the thought of civil war; "Germany," he said, "would be devastated three times over before we could establish a new form of government." He knew that he was not a statesman, and he had all the national respect for the majesty of the Empire and the aristocracy of Austria. He had to combat many doubts before he could make up his mind to sanction opposition to imperial encroachments which had after all been sanctioned under the old régime. The nature of things, and the common sense of history finally brought about conditions which were bound to arise sooner or later in the home of the Reformation. The ecclesiastical States of Germany gradually collapsed without hope of redemption, until finally, at the beginning of our own century, the last mouldy ruins of the Roman theocracy were secularized and the Holy Roman Empire abolished. It was only at this point, when our State honestly espoused the cause of its own secular existence, that the site was levelled for a new edifice. And even in this last salutary stage in our history the Reformer played his part by means of a deed of which he was unable to perceive the ultimate consequences. On Luther's advice Albert of Brandenburg, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, decided to discard the white mantle with the black cross, to repudiate the false chastity of the monks, and to found a true and knightly dominion which should seek to be acceptable to God and the world without the aid of tinsel and false names.

Thus it was that Prussia, a land belonging to the Order, a colony of Germany as a whole, was turned into a secular duchy and saved from the greed of its Polish neighbour. Luther wrote with gratitude: "Behold a miracle! With all sails spread, the Gospel speeds through Prussia." He did not dream what other greater miracles our nation should behold in his outlying Eastern province. It was from this district, which was snatched from the old Church and stood or fell with Protestantism, that the military greatness of our modern history emerged to reveal itself in world-famed battles, and it was also out of Prussia that grew up, in the fullness of time, the new State of Germany, which refuses to be either holy or Roman, but desires, in the words of the Reformer, to be a secular kingdom, a German kingdom, without tinsel and false appellations.

It has been seen that the unity of the German State dates from the day when the last ecclesiastical State disappeared from German soil. It is also to the battles of the Reformation that we owe that priceless moral link which sufficed to hold us together, almost unaided, during the days of our national dismemberment: I mean our new language. The feat of subjecting the Northern Germans to the yoke of the High German language—a task which even the magic of our chivalrous poetry had failed to accomplish—was only achieved when the Wartburg had for the second time become dear to our people. You will remem-

ber that it was from this fair spot, beloved of the Minnesingers, that proceeded the first books of the German Bible; for in this German Bible we find the Sacred Scriptures most faithfully translated by a religious genius of like mind with the authors; yet his work is so truly German, so entirely permeated with the breath of our German spirit, that it would be hard for us to-day to imagine God's Word in any other form. Like the Italians, we received our literary language at a definite moment of time and at the hands of a single man. The very nature of genius demands, however, that only that which is necessary and simply natural shall be aimed at. Dante made no deliberate innovations, but merely ennobled and gave fresh inspiration to the popular idiom of his native Tuscany. Luther in like manner merely sought to be understood by every one of his compatriots, so that God might speak German to the German nation. It was for this reason that he used the Middle German which all understood, and which was already the official language used by the authorities in all localities where High and Low Germans were united under one ruler, in the State of the Teutonic Order, and in the chancellories of the Lützelburg Emperors and of the Saxon Electors.

It will be seen, then, that all sections of the nation gave or received something in their common work for the Reformation. Protestantism received firm political support from the North;

but it was Upper Germany which contributed the mighty language which was from thenceforth to hold moral sway over evangelical Germany. These districts of Southern and Middle Germany have from time immemorial been the warm cradle of our poetry, and also of our linguistic development. And this High German was the language of Luther's own home. Its accents had been dear to him from earliest childhood, and he had heard them from the lips of the people in the mines at Mansfeld, the quarry-men employed by his dear father. Goethe alone has rivalled him in his command over language; but, notwithstanding this eloquence, he remains the most "popular" of all our writers. His works combine in themselves elements usually believed to be incompatible. They show deep thought, close compression of matter, all-compelling argument, and an immense prodigality of magnificent words, so that the reader seems to hear the heartfelt accents of the preacher himself. Their gift to the imaginative is immense, and the meditative are left with endless food for thought. This language of freedom and truth, born as it was in the midst of wars, cannot deny the tokens of its origin to this day. It is a language created to voice mighty wrath, to sport and jest, to storm the pinnacles of thought, to gently whisper the inmost secrets of the heart. But let a man once seek to drive or coerce our mother tongue to hide its meaning, to make treacherous and biting sallies, or even to pander to an

uneducated craving for the charming and the piquant, and he will get but little from it; such a person will find himself obliged to go and beg at the table of strangers.

More than a hundred years elapsed before this new German, which shed a glory over the hymns and sermons of the Evangelical Church, became the common property of our people. Learning then became popular and worldly in its turn, and our ancestors saw the fulfilment of the saying which Ulrich von Hutten had proclaimed aloud to the world in the very first days of the nation's rapturous hope: "Formerly the priests alone were learned; now God has given skill to all to read and understand." About the middle of the sixteenth century a sad and paralyzing influence descended on the Lutheran branch of German Protestantism, for little beside the solemn strains of the evangelical hymns was left to remind men what the original spirit of the Reformation had been, and ambitious theologians, in the old and the new Church alike, sought to determine the direction and limitations of study. It was only the heroic courage of the vigorous sister church in the Netherlands, and the struggle of the Calvinists there against Spain, that preserved a degenerate Lutherism from certain destruction. Not until we experienced the miseries of the Thirty Years' War did we realize the real trend of affairs. The Pietists of Halle roused once again in our people the vital spirit of the gospels, the spirit of brotherly

love, which sought to make the evangelical life a reality, and which the barren and unprofitable quarrels of the last few decades had obscured. Pufendorf drove the theologians out of the domain of political science; Thomasius was the first to dare to speak German from a German professorial chair. And on the soil thus prepared there at once grew up our new learning and our new poetry, free from all the harshness consequent on a religious bias, fundamentally worldly, far bolder in its conceptions than any theories ever sanctioned by Luther, but still perfectly Protestant. All the leaders of this new learning were Protestants. The new ideal of humanity could proceed only from the autonomy of the conscience won for us by Luther. The Bavarian Jesuits were horrified on hearing the "Lutheran German" of this new culture, but none the less it continued its peaceful march of victory even through Catholic Germany, until it had at last drawn all things German into the fresh stream of its ideals. And we may recognize with pride to-day that even the champions of Rome from among our countrymen long ago learnt "Lutheran German," and that they fight against us with swords forged on our own anvils.

Honest worldly activity did not receive any moral justification until the Church's activities were entirely limited to spiritual matters. This period saw the solution of the riddle which had seemed insolvable to the mediæval poet; riches

and honour were now found to be perfectly compatible with the grace of God. Eternity itself now entered the sphere of the believer's material life, and he began to feel that he could and must do service by means of his handiwork. Even the soldiers received from Luther the comfortable assurance that they too would be in a state of salvation if they sought to perform their hard duties faithfully. But as soon as it was seen that a Church could exist without clergy, it became impossible for the clergy even in purely Catholic countries, to persist in claiming to be the highest order in the social scale. In Germany the middle strata of society, to which Luther had chiefly addressed himself, became ever more and more the *élite* of the nation. Moreover, the determining power which education and culture, and unfortunately also doctrinarianism, wield in German life to this day had its origin in the achievements of the greatest of German professors.

Protestantism is the product of a robust and virile century which cared little for women, and the sobriety of the outward forms of its worship do not always satisfy the pious longings of the female heart. Yet Luther raised the German women to a higher level than that occupied by them in the days when the merciful Mother of God was invoked. The woman's domain, the home, was brought into high honour by him before God and man. It was not without a hard struggle that he took courage to woo his Kate; the scales were finally turned

not only by a desire for domestic bliss, but also by a sense of a sacred duty to be performed. How often he cried out to monks and nuns, "Who commanded you to pledge yourselves to a life that is contrary to God and to His laws, and to swear that you are not men and women?" If he was justified in putting this question, if matrimony was really a holy state, and better pleasing to God than the vow of the tonsured, it became incumbent upon him to testify to the truth of his teaching in his own person. He knew what a muddy tide of base and disgusting insinuations would roll up against him, whose spotless name had hitherto been as a shield to a great cause and had withstood all the darts of the slanderers. He took to himself this cross of his own free will, for the moral force of evangelical truth could not be demonstrated more victoriously or convincingly than in the marriage of an escaped monk and an escaped nun who thereby set an example to thousands of pious people.

This marriage did, indeed, form an example. This family, laden with all the curses of Rome, lives in all our hearts to-day. We think of it on Christmas Eve, in front of the Christmas-tree, when the fresh voices of our children proclaim the joyful tidings, "From high heaven I am come." We see the old professor, the spiritual adviser of his dear Germans, dealing out help and comfort and instruction to all the doubting and the heavy laden who flock to him from far and near; we see him, strong in the possession of a free mind, ever on

the side of nature, of the heart, of equity, and of love. We hear his hearty laugh as he speaks strong words of encouragement to the timorous Melanchthon, or praises the greatness of his small Greek with the unenvious enthusiasm of a friend. We enjoy his golden mood when in the evening he passes the goblet round his hospitable table, where my lady Music, the most German of the arts, has her place among the many tipplers.

No ill intent can harboured be
Where men sing in good company.

We mourn with him when he is overcome by the most human of griefs, and weeps at the bier of his little Lena. Such was the first evangelical parsonage. And how many tears have since been dried by our country pastors' wives, and how many good and clever men have since been brought up in the learned though not unnatural atmosphere of these peaceful homes!

All our actions are but piecework, and history records the name of no man who was not greater than his work. The most priceless legacy bequeathed by Luther to our people is, after all, the legacy of himself and of the life-giving might of his heaven-inspired mind. None among the other modern nations can boast of a man who was the mouthpiece of his countrymen in quite the same way, and who succeeded as fully in giving expression to the innermost character of his nation. A stranger may inquire in bewilderment how it was

possible for such striking contrasts to show themselves in the same human soul. Men wonder how it was possible to combine a capacity for towering anger with a pious and sincere belief, high wisdom with childlike simplicity, deep mysticism with heartfelt enjoyment of life, uncouthness and roughness with the tenderest goodness of heart; they marvel that the tremendous personage who ended a letter to his un-grace, Duke George of Saxony, with the words, "Martin Luther, by the grace of God evangelist at Wittenberg," could then kneel humbly in the dust before God. We Germans are not puzzled by these apparent contradictions; all we say is, "Here speaks our own blood." From the deep eyes of this uncouth son of a German farmer there flashed the ancient and heroic courage of the Germanic races—a courage which does not flee from the world, but rather seeks to dominate it by the strength of its moral purpose. And just because he gave utterance to ideas already living in the soul of his nation, this poor monk, who had but lately made his humble pilgrimage from the Augustinian monastery, on Monte Pincio, to the halls of St. Peter, was able to grow and develop very rapidly, until he had become as dangerous to the new Roman universal empire as the assailing German hordes were to the empire of the Cæsars. One generation after Luther, four fifths of our people belonged to the evangelical religion. In most of the districts of Germany, ruled by the Roman Church to-day, she owes her restoration to

the argument of the sword, and almost everywhere where the Gospel was violently stamped out, the German spirit languishes even now as if one of its wings had been broken. In the districts where German population is in close and unfriendly contact with our alien race, Protestantism has ever been our safest frontier guard. In our North-eastern provinces, German and Protestant, Polish and Roman Catholic have long been regarded as synonymous terms, and of all the German races in Austria none has remained as faithful to its nationality as the Protestant Saxon population of Siebenbürgen.

It would well become us at this festival, when the reformer stands in person in our midst, to remember the warning which he once gave to his Germans: "God's Word and grace is a driving thunderstorm, which does not return over ground once covered. It visited the Jews, but is now past, and they have nothing of it left. Paul brought it to Greece. It passed away there too, and now they have nought but the Turks. Rome and the Latian land were likewise blessed; now they have lost it, and the Pope alone remains. And you Germans must not think that you will keep it for ever, for ingratitude and contempt will drive it hence. Let him therefore that can, seize what he can; slothful hands will reap a bad harvest." The same destructive powers which once stemmed the natural progress of the Reformation are still among us to-day, although their form is changed. Who has

not noted the unloving disagreement among believers, the fleshly gospel of factious spirits, and the impudent self-righteousness of the epicureans, as Luther called them?

But these blemishes are thrown into the shade by the more consoling signs which are not wanting in our age. A sense of deep and organic relationship binds the present to the age of Luther. It compels the artist to readopt almost unconsciously the architectural forms of the sixteenth century, and it drives the scholar to carry his researches into the heart of that stormy period. Many things, only dimly divined in Luther's day, have been developed and completed in ours. The new world, then discovered, has only lately made its entry into history, and its most promising and fruitful countries belong to the evangelical religion. Far away on the Pacific there are pious hearts full of the remembrance of the country where once was rocked the cradle of Martin Luther. The art of printing has only lately revealed itself as a link able to bind nation to nation.

The unity of Germany and Italy stands secure, and the transformation of our German ecclesiastical princedoms was followed by the destruction of the last and worst of the ecclesiastical dominations, the Pontifical State. Freedom of thought and belief has been assured to all the nations of the civilized world, and in the Evangelical Church a vigorous and unbroken continuity of life still manifests itself. The disunion to be observed in it

is but an indication of the fact that religion has a firmer hold on all hearts to-day than it had in the days of our first enlightenment. But in the midst of the dissensions the Evangelical Church has won two peaceful victories at least: she has united the contending sister Churches of Protestantism in an evangelical union, and she is now engaged in the task of developing in her constitution the almost vanished idea of a congregational system.

The period is one of great blessing, and no Protestant must give up hoping that even happier days will come, when our entire nation will honour Martin Luther as its hero and its teacher. The fact that the Reformation was not universal in its results on our country was, as we know, a very salutary one. If it had triumphed everywhere and held undisputed sway, the Evangelical Church could hardly have given free play to that spirit of humane and broad-minded tolerance which rules German life to-day. Still the period when ecclesiastical differences brought a blessing is now over. Since the Roman Church has spoken her last word in proclaiming the infallibility of the Pope, we feel more acutely than ever how great is the gulf which separates the different members of our race. To span this gulf, to infuse evangelical Christianity with sufficient vitality to enable it to rule our entire nation—this is a task which we recognize as ours, and which later generations will one day accomplish. This one purpose can never be fulfilled if we are faint-hearted and descend the

mountain which our courageous fathers climbed in the sweat of their brow; for never again shall a priest-ridden Church assemble Luther's compatriots round its altars. They will follow no Church which does not recognize the evangelical freedom of the Christian, the independence of the believing and repentant conscience, and which seeks to interfere with the just rights and functions of the moral forces of the world, notably the State. Protestantism has already victoriously tided over more difficult periods than ours. How many of us to-day have ancestors who fought for the gospel at the White Mountain or at Lützen, or who ate the bread of banishment for the sake of their religion! On this birthday of the Reformer let us thankfully and bravely raise our voices in the words of his high-hearted hymn:

And if grief last until the night,
And then again till dawn,
Yet shall my heart aye trust in God
And His almighty power.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND GERMANY'S FREEDOM

*(A Lecture Delivered at the Sing Academy in
Berlin, December, 1894)*

WHEREVER on German soil the song is heard, "Eine feste Burg ist Unser Gott,"¹ with pious affection thoughts are turned to the commemoration of the day which gave to us the saviour of our Protestant freedom. Yet it comes as a painful echo of the civil strife of former days when we realize that a part only of the nation can co-operate in this festival, and that many of our valiant countrymen even detest it as treasonable. For our own part, we will not allow our joy in the Northern hero to be disturbed by the fact that he was a foreigner, nor because it was in the darkest days of our country's past that his star blazed in the ascendant. In sharp contrast with the national narrowness of classical antiquity, we find in the history of the Christian peoples an unending give and take, a continuous interlacing of general European interests, wherein the ideals of humanity are harmonized with the separate aims of the

¹ "God is to us a tower of strength."

nations. The wealth and beauty of European history are constituted by this variegated drama, wherein the free brother peoples of Europe are seen, now hating, shunning, or fighting one another, now joining hands to work for common ends. Even the insular kingdom of Britain, more inclined than all others to reject what is of foreign origin, has twice in its history owed a decisive turn of fate to the benevolent hand of a foreigner. The Frenchman, Simon de Montfort, was the creator of the British House of Commons, and was the first of all men to gain the honourable name of Protector of the English people; the Dutchman, William of Orange, secured for the English their existing parliamentary government.

Gustavus Adolphus' own home had early experienced alike the blessings and the curse of foreign domination. It was by Germany that this hitherto untouched region of Northern heroes was won for Christendom, and was incorporated within the community of the Latin moral world-order. The German Hanseatic League shut off the Scandinavian coast from world-trade, and with the overwhelming power due to its command of capital was able so harshly to oppress the economic forces of the young nations of the North that the three Northern capitals, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Bergen, became German harbours, and for a time even the tenure of the crowns in the Scandinavian lands became subject to the approval of the league of German merchants. In the sixteenth

century, when the power of the Hanseatic League declined, there ensued an inevitable reaction against the foreign German dominion. "All through God and the Swedish peasantry," thus was worded the summons to revolt issued to his Dalecarlians by Gustavus Vasa, the grandfather of Gustavus Adolphus. Throwing off at once the Danish yoke, and the yoke of the German merchants, he founded in Sweden a new national kingdom. Ardent, rejoicing in action, highly cultured, ever receptive of new ideas, such was the wild brood of the Vasa; stormy was its passage through life, often burning its very self in the flames of its own passions. Undying was the love of the Swedes for the House of their great Liberator. At a later date, when there was a failure of the male line, and when the dynasty was represented only by the Countesses Palatine and other female descendants, they refused to allow the name of the Vasa, and the ears of wheat emblematic of the line, to be erased from the Swedish coat-of-arms.

At this time, however, when our commercial supremacy in Scandinavia collapsed, Germany's thoughts again turned victoriously towards the North. Gustavus Vasa became a Protestant, and partitioned the excessive wealth of the old Church between the Crown and the nobles in such a manner that the power of the Vasas must henceforward stand or fall with the Lutheran Church. Not here, as in Germany, did the change to Protestantism arise freely from the conscience of the

people; as in England, it was imposed upon the nation by a powerful royal house, which, gradually at first, and then with heart and soul, adopted the evangelical faith. Thus it came to pass that Germany, the land ecclesiastically divided by the Reformation, stood from now onwards between the Catholic world of the Romans and the strict Lutheranism of the North. The alliance between the Swedish Crown and the Lutheran Church became yet more firmly cemented when the grandson of Gustavus Vasa, King Sigismund, the elected King of Poland, reverted to the Roman Church, and was in consequence driven from the country after a confused and fiercely contested civil war. Thereupon the youngest son of Gustavus Vasa, the father of Gustavus Adolphus, was raised to the forcibly evacuated throne, under the style of King Charles IX. He was a severe and rigid man of affairs, like his father a king of the poor people, and a protector of Protestantism. Very soon a threefold war broke out in this unhappy country, whose enormous area was at this date populated by barely a million inhabitants, whose more prosperous southern provinces of Schonen and Blekingen were still occupied by the Danish enemies, and which could carry on free intercourse with the rest of Europe only through a single North Sea port, alone unhampered by the Danish Sound-dues. The expelled King in Cracow demanded his restoration to the throne; Poland, Russia, and Denmark were beginning their great

struggle for the inheritance of the fallen Hansa power, and for the dominion of the Baltic. Such was the stress of events when the old King, whose end was approaching, pointed to his youthful successor with the words: "*Ille faciet*; he will deal with it all!"

To nations, as to men of genius, there comes an hour in which an inner voice speaks to them, saying, "Now or never shalt thou manifest thy best, thy most individual, qualities to the world." From the first moment of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus the Swedish people was animated by a clear, joyful, and ever-increasing consciousness of victory. The introspective Lutheran doctrine, which elsewhere so often led its adherents to passive obedience, and to a withdrawal from the struggles of political life, became here, upon this Northern soil, contentious, like its more vigorous sister, Calvinism; and soon from every pulpit went forth the prophecy that this Gustavus was to be the Augustus of the Protestant North. A man altogether after the people's heart was this lad of seventeen, blond, with shining blue eyes, overtopping by half a head his tall fellow-countrymen, serene-spirited and filled with the joy of life, simple with the simplicity of the old North-land—for how often did he wait good-humouredly with his companions for the frozen wine to thaw in the goblets!—a master in the art of speech, and if need should arise a master also in the moving and homely eloquence of his grandfather. A careful

education had introduced the boy, precocious in development and avid of learning, to the whole range of the culture of his time. And yet, as soon became manifest to all, his heart was in the profession of arms. Pictures of battle and of victory chased one another through his dreams. He rejoiced to know that in his own veins ran pure the blood of the Gothic heroes. Inseparably and indistinguishably interfused in his mind with this warlike national pride was the serious fervour of his Lutheran creed. The great memories of the House of Vasa, the close relationship with the old Protestant races of Brandenburg, Holstein, Hesse, and the Palatinate, the campaign against his Catholic cousin in Poland, the general position of Sweden in the world—all forced him into the Protestant camp. With kingly glance surveying the religious struggles of the time, he asked only that the Churches, no longer able to control one another by force, should rather learn the lesson of mutual toleration. But he was not one like Richelieu, or Wallenstein, to regard the Church as a mere means to political ends; he lived by the Protestant faith, he knew the power of prayer, and with full heart he sang, *Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein*.¹ The ardour and sincerity of his religious belief remind us of the men of a day long past, of the leaders of the League of Schmalkald, John Frederick of Saxony and Philip of Hesse, were it not that in Gustavus Adolphus the might of

¹ "Never despair, you little band."

faith awakened, not the patience of the martyr, but the activity of the hero.

With the aid of his youthful Chancellor, Oxenstiern, torn as his country was by civil war, the King grounded within a few years the best-ordered hierarchical monarchy of his day. Lagerquist-Lorbeerzweig, Oernflycht-Adelflucht, Erenrot-Ehrenwurzelsuch were the proud names of the noble houses which here in Sweden, as throughout the aristocratic world around the shores of the Baltic, unwillingly bent their stiff necks before the power of the Monarchy. With astonishing speed were the members of this iron-handed aristocracy won for the service of the Crown by the lure of renown and booty; every nobleman who in time of war remained at home to guard his own kitchen-midden was deprived of his crown-fief. For this reason it was possible to impose also upon the faithful peasantry the heavy burden of military service; every year the clergy announced from their pulpits the names of the young men who were summoned for duty. The general administration of the country was conducted by the King through the intermediation of five great local boards. Free deliberation was permitted to the four orders of his Reichstag, but once the King had made his own decision he demanded absolute obedience, for, as he phrased it, "no laurels of war can flourish in an atmosphere of eternal dispute." Thus sure of his own people, he undertook to bring to an end the three wars left him as a legacy by his father,

and in nineteen years' campaigning built up for himself an army accustomed to victory. Only with much labour was he able to enforce a superiority over the Danes. Thereupon, turning to attack the most dangerous enemy of all, he directed himself against the Muscovites; driving the Russians from their robbers' nest on the Baltic, he conquered Ingermanland [now the governmental area of Petrograd] and Karelia [South-eastern Finland], the whole bordering country of the Gulf of Finland, and in the neighbourhood of the modern Petersburg he erected the column which announces to the world that here Gustavus Adolphus established the boundary of his kingdom. He then led his devoted followers against the Poles, and here for the first time encountered the armed forces of the counter-Reformation. To the kingdom of Poland, hitherto rejoicing in victory, he brought the first great defeat of two centuries, conquering Livonia, securing for the Protestant Church its threatened possessions, and establishing his power in the seaports of Prussia. More and more clearly was now manifested the leading idea of his life, the foundation of a great Scandinavian Empire, which should unite under the blue and yellow flag of Sweden all the dominions of the Baltic Sea.

These manifold successes fell to the arms of Gustavus Adolphus without any interference upon the part of the Powers of the West, for no states-system was yet in existence. The region of

Central Europe, this Germany of ours, destined in a future day to unite the East and the West of Europe into a living Society of States, lay now prostrate, bleeding from a thousand wounds, torn asunder by a fierce struggle of factions; and only when Gustavus Adolphus, in his victorious progress, approached the German frontiers was he drawn into the maelstrom of the great German War. For sixty-three years had Germany, as in a dream, lived at peace under the ægis of the Augsburg Confession—a false peace, for it gave no satisfaction to the heart, and left unsolved all the great contested questions of our imperial law. Looking on idly, acquiescing in these stormy quarrels of the Lutheran and Calvinistic theologians, the Protestants of Germany had watched the Jesuits leading back in time of peace, now through cunning and now through force, whole areas of the South and of the West into the Romish Church; they had looked on whilst in the Burgundian region of the Empire, at the mouth of the great German river, the Dutch had waged a desperate war against the world-wide Monarchy of the Hapsburgs; they had heard the warning of William of Orange: "If Germany remains an inert spectator of our tragedy, a war will assuredly break out on her own soil in comparison with which all previous wars will seem a trifle!" Now the prophecy was fulfilled. The most terrible of all wars began, terrible not merely through the savagery of the armies engaged in the struggle, but

also through its lack of ideal aims; for in this unhappy Empire, tossed to and fro among four factions, religious and political contrasts became involved in a hopeless confusion, and of the lofty passions of the early days of the Reformation there remained hardly anything beyond obscure and evil-minded ecclesiastical hatred.

The two lines of the House of Hapsburg, the Austrian and the Spanish, made common cause against heresy; they allied themselves with Maximilian of Bavaria, the leader of the German Catholic League, with the Italian Princes, and with the Crown of Poland. Almost the whole of European Catholicism, France alone excepted, employed its mercenary troops in the service of this imperial policy, which, firm, cool-handed, and favoured by fortune, advanced towards its goal, arousing the admiration even of Gustavus Adolphus by the relentless force of its will. "The Emperor," said Gustavus more than once, "is a great statesman, and does everything that turns to his own advantage." As a speedy result, all the hereditary dominions of the Emperor, not excepting Bohemia, the ancient home of heresy, and the Protestant peasantry of Upper Austria, returned to the Roman fold. South Germany was subdued, the Elector Palatine was driven from his country and his people; the Spaniards occupied a chain of fortresses along the Rhine, and were thus enabled to send troops safely from Milan, by way of the Tyrol and through Germany, to

attack the Netherlands. Next, the small armies of the Protestant leaders of the North were routed, and at length the Danish Prince was driven out of Holstein. As in the days of the Othos, the Emperor's troops penetrated even into Jutland. The imperial flag, bearing the double eagle and the image of the Virgin, waved victoriously along the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea. Wallenstein, the Czech Commander-in-Chief of the imperial forces, was already laying the foundations of a sea-power, wishing, by means of a canal between Wismar and the Elbe, to unite the Baltic with the North Sea, and proposing to found an imperial harbour at Jahdebusen, at the very door of the Dutch rebels, where Wilhelmshaven now stands.

In the year 1629, the imperial policy uttered its last word. The Restitution Edict excluded the members of the Reformed Churches from the toleration of the Augsburg Confession, and decreed that all the ecclesiastical foundations which since the date of the Augsburg Confession had belonged to the Evangelical Church, all the great immediate bishoprics of the old *Germania sacra* of the North, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Bremen, and Lübeck, the prince-bishoprics of Meissen, Brandenburg, and many others, should revert to the Roman dominion. What a prospect! The peaceful development of two generations was to be swept away by this arbitrary decree. The Protestant inhabitants of these old ecclesiastical areas were once more to be subjected to the rule of the crosier,

and an Archduke was to reign at Magdeburg as Catholic Archbishop! Had these measures been carried out, the very roots of German Protestantism would have been cut away, alike politically and ecclesiastically; Protestantism would, in fact, have been completely annihilated; and further, the Princely Houses of the Empire attached to the reformed doctrine, those of Brandenburg, of Hesse, of the Palatinate, and of the Anhalts of Ascania, would have been deprived of their dominions as rebels and heretics; and indeed the Mecklenburgs, the Brunswicks, and numerous other Protestant Princes, had already fallen into misery, and had been forced to surrender their lands to the military chiefs of the Empire. Never was our Fatherland so near to the attainment of unity, and Wallenstein had voiced the threat that there was no longer any need of Princes and Electors. But the unity that would thus have been imposed by the Spanish priests of the Society of Jesus, by condottieri and mercenary soldiers owning allegiance to no fatherland of their own, would have destroyed all freedom of spirit, would have annihilated our German ego. A cry of horror arose from the entire Protestant world. But whence could any help come? The lands of the only two Protestant Princes who still wore the electoral ermine, those of Brandenburg and Saxony, were overrun by the imperial armies. Moreover, both these Electors were paralyzed, their wills were divided, they were influenced by the traditional spirit of allegiance to

the Emperor, a spirit admirable even if mistaken; they were paralyzed by the undisciplined state of their principalities, rendering impossible the effective levying of troops. There was no hope here. Such was the dissension among the German Protestants, so absolute was their ineffectiveness, that help could come from a foreign Power alone.

The King of Sweden was left no other choice. He was well acquainted with the general state of European affairs; he had long vainly endeavoured to induce the Protestant Powers of Northern Europe that still remained free—England, Holland, and Denmark—to form a league against the Hapsburgs; once already, during his Polish campaign, he had fought unsuccessfully with the imperial troops on the heath of Stuhm. If the power of the licentious imperial soldiery were to be extended yet farther along the Baltic, not only would his dream of a great Northern monarchy be shattered, but even his existing small kingdom would be endangered, for unquestionably in that case the Polish Vasas who were allied with Austria would endeavour to reconquer the Swedish Crown. "It is by the safety of our neighbours," said Gustavus to his faithful supporters, "that we must secure our own." In fiery words he added—he who had never learned to play the hypocrite—"I will liberate my oppressed fellow-believers from the Papal yoke." Political duty and religious duty called to him with one voice. In the outcome, as always when decisions

of world-historical importance are in question, we note the half-hidden working of genius, the secret conviction of fateful consequences and of divine inspiration.

In July, 1630, he landed on Rügen, just one hundred years after the Protestants of Germany had made their Confession of Faith. That forlorn widow, the Augsburg Confession, had at length found her consoler. Yet almost a whole year elapsed before the Princes of North Germany could overcome their fear of the Emperor and their mistrust of the foreign helper. A shining figure, inspired by heroic confidence, did Gustavus appear among these timorous hesitants. "I tell you that no middle course is possible," he repeats again and again in his speeches; "the Rubicon is crossed, the die is cast; the fight is between God and the devil, and there is no third side. What sort of a thing is neutrality? I know not the word!" Slowly pushing his way forward in a laborious campaign, which long afterwards aroused the profound admiration of Napoleon, he penetrated with his little army into Pomerania and the Mark, receiving secret financial aid from France, but being all the while extremely careful to keep this dangerous neighbour from more active intervention in the German war. A diplomatic turn of events at the Imperial Court at length brought some clearness into the confusion. Wallenstein, the worldly warrior, who wished all priests at the devil, desired to come to terms with Sweden, to get the German

Protestants on his side, by restricting the application of the Restitution Edict, and then to use the combined forces of Austria, Spain, and united Germany against Catholic France and the Protestant Netherlands, in order to extend the Hapsburg dominion over the whole of Latin Europe. The Catholic League, on the other hand, and the clerical party at the Viennese Court, demanded the uprooting of the North German heresy, and unrelenting warfare against North Germany's Swedish allies. The Emperor Ferdinand was pulled one way by his Commander-in-Chief and the other by his spiritual director. The priests naturally won the game. Wallenstein was overthrown, and during the three and a half years which Gustavus Adolphus spent upon German soil, the confused struggle, though continually changing its complexion, never ceased to present the characteristics of a religious war.

It was now indeed a fight for the very existence of Protestantism. The imperial armies were led by the Walloon, Tilly, who, though less remorseless than the savage Wallenstein, was even more cordially hated by our Protestant people, who saw in him the actual embodiment of the churchly hatred of the Catholic party. To the battle-cry of the imperial troops, "Mary, Mother of God," the army of Gustavus Adolphus made answer, "God is on our side!"

When Magdeburg had been burned by the imperial forces, and when the lamentable fall of

this martyr-town of Protestantism (which had once defied the armies of Charles V) had been greeted by the Catholic world with a howl of derision, Gustavus Adolphus determined to constrain his still hesitating brother-in-law of Brandenburg to join the Protestant alliance. The timorous Elector of Saxony now also made up his mind. The King of Sweden crossed the Elbe, and the Protestants drew breath once more to see how in the camp at Werben he gave pause to the never yet defeated Tilly. Thence he was drawn southward by an appeal for help from the Elector of Saxony, and in the great battle-ground of Central Germany (twice again to be devastated in the present war), on the Leipzig plain near Breitenfeld, matters came to a decisive issue. The imperial knights, heedlessly pursuing the Saxon troops, the defeated left wing of the Protestant army, were suddenly attacked on their own left flank by a rapid wheeling movement of the Swedish centre; Tilly's disorganized and closely-packed forces were overrun by the readily mobile and rapidly firing lines of the Swedes. The unconquerable Walloon chief was utterly defeated, and, in a moment, despair was lifted from the hearts of the Protestants. The faithful town of Stralsund, which had been victorious over Wallenstein, sent the hero-King the following greeting:

Der Leu aus Mitternacht, den Gottes Geist ver-
heissen,

Der Babels Stolz und Pracht soll brechen und zer-
reissen!

Wo's Fahnen in der Luft, wo's Sturm und Schlachten
gibt,

Das ist ein Freudenspiel, das unser Leu beliebt.¹

Now for the first time since the days of Martin Luther there was displayed before the eyes of our people the figure of a man towards whom all must look either in love or in hate. It was the day of liberation. German Protestantism was rescued; equality of beliefs was assured. No longer was it possible to speak of any such uprooting of Protestantism as had been planned by the Restitution Edict; and in view of the character of this war, carried on in a land without a capital city, conducted by small armies in many different places at once and under the walls of innumerable fortresses it was hardly possible to expect that there should occur another complete reversal of the fortunes of war.

Gustavus Adolphus found his truest friends among the warm-hearted Protestants of South Germany, who had almost forgotten how to hope. A shout of exultation, a cry of irrepressible gratitude, arose from them, as he turned towards Franconia, in order here also to lift from the people

- * "The Lion of the North-land, Saviour by God foretold,
To dust shall bring and ashes the pride of Babel old!
Where wave the flags, where screams the storm, where
rages fierce the fight,
'Tis there, in midmost battle, our Lion finds delight."

the burden of Catholic oppression. In Nuremberg the people crowded round the King, while celebrating his heroic personality in song, in picture, and in speech: "If you wish to see him all in all, you must look the world over!" A retinue of German Protestant Princes, among whom was Frederick, the dethroned King of Bohemia, now surrounded him; the Swedes and Livonians he had brought with him to Rügen were joined by auxiliary regiments raised in Germany, and the two nations made common cause in an unremitting quest for fighting men. Amid the popular jubilation which rose tumultuously on all sides, Gustavus Adolphus never forgot that he was amid foreigners; and on one occasion, when a quarrel arose among his German associates, he said: "I would rather herd swine in my own country than have to do with such a nation of imbeciles." After a sojourn in the Rhineland, he turned his steps towards Bavaria, the Acropolis of the Catholic League. In a bloody contest on the Lech, Tilly lost the battle and his life. The Elector Maximilian took to flight, abandoning Munich to the conqueror. In the residential Schloss, the ever-burning lamp, which for so long had been kept alight before the image of the Virgin, the Patroness of Bavaria, was now extinguished; but the service of God became free to all, and the Jesuits cried angrily to the King: "Yours is the sin; you were sent to bring peace, and you have sown war." Never before had the power of his

personality shone forth so radiantly. Even the Bavarian people, at first profoundly hostile, began to yield him their affection, as he rode alone among them through the narrow streets in simple cloak and slouched hat, throwing gold to the crowd, and talking confidentially with the common folk.

He stood now at the summit of his fame, and also at the tragical turning-point of his career. He could not escape the curse which ever falls upon the foreign conqueror. But the daily work of his life, in so far as it could bring salvation to us Germans, was completed. Undoubtedly he cherished dreams of Cæsarism, dreams that must become more persistent as his victories became more extensive. Not with a small reward could the hot blood of the Vasas be appeased, nor was it by chance that upon the trappings of his war-charger there gleamed the gilded imperial eagles. Yet in truth the Roman Imperial throne, inseparably associated with the Catholic Church, and dependent upon the Catholic majority of the Electors of the Empire, could never seem an object of desire to one who with all his venturesomeness never lost the sense of what was possible. He remained King of Sweden. How then, in this age of harsh political rationalism, when everyone regarded his neighbour as a possible enemy, could Gustavus desire the union of Germany? "All my successes here," he was accustomed to say, "rest upon my homeland"; always he held fast to the thought of his Greater Scandinavian Em-

pire. He wished to add to the domains of his own Crown Pomerania, and whatever else he could of the German coast lands; he hoped with the aid of the granaries of this region to ensure the food supply of his impoverished native country. It was thus his aim to cut off the German Empire from the sea, and to hem in Denmark in such a way that sooner or later all the confines of the Baltic should pass under the rule of the Vasas. If, until further notice, he exacted homage from the conquered Franconian bishoprics, this was for two reasons only, in part to give these ecclesiastical lands in fief to Bernard of Weimar, and his faithful allies among the Protestant Princes, and in part to retain them in pledge with a view, when peace should come, to exchange them for German coast lands. When he had acquired these extensive possessions on the Baltic he would be able, he believed, to enter the German Reichstag as a stateholder, as director of a *Corpus Evangelicorum* which should form a State within the State, an ordered opposition, to maintain the equality of the creeds. A portion of these aims was subsequently accomplished by the hands of his weaker successors in the terms of the Treaty of Westphalia—and who can now deny that the religious peace of the Empire was thus ensured, though at a grave, a destructive cost to the integrity of our political power? We need not hesitate to proclaim that it was by the kindness of fate that the saviour of German Protestantism was called to his account at

the very moment when he must otherwise have become the enemy of our national state.

Terrified by the victories of this Gothic hero, the Emperor resolved to recall Wallenstein to power, and to restore him to uncontrolled command of the imperial forces; and as soon as the recruiting trumpets of the fortunate Friedlander began to sound, the fighting men, greedy of fame and plunder, flocked to his standard in crowds. Gustavus Adolphus was soon to learn that he had at length met his equal. He was unable to prevent a junction between the imperial and the Bavarian armies. When subsequently Wallenstein, besieged in the Old Fortifications of Nüremberg, remained firmly entrenched, the Swedish army again and again vainly attempted to take the position by storm. The King had to abandon the siege, and the Friedlander wrote in his boastful style, "Here the Swede was compelled timorously to draw in his horns." Now Wallenstein turned northward against Central Germany. His Croats in Thuringia and Holk's riders in the Erzgebirge wrought fire and slaughter. Gustavus Adolphus followed Wallenstein towards the North, for his homeward line of retreat was threatened. The ravaged Thuringians greeted him joyfully and embraced his knees. The view of the naked and suffering was a great shock to him. "God will punish me," he said, "for these people honour me as a God!" On the field of Lützen, quite close to the site of the most magnificent of his earlier

victories, he joined battle. The soldiers of both nations, Germans and Swedes, greeted their commander as he rode by with loud clashing of their arms, and he uttered the prayer, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, let us fight to-day in Thy name!" It was thus with a prayer upon his lips that he plunged into the thick autumnal fog, to find a hero's death.

His influence was the last flash of the ideal in this monstrous war. The Swedish armies, speedily lapsing into savagery when the strict disciplinarian was removed, now fought only about the miserable question, how many fragments of German land should be allotted to them in compensation. They were joined in alliance by France, for with the death of Gustavus Adolphus, a free hand was given to French designs in Germany. Nevertheless, the inexhaustible energy of our nation soon produced a new political structure. The great Elector of Brandenburg, the nephew of Gustavus Adolphus, became at once his heir and his enemy. At the Westphalian Peace Congress, Brandenburg succeeded in bringing about a complete victory for the ecclesiastical ideas of Gustavus Adolphus, effecting an honourable religious peace, and securing equality for all creeds. Within the interior, too, of the young Prussian State, the Swedish traditions long remained operative. By studying the example of his uncle, the Elector Frederick William learned how to control the power of the estates of the realm, and to maintain a powerful and warlike monarchical rule. Through the

influence of the Swedish veterans who took service under the Red Eagle, many Swedish military practices were introduced into the young army, such as a ready mobility of the troops, increased rapidity of fire for the infantry, and the use of Gustavus Adolphus' war-cry, "Gott mit uns!" Yet so ambiguous are all historical tendencies, that it was Frederick William who first began the destruction of the political work of his uncle. The Swedes exacted the payment of a terrible price for their help. They established themselves as masters along all our coasts, and, as Frederick William complained, the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder were all in foreign hands. For nearly two hundred years Prussia had to struggle, now with the sword and now with the pen, against the Swedish dominion, from the time of the first Northern War and the victory of Fehrbellin, in 1675, until at length, in the year 1815, the last traces of Swedish control passed away and North Germany once more became master in its own household.

Of the three colossi whose names then filled the world with alarm, the figure of Wallenstein appears the gloomiest. He was, unquestionably, a great warrior, yet a homeless man, always willing to sacrifice his nationality and his faith on the shrine of his ambition. He was an adventurer of genius, hoping now for an Italian and now for a German princely coronet; now dreaming of a world dominion for the House of Hapsburg, now of a Holy War

against the Turks, and now of a new sack of Rome; and yet amid all these gigantic plans thinking always and only of his own great ego. "God in heaven; I, myself, on earth," such was his blasphemous motto, and he died the dreadful death of the betrayer. A more auspicious figure is that of Richelieu, for this French Bismarck was firmly planted upon that soil of nationality wherein is rooted all political greatness. He brought to completion all that which the policy of the French kings had been carefully preparing for centuries, the unity of his Fatherland. But alike in nobility of soul and in human greatness Gustavus Adolphus excels both the others. His fate resembled that of Alexander of Macedon, for the two men were alike in the rapidity of their victory and in their sudden and premature deaths. Alexander's world-dominion broke up upon the death of its founder, but for hundreds of years what he had done for the civilization of humanity remained. He compelled the Greeks to replace Greek nationalism by the citizenship of the world; he transformed the material rule of Greece into the dominion of the Greek spirit; he disseminated Greek culture throughout Asia Minor, and thus it became possible for the message of the Christian gospels to be conveyed in the Greek tongue to all the Mediterranean peoples. In like manner vanished the greater Scandinavian Empire of Gustavus Adolphus. Neither of the two artificially constructed Great Powers of the seventeenth century, the sea-

power of Holland and the land-power of Sweden, could persist, for their foundations were too slender; the one was overthrown by England, and the other by Prussian Germany, which were better in a position to maintain themselves as Great Powers, being endowed with stronger natural forces. But that which has persisted, that which, God willing, shall persist for all time, is the free Protestant Word, which Gustavus Adolphus preserved for the heart of Europe; that which has persisted is the living mutual tolerance of the German creeds. Upon these things has been established our new united Empire, unified politically though composite ecclesiastically; upon these things has been established our entire modern civilization; upon these rests that fine humanity which enables the Germans, Protestants and Catholics alike, to enjoy a thought which is at once free and pious.

It is for these reasons that to-day with full heart we express our thankfulness to our Swedish kinsmen and neighbours, to those who first received at our hands the blessings of the Reformation, and subsequently sent us as saviour the Lion of the Northland. Nowhere is this gratitude more manifest than in this youthful colony of Old Germany, which a wonderful destiny has raised to the premier position in the new Empire. For three hundred years only did these countries of the March belong to the Romish Church, and for more than three and a half centuries now have they enjoyed Protestant freedom. Here we live and work in the free air of

Protestantism. Not with a view to the re-opening of old wounds, but simply in order to give honour where honour is due, has Protestant Germany grounded upon the name of the Swedish King that noble institution which brings help and consolation to our oppressed Protestant brethren throughout the world. Gustavus Adolphus does not belong to a single nation, but to the whole of Protestant Christendom.

OUR EMPIRE

(*Berlin*, 1886.)

[Prefatory Note by Translator.—In the essay which follows, Treitschke employs the terms *monarchy* and *monarchical*, sometimes in the sense usual in England, sometimes rather to signify *autocracy* and *autocratic*. I have thought it preferable to retain the former terms throughout, as the context will always make the meaning evident, once the reader's attention has been drawn to the possible ambiguity.]

TWENTY-TWO years ago, when I wrote my essay upon "The Federal State and the Centralized State" (*Bundesstaat und Einheitsstaat*), I had an obscure premonition that a great hour was approaching for our Fatherland, and that the good sword of Prussia would cut the Gordian knot of the old federal policy. Since then, by a wonderful dispensation of Providence, the boldest dreams that I ventured in the above-mentioned essay have been realized to a degree exceeding my utmost expectations, and the rich history of our re-established Empire has rendered necessary a critical revision of the theory of confederations and other unions of states. As long ago as 1874 I myself attempted a scientific appreciation of our recently acquired political experiences, and in the present essay I give no more than a summary of what

I then expounded in detail in my treatise on "Federation and Empire" (*Bund und Reich*).

The theory of G. Waitz, which assumes in the federal state a division of sovereignty between the central administration and the separate states of the federation, is not merely inapplicable to German conditions, but is in open contradiction with the very nature of the State, and also with the constitution of the Swiss Confederation and with that of the American Union. For the very reason that the chief administration *is* the chief, a division of its sovereignty is inconceivable, and the sole scientifically possible distinction between the confederation of states and the federal state is to be found in this, that in the confederation of states sovereignty attaches to the members of the confederation, to the individual states, whereas in the federal state it attaches to the centralized unity. The confederation of states is a union of sovereign states based upon international law; the individual elements of the confederation are not the citizens of the respective states of the confederation, but the national governments of these, and the said governments are competent, in accordance with international law, to declare the confederation dissolved in the event of any breach in its constitution. The federal state is an image of state-right, and is for this reason, like any other state, legally eternal and indissoluble. Its administration has the unrestricted power possessed by that of any sovereign state. It passes laws

which override the individual-state laws, and which must be obeyed by the individual states and by the citizens of these; in the carrying of its decisions into effect it employs, as the circumstances may dictate, now its own immediate officials, now the individual states, and sometimes both together, but always retains the powers of supervision and control; finally, in it is vested the determination of the prerogatives of the individual states, for the central government of the federal state always possesses the faculty of enlarging its own powers by a revision of the constitution. Directly a confederation of states becomes transformed into a federal state, the sovereignty of the individual states disappears, for the individual states become subject to the authority of the newly formed federal state, and are liable to be punished by this last for disobedience or high treason—as was proved alike theoretically and practically by the Civil War in the United States of America. The federal state is more closely akin than is the confederation of states to the fully unified state, the sole difference being that in the case of the federal state the decisions of the central government come into effect only through the co-operation of the individual states, and that the prerogatives still retained by these have not been formally handed over to the central power. For this reason the transition from a confederation of states to a federal state is a process which always involves severe struggles and often actual war, for the individual states of a

confederation will not readily abandon their sovereign powers.

This federal state constitution such as is possessed by Switzerland and the United States has certain characteristics which belong also to the constitution of the German Empire. Our Empire, too, possesses a supreme centralized administration, whose decisions are effected in co-operation with the individual states, decisions, obedience to which is exacted alike from these states and from their citizens. With us, also, the principle holds good that national law overrides state law. Like the states of the American Union and like the Swiss Cantons, the individual German states have lost their sovereignty, and from the strictly scientific standpoint can no longer be regarded as states, for they lack the two rights upon which, so long as there has been any theory of government, the idea of sovereignty has been grounded—the right to take up arms, and the power to determine the extent of their own prerogatives. They do not possess personal or individual freedom of action under international law; in the society of states they cannot exhibit the powers of an independent will, and they are subordinated to the Empire which protects them with the might of its arms; they are incompetent to enlarge the sphere of their own prerogatives in accordance with their own desires, for they must rest content with the prerogatives allotted to them by the central government, which always retains the power of further restriction.

It is true that the language of the Constitution as well as the language of common life speaks of the *States* of the German Confederation; but the Constitution, more especially in respect of these complicated federal relationships, is always guided by historical considerations, or by considerations of political expediency, and is thereby often involved in error from the strictly scientific outlook. The states of the Republic of the United Netherlands were for two hundred years officially styled "Provinces," although they were unquestionably sovereign states. In Switzerland, the sovereign members of the Confederation were from 1814 onwards given the modest name of Canton, and this name was preserved after the radical alteration of the constitution in the year 1848; whereas the individual members of the North American Union retain in the federal state the title of State under which they entered the original confederation.

It might seem desirable, for the sake of peace, to avoid the open proclamation of this truth, which is disagreeable to the advocates of separatism; but science must not lie, must not out of respect to the vanity of the German princes abandon those fundamentals of political theory which have been acquired by the difficult labour of hundreds of years—must pay no attention to the foolish dicta of not a few professors, to the effect that to-day there exist "non-sovereign" as well as "sovereign states." Since it is certain that any community becomes a state from the moment that

it attains to sovereignty, and since it is certain that a state becomes transformed into a province directly it is forced to recognize the sovereignty of a conqueror, it necessarily follows that in sovereignty is to be found the essential characteristic of the state, the characteristic by which the state is distinguished from all other human communities. A "state of states," a state that rules over states, is theoretically an absurdity, and in practice it is unending anarchy. Such a state of states was the *monstrum politicum* of Pufendorf, the Holy Roman Empire in its closing centuries. When we find Ludolf Hugo, Pütter, and other imperial publicists, endeavouring to find consolation for the miseries of Germany in the insane notions of the Over-State and the Under-State, we may ascribe this to the urgency of patriotic need; but we must not apply to the active and vigorous national structures of our own day these opportunist phrases born out of the processes of decomposition of a community on the way to destruction. The communities subordinated to the authority of a modern federal state are themselves no longer states, and this statement applies to the individual communities which make up the German Empire.

Such superficial comparisons, however, hardly touch the kernel of the matter. No reflective statesman can deny that our Empire is a quite peculiar structure, sharply distinguished in its history, in its position in the world, and in its aims, from the federal states of America and

Switzerland. The high-sounding phrase, "Empire is a concept utterly foreign to the domain of Public Law," does not render non-existent this incontrovertible fact. The Empire exists and will continue to flourish long after the present doctrines of imperial law have been forgotten. It does not become theory to endeavour to fit the great new formations of history to the Procrustean bed of ready-made concepts. Theory remains true only when it continues to learn from life, and when its concepts are subject to continuous transformation in accordance with the teachings of experience. Law is ever subject to the danger of becoming enmeshed in its own formalisms; the doctrine of public law becomes utterly futile if it attempts to throw a dam athwart the main stream of history, if it shirks the labour of studying, in addition to the frame-work of existing laws, those laws also which are decaying and those which are springing to life, if it refuses to pay due attention to those political relationships which are undergoing incorporation in constitutional forms.

Anyone properly equipped with the historical sense, who approaches the study of German imperial law, cannot fail to recognize two important distinctions which forbid any comparison with the federal states of America and Switzerland. The constitution of these two federal states rests upon the equality of all the members of the federal union, but our imperial constitution rests upon inequality, upon the preponderant power of

Prussia. To the crown of this leading State is attached a hereditary right to the imperial throne; and there is attached also a monarchical dominion which, though still incomplete in form, grows stronger daily under our very eyes, and which represents the ideas of national unity far more effectively than the central authority of a federal state can ever represent them. In the great days of its history, Germany was a national monarchy. As this monarchical feudal dominion fell to pieces and the power of its kingship passed into the hands of the estates of the Empire, a new monarchical Power, that of the Crown of Prussia, gradually became established upon the site of these territorial states. It was Prussia which created our new Empire, which liberated us from Austria, and which, by the annexations of the year 1866, enlarged the area of its own direct rule, and thus became empowered to direct the fate of the whole of Germany. By right of sword, by the might of established fact, Prussia was enabled to impose upon the sovereign states of the North the compacts which led to the formation of the North German Federation; and this new national state was subsequently joined by the states of South Germany, for these recognized that the maintenance of their independent sovereignty had become impossible, and they were no longer able to resist the national impulse towards unity, which had now at length found full expression. The Prussian army and navy, the Prussian postal and telegraphic services,

the Prussian customs, and the Prussian banking system, underwent expansion to become general German institutions. Without any sacrifice, Prussia was able to make to the Empire a free gift of her navy and her postal service, and to arrange for much of the imperial business to be conducted by her own officials; for in truth the Prussian State had conducted three victorious campaigns, not in order immediately thereafter to subject herself to a newly created imperial authority, but in order to maintain and enlarge her own dominion, to take into her own hands the imperial hegemony, with the co-operation of the smaller allied states.

The result is that Prussia, however carefully the wording of the Constitution may conceal the fact, occupies in reality and in law a position altogether different from that occupied by the other countries of the Empire. The Prussian State alone has remained a true state. Prussia alone cannot be constrained by executive decree to the fulfilment of her imperial duties, for in the hands of the Emperor rests the enforcement of such a decree—and the Emperor is King of Prussia. The entire imperial policy reposes upon the tacit assumption that there cannot possibly exist a permanent conflict between the will of the Empire and the will of the Prussian State. In matters of subordinate importance, the dominant state may display a yielding disposition; it does, indeed, exhibit such a disposition to a high degree, and this even in cases where the Prussian view is unques-

tionably the right one—witness, for example, the absurd imperial law in accordance with which the seat of the imperial court of law is placed elsewhere than in the capital city of the Empire. But in all matters of decisive importance Prussia has the determining voice, and the good sense of the nation has long recognized that this new order of things corresponds to the distribution of power and is in accordance with the dictates of simple justice. Of all the countries of the Empire, Prussia alone retains the right of taking up arms, for the King of Prussia is also, as Emperor, the War-Lord of the Empire. The Prussian State alone cannot be deprived against its will of the prerogatives with which it is endowed by the Imperial Constitution, for Prussia possesses seventeen votes in the Federal Council, and these suffice to safeguard it in this respect. Thus from the historical point of view the German Empire is the Prussian-German Unified State, with the accessory countries associated with Prussia as federal companions.

The necessary and valuable hegemony of the Prussian State is, however, exercised under forms which carefully safeguard the legitimate self-respect of our princes and peoples. It is by the nature of things, even more than in virtue of the deliberate intentions of statesmen, that the German State has been re-conducted into the channels of the old imperial law. All that was just and wise in the institutions of the Holy Empire is revived under our own eyes in new forms.

Our Imperial Constitution is at once old and young; it has revived the ancient and unforgotten political traditions of our race in so far as these were adapted to the tendencies and needs of our day. It is for this reason that within so short a time the people has given its full confidence to the new order. Those only who have grasped the interconnection between the old elements and the new will understand the political character of the new Empire, which presents as united an aspect among the community of modern states as was ever presented by the Empire of old.

Now, as of old, the great names, *Emperor* and *Empire*, exercise their charm upon the German spirit, and this above all in those Franconian and Suabian regions which were so long altogether hostile to the Prussian State, and which only through their firmly established sense of imperial loyalty have been enabled to regain an understanding of the creative energies of this new epoch in our history. The honour thus paid to the imperial name is no empty sport of the popular imagination. On the ever-memorable day of Versailles, King William expressly stated that it was his determination to re-establish the imperial dignity which had been in abeyance for sixty years, to resume the crown of Charlemagne and the old single-headed eagle. The imperial dignity of the Hohenzollern is the most ancient and most venerable in all the world. In the course of centuries many changes have occurred in the

boundaries of Germany; within quite recent times considerable losses were suffered in the South-East, whilst compensatory expansion occurred in Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Old Prussia, and Posen. Nevertheless, in the political sense, though not in the strictly legal sense, this New Empire is the successor of the Old; herein has the National State of the Germans found its new expression.

Anything is possible to the German doctrinaire. In the days when the imperial authority had become a mere shadow, and when Frederick the Great, with clear insight, described the fallen Empire as the Illustrious Republic of the German Princes, many of the expounders of German imperial law were continuing to speak of the monarchical authority of the successor of Charlemagne. Similarly, to-day, we are assured from many professorial chairs that the German Empire is a Republic of States, although every sober student of political reality must recognize at the first glance that the imperial dominion inseparably associated with the Prussian crown is by far the most powerful monarchical authority of Western Europe. Can any one assert that the crown of England, Sweden, Italy, or Belgium is more powerful than our imperial rule? No one is better acquainted with the facts than the members of that rude Party which considers only the realities of power, for in the inflammatory writings of the Anarchists there is a perpetual recurrence of the complaint that the German crown is the most strongly estab-

lished of all. The Emperor rules by God's will, in virtue of inherent right; he is not a delegate of the Federal Council, nor yet a responsible official. He is in command of the finest army in the world, for that military independence which attaches in time of peace to the crown of Bavaria is altogether devoid of political significance; and although the fusion of the four German officers' corps to form a single body, like numerous other simplifications, still remains a desideratum, the German army, in organization, training, and above all in its morale, is, to say the least of it, as symmetrical and as firmly united as are the armies of the other Great Powers. The Emperor represents the Empire in all foreign relations, and in the language of diplomacy he is styled *Empereur d'Allemagne*; through him alone does the political will of Germany find expression in the community of nations, and such expression that the right of the German Princes to an independent representation at foreign Courts has become no more than a sort of harmless play-acting. He summons and dismisses the Federal Council as he opens and closes the Reichstag. He possesses, not by law but by the nature of things, the right of initiative, for all legislative proposals of the Federal Council are entrusted to the Emperor for execution. He speaks to the Reichstag, not simply in the name of the Federal Council, but, if he thinks fit, personally as well; no opposition to the imperial representative has ever manifested itself in the Federal

Council, for our Princes have felt that no expression of their personal opinion should impinge upon the living incorporation of imperial authority. The Emperor possesses the power of veto in a few cases which are expressly detailed in the Constitution, and is entitled to suspend the application of an imperial law in those cases only in which he doubts its formal validity; thus it may sometimes happen that he will have to promulgate a law of which he disapproves, but owing to the preponderant power of Prussia this will far more rarely happen in Germany than in most constitutional monarchies. The Emperor is the director of the whole imperial policy; he supervises the execution of the imperial laws, and although he is not invested, as was formerly the Roman Emperor, with the supreme judicial authority, his power has been so long and so firmly established that important controverted questions in the common law of the individual states, such as the question of the Brunswick trade, may in the last resort be decided by the Emperor alone.

The two weaknesses which led to the destruction of the old German monarchy have been completely removed in the constitution of the New Empire. Although the Emperor does not personally receive a Civil List from the Empire, he is, as head of the Executive, furnished with sufficient financial and military powers. The Old Empire was the national monarchy in process of dissolution, whereas the New Empire is the national monarchy in

process of evolution. The new imperialism has renounced the theocratic claim to world-dominion which was made by the Holy Roman Empire, but in the actual world of every day it has established more firmly than ever the monarchical powers that attached to the old imperial rule. In a monarchy the will of the state finds direct expression in the determinations of an independent Head of the Executive, whereas in a Republic it finds expression as the outcome of the struggles of parties and of the estates of the realm. An application of these considerations to modern German conditions renders incontestable the monarchical character of the German Empire. Every fresh political task imposed upon our people by the progress of history inevitably strengthens the monarchical authority of our Emperor. Our colonies are acquired and protected by "His Majesty's ships," by a portion of the national armed force which is under the direct command of the Emperor; and for a long time to come the political destinies of these daughter-lands will be decided by imperial letters and decrees in whose authorship the Federal Council will have very little to say.

Now, as of old, the imperial dominion owes some of the consideration that it receives to the prestige of its own House. Not now, as in former days, is Prussia, as a heritage of the House of Hapsburg, estranged from the national life, and liberated from the principal responsibilities of imperial rule; it is German through and through, bearing all the

burdens of Empire, and so richly endowed with state-constructive energies that the Imperial Constitution took bodily from Prussia several of its most important institutions, and recent Prussian history appears in many respects, though not in all, as the precursor of the New Empire. At the South German Courts, the inchoate character of the Austrian hereditary dominion aroused at one time justifiable suspicion; but the Prussian State has, since the acquirements of the year 1866, become so powerful, and has through the instrumentality of the imperial throne become so firmly allied with the smaller lands of the Empire, that it would be a false policy for Prussia to desire any extension of its own boundaries at the expense of its federal allies. Confidence in the justice and moderation of the imperial policy is a firm bond of imperial unity. It would be folly to forfeit this confidence in a possibly fallacious hope of a better adjustment of the Prussian boundary. Consequently it was without regret that the complete reunion of the old Guelph lands which recently seemed so easy of attainment was renounced. The prestige of the Imperial House is great enough to effect by its own unaided powers many important national tasks. The Prussian State is competent to effect by itself the indispensable safeguarding of German rule on the eastern frontier. Being thus supported by the prestige of the Imperial House, the Imperial Rule has ever two strings to its bow; by circuitous paths, and with the aid

of the Prussian legislative chamber, it is in a position to gain ends which are unattainable by the imperial route. When the brilliant plan for an imperial system of railways broke down, the great Prussian system of state railways immediately came into being. Sooner or later the history of the *Zollverein* (Customs Union) will certainly be repeated, and in one way or another the Prussian railway system will reach out to impose a firmer and more harmonious order upon all the railways of Germany.

As with the Imperial Dominion, so also has the anciently grounded esteem for the Imperial Chancellorship been reawakened among the Germans—chiefly by the simple power of history, and not by any deliberate purpose. In the Constitution of the North German Federation it was proposed that the office of Chancellor should be held as an accessory function by the first Prussian plenipotentiary in the Federation, but the Reichstag demanded the appointment of a responsible representative of the federal policy, and inasmuch as this constitutional responsibility was imposed upon the Chancellor alone, his office acquired at the outset an independent importance which no one had foreseen. Out of this office has proceeded the entire organism of our imperial officialdom. In the New Empire, just as in the Old, the position of the Chancellor is a duplex one: he is at the same time the Chief Adviser of the Emperor and the President of the Bundesrath (the Assembly of the

Estates of the Empire). Now, the Elector of Mainz was the chief of the Imperial Princes, and as such was the natural representative of a federal princely policy which was often sharply opposed to the views of the Emperor, and from the time when the imperial prestige more and more declined his office of chief Imperial Councillor remained to him merely as a name. The present Imperial Chancellor, on the other hand, owing to the more firmly monarchical constitution of the New Empire, is merely an official directly appointed by the Emperor; he can have no other will than that of the monarch, and is unable to conduct the proceedings of the Bundesrath in any other sense than that desired by his imperial master. He has also a third duty, unknown to the Imperial Chancellor of the ancient empire. The latter represented his own country, but the Imperial Chancellor to-day represents in the Bundesrath the heritage of the Emperor, and in order to fulfil this duty he must either himself preside over the Prussian Cabinet, or must at least exercise a decisive influence upon the internal policy of Prussia. It is owing to the union of these three distinct functions that the office of Imperial Chancellor has acquired its peculiarly exalted value. Everyone feels it to be an office precisely fitted for a statesman of genius, and in the future too it can be adequately filled only by men of note. But if the little Republic of the Netherlands was able during two centuries, from the days of Oldenbarneveldt

to those of Van de Spiegel, to find men of outstanding talent to act as Chancellor, our great land of Germany may confidently expect to do the like.

Like the imperial dominion and the imperial chancellorship, the Bundesrath is also firmly rooted in the history of the nation. As is well known, the Bundesrath is the plenum or general assembly of the Frankfort Bundestag, and this again was the rump of the Ratisbon Reichstag. In the Bundesrath, the ancient representation of this estate of the realm is renewed, for here finds expression, not merely the political will of the countries of the Empire, but also the personal will of the Imperial Princes. For three decisive reasons the activity of this body, formerly so quarrelsome and ineffective, has become radically transformed and improved. The preponderant power of the one leading country which has no rivals to reckon with gives to its deliberations force and definiteness. By an admirable legal provision, the negligent are punished simply by a deprivation of their vote, so that the old-time neglect of plain duty has been rendered impossible. Above all, the serious character of the matters under discussion is an absolute barrier to the occurrence of the empty formal quarrels of the Frankfort and Ratisbon days. The Imperial Princes are compelled to choose as their representatives diligent and upright men.

The Bundesrath is endowed with some, but not with all, of the prerogatives of an imperial government; it is at the same time our House of States

(*Staatenhaus*), and as Council of State must utilize the best powers of German officialdom in drafting the imperial laws. In the exercise of this threefold activity it has hitherto exceeded all expectation. At the outset, everyone believed that in the representation of the estates of the realm there would be manifested a predominant tendency towards separatism, justified and unjustified. These expectations were not fulfilled. Twice within a few years has the Estate of the German Princes happily disappointed the nation's anticipations. The very states which had so long and so fiercely resisted the Prussian customs system honourably fulfilled their new duties as soon as they had entered the Prusso-German Zollverein. Those little principalities, which had formerly taken up arms against Prussian rule, displayed to-day, after the decisive victory of Prussia, a German fidelity to the Empire. "What is given to the Empire is taken from our freedom"—this detestable principle, which in the Old Empire dominated the policy of all the estates of the realm, is no longer regarded as applicable. In the imperial authority the governments of the federated countries see, in accordance with their duty to the Fatherland, and with the spirit of the Imperial Constitution, not a foreign and hostile authority, but the authority of the common national state, which safeguards their own existence and in whose decisions they play an effective part. Open treason is altogether impossible for the holders of little thrones which no

longer possess military independence; quarrels and intrigues will only do harm to the discontented; he alone who renders unto the Empire the things that are the Empire's can expect from the imperial authority a benevolent attention to his interests.

In the days of the North German Confederation, and during the first years of the New Empire, there might be doubt about the sentiments that prevailed at many of the smaller Courts; but so general a community of interests has now become established that it may be asserted that a reasonable separatism is only possible on the basis of fidelity to the Empire. Even an ultramontane government in Bavaria—if such a misfortune could arise—would now hardly be in a position to defy the imperial authority. If it wished to make any advance towards the fulfilment of the plans of the party dominant in Bavaria it would first have to endeavour, by good service, to make itself indispensable to the Empire. The many-headedness of the Bundesrath has delayed numerous reforms and has proved a complete obstacle to some, but party differences have never manifested themselves within this body. Although it seemed an obvious and dangerous possibility that the Government, outvoted in the Bundesrath, should combine with the parties in the Reichstag against the majority in the Bundesrath, yet, with isolated exceptions, the idea of this has always been disdainfully rejected. As a rule, the struggle of interests in the Bundesrath is fought out quietly

and in a friendly spirit, and as soon as a decision has been arrived at the Government approaches the Reichstag with a united front. The governments of the individual members of the federation often find themselves quite unable to satisfy the increasing demands of modern social life, and are forced in their own interest to favour an increase in the imperial authority. The first proposal to enlarge the federal power was made by the Kingdom of Saxony in the days of the North German Federation, although Saxony a few years earlier had been one of the most ardent opponents of Prussian federal reform. But now, owing to the rapid development of the commerce of Saxony, this country felt the need of a supreme tribunal of commerce. Moreover, without the protection of the Empire, this little kingdom would find itself unable permanently to restrain the power of the social democracy; similarly, the Bundesrath had to give its assent to the new imperial taxes, for an economic balance between the individual countries of the federation could be maintained no other way.

Twenty years are a brief period in the life of nations, but the last two decades have been extraordinarily fruitful in great experiences, justifying the hope that with the remedial *memento mori* of the year 1866 a new and better epoch began in the changeful history of the German Princely Estate. These great houses often sinned greatly by their resistance to the imperial dominion of the

Middle Ages, but they were the founders of the States and the towns of the German nation, and in the centuries of the religious wars they proved themselves the saviours of German civilization. Then the Greek gift of the Napoleonic sovereignty clouded their minds, with so dangerous an ultimate effect that in the later years of the German Bund there loomed ever nearer the possibility of a general mediatization. The German dynasties have good reasons to bless the memory of the catastrophe of 1866. In the great crises of national life war is always a milder remedy than revolution, for it safeguards fidelity, and its issue appears as a judgment of God. Very rarely indeed has any great historical transformation been effected with so much moderation, and with so trifling an injury to the sense of justice. The victor in the struggle was content with the annihilation of one of the most culpable of the smaller states, and the annexation of this North German area was so fully justified by its results that everyone, with infinitesimal exceptions, came to recognize its necessity.

The rescued dynasties now find themselves in a more fortunate situation than formerly under the German Bund. It is true that they have lost their independent sovereignty, but this high-sounding name was a curse for the minor principalities themselves; they had no power whatever to conduct an independent European policy, and their military independence was misused for foreign ends by powerful neighbours like France and Aus-

tria. In place of this they now possess a legally restricted but effective share in the decisions of the German Empire, the first of the great Powers of Europe. Whereas since the Seven Years' War they had perforce continually trembled for their existence, they now enjoy a security never known before. Any Prince of the Empire who fulfils his duty to the community can reckon upon unconditional protection and support. It is the Empire which imposes upon the people the duty of military service and the heavy burdens of taxation. The prince retains all those prerogatives which bring popular favour; under his guardianship is all that renders life beautiful and secure; he appears as the public benefactor in the exercise of that peaceful civilizing activity which has ever been the stronger side of German separatism. On well-considered grounds the Empire has avoided any interference with the right of the smaller Courts to confer titles and honours, however ridiculous it may seem that we should still speak officially of a "Bavarian Empire." Despite the loss of its sovereign powers, the German Estate of Princes still remains the loftiest nobility in the world; its sons occupy nearly all the thrones of Europe; all the world over, the usage of the royal Courts is in accordance with the German princely customs.

In this distinguished circle the Emperor moves, not as of old endowed with the dignity of a feudal suzerain, but in the modest function of *primus inter pares*. The profound reverence which was awak-

ened by the old imperial dignity even in the days of its decline can no longer be claimed for its modern representative. New offices must win vital force from the personality of their actual holders, and it is a fortunate fact that the first Emperor of the New Empire is regarded by everyone as the leader of the German nobility. All pay willing reverence to the dignified figure of the victor of Sedan; the Emperor William has understood how to inspire fidelity to the imperial person in the hearts alike of the princes and of the people, and the benefits of his success in this respect will accrue to his descendants. The army, too, is a priceless bond of national unity among the members of the Estate of Princes. Foreign military service can nowadays hardly act as a lure to the German Princes; for all of them it has become the custom to take service in the imperial army. No one can fail to recognize that under the new conditions the Estate of Princes has shown itself more sagacious and more adaptable than a large proportion of the bourgeoisie. Hence many Conservative supporters of the smaller dynasties, who were formerly Pan-German or Separatist opponents of Prussia, have now entered the ranks of the Middle Parties that were born from the Frankfort Imperial Party. The Old Imperial Party had at one time a Radical aspect, because under the Bundestag the peaceful realization of its ideas was impossible—it desired a secure national order in place of the anarchy of the German Bund. Now that this new order has come

into existence it is only natural that many of the sometime Prussian Centralists and of the sometime Separatist Conservatives should have entered upon an honourable understanding.

Among the great institutions of the Imperial Law the only absolutely new thing is the Reichstag, the Lower House, whose lack was formerly a source of much distress to Justus Möser, and this is unfortunately the institution whose value is least assured. The Bundesrath, primarily destined to safeguard the territorial interests, gives a firm and single-minded support to the imperial policy; the Reichstag, on the other hand, which represents the united nation, has for the last ten years almost invariably exercised an obstructive and disturbing influence. This experience contradicts all the anticipations of political theorists and all the expectations of the political parties. When the North German Confederation was founded, all the world believed—Bismarck himself believed—it to be indisputable that Parliament would increasingly manifest a centralizing tendency, and this perhaps to an excessive degree. But if to-day we cast a dispassionate glance backwards we cannot fail to wonder at ourselves, and to ask how we could possibly have indulged in such groundless speculations. The Reichstag is the product of universal suffrage; but in Germany as in Italy, the most ardent advocates of national unity are always and exclusively to be found among the cultured classes. The mass of the people

have a warm enough sentiment for Germany to prove themselves in time of need to be heroic defenders of the Fatherland; but in the course of everyday life they are far less concerned about the great questions of national policy than about various local, social, and ecclesiastical interests, and there are no indications that would lead us to expect that this naïve separatist disposition of the masses will undergo any sudden alteration. So long as the powerful impressions produced by the German and French wars were still operative, and so long as the need still persisted for the legislative realization of the programme of economic freedom long prepared and advocated by the Liberals, there was always to be found a trustworthy majority to work hand in hand with the Bundesrath. Since then, however, a new page has been turned. An embittered opposition, strangely compounded of Radical and clerical elements which are unified only by their common hatred of the Imperial Government, hinders, with the aid of declared foreign enemies, the continuous development of the Imperial Constitution, dishonours the Reichstag by the idle quarrels of the factions, and reduces all the proceedings of Parliament to the level of an incalculable game of hazard.

In the course of the centuries, German Separatism has often changed its colours and its device. During the Middle Ages, Germany was weakened above all by the mutual hostility of the Estates of the Realm; for the last two centuries the chief

source of trouble has been the jealousy of the dynasties; to-day we suffer from the separatism of the parties, perhaps a more dangerous enemy to national unity than were the old separatist tendencies of the Estates and of the Dynasties. In the Reichstag the thought of the Fatherland often disappears altogether amid the vanities, the quarrels, the graspingness, the innumerable minor self-interests of party life. The one separatist attack hitherto ventured upon the Imperial Constitution proceeded from the Reichstag and not from the Bundesrath—I refer to the celebrated Franckenstein proposal. Against the manifest intention of the Constitution the Reichstag made permanent the provisional remissions of the proportional contributions. The most unfortunate feature of this affair was not the measure itself (for its consequences have in practice proved far less deleterious than was hoped by its sagacious originators), but the resulting intense confusion of parties. The faithful adherents of imperial unity were forced to vote for the separatist proposal, for otherwise the malignity of the factions would have rendered impossible the indispensable increase in the imperial revenue. For as long as it was able, the Reichstag obstructed the extension promised in the Constitution of the imperial customs system throughout the entire German area. The entry of the Hansa towns into the Customs Union was ultimately effected without the Reichstag and despite the Reichstag, because the

Senate of Hamburg and Bremen perceived at the eleventh hour that a majority in the Reichstag united only for obstructive purposes could give no firm support against the will of the Emperor and of the Bundesrath. It necessarily resulted that measures essential to the national safety could often be forced through the Reichstag only by a threatening movement among the people. Such was the case of the adoption of the Septennate for the peace-effectives of the imperial army; such the grudging vote of funds for the transatlantic steamship service and for the foundations of our colonial policy. To the masses all these questions seemed simple; their answer appeared self-evident. The national discontent displayed itself so vigorously that some of the members of the Opposition began to tremble for their seats, and ceased an obstruction that had not been based upon any principle whatever, for its sole aim had been to throw difficulties in the path of the detested Imperial Chancellor.

Thus the repute of the Reichstag has been lowered by its own faults. From year to year its proceedings have become vainer and more diffuse. The logical and effective deliberations of the best Parliament we have ever had, the constituent or constitution-building Reichstag of the North German Federation, occupy no more than a single thin volume; to-day two ponderous tomes barely suffice to contain the verbiage of an almost fruitless parliamentary session. Many men still

actively interested in political life now attend to parliamentary debates on those occasions only when Prince Bismarck makes a speech.

For a long time far-sighted patriots have been asking whether our present Reichstag might not be replaced by a more competent and harmonious assembly. Gustav Rümelin, for instance, has suggested the constitution of a smaller Parliament, consisting of members elected by the various Diets. But all such schemes of reform are premature. The brief history of the New Empire has been so rich in surprises that we must not hastily abandon our hope that the Reichstag may once more attain to the level of its earliest and best years. As long as the evils are not unbearable it is impossible for the Imperial Government to take the desperate step of abolishing universal suffrage, the sacred *non plus ultra* of modern democracy. Such a step would entail the danger of unchaining a Radical movement which might do more harm than the roughnesses of our present electoral struggles. Unfortunately it is somewhat improbable that there will be formed in our Reichstag a permanent and unanimous majority faithfully attached to the Empire. Strong forces of implacable opposition are unquestionably manifest in the people. A powerful ultramontane party will long continue to exist, even if the relations between the State and the Church should become more friendly than they are at present. The clericals cannot forget how firmly associated with the Reformation

is the history of Prussia; the extremists among them continue to hope, if tacitly, that the re-entrance of Austria may some day secure for them in the New Empire the preponderance which they once held in the Old. Socialist-Radicalism, too, will not soon disappear, for it is unavoidable in a century of profound economic transformations. Moreover, the party of the fault-finders and of those who always know better than anyone else strikes deep roots in the less amiable characteristics of the German temperament, and in the over-cultured life of the great towns, remote from a healthy contact with nature. So long as the odoriferous waters of the Panke continue to flow through Berlin, so long also will the water-lily of the Spirit of Progress thrive upon its green slime! With their natural friends, the Poles, the Danes, and the French, these Radical factions will, in the near future, continue to appear in the Reichstag; and since every incisive imperial law necessarily touches powerful social interests, it inevitably follows that individual economic groups, such as those of the liquor-traders, the tobacconists, and the bankers, will, as circumstances may dictate, combine with the Radicals and their associates for the common purposes of obstruction.

The position of the parties faithful to the Empire is a difficult one, for they are divided by their history, by their class-consciousness, and by numerous contrasts of origin and economic position. The Conservatives derive their chief support from the

great landed proprietors of the North and the East, and unless they undergo a radical change of character they will never draw much of their power from the South and from the West, for in these regions the structure of parties is almost everywhere determined by the struggle between the Ultramontanes and the Liberals. To these difficulties we have to add the general lack of understanding exhibited by the masses in the matter of imperial policy. In the year 1848, the Prussians elected almost simultaneously the deputies for the Parliaments of Frankfort and of Berlin. Prussian questions lay nearer to the hearts of the electors, and they therefore sent to Berlin the most celebrated spouters of the day; for Frankfort there were left only the *Vormärzlichen*, the men of the days before the Revolution of March, the experienced men of the despised earlier time. The result was that numerous constituencies were represented in Frankfort by a man of sense, and in Berlin by an empty-headed chatterbox. Even to-day, in many electoral districts, a similar thing occurs, with the rôles reversed. For the local diet, whose proceedings directly concern the interests of the average elector, he will choose a landed proprietor or townsman of position well fitted for the work he has to do, whereas in the Reichstag he is satisfied to be represented by any carpet-bagger who may present himself with the recommendation of a powerful party. During the next few years the Reichstag will inevitably suffer from the confusion

of party struggles, and we must rest content so long as the difficulties it throws in the way of imperial policy do not become excessive, and so long as it ultimately accepts indispensable reforms after many battles and much compromise.

In the constitution of the New Empire the ideas *Kaiser* and *Reich* are more broadly and nobly conceived than of old, and the nation is granted the right of effective co-operation in the formulation of the imperial laws. But the new Lower House has hitherto shown little tendency to rise to the greatness of its opportunities; the motive force of imperial policy is found chiefly in the strength of the imperial rule and in the unanimity of the Bundesrath. Those who deal with actualities and those who earnestly desire a more united Empire must perforce to-day be strongly monarchical in sentiment. Of all political evils that might be visited upon us the greatest would unquestionably be a weak Imperial Government, one which should hold parley with the parliamentary theories of the day, and which, not being supported by a majority in the Reichstag, should timorously yield ground to its opponents in that body. A necessary element of such a monarchical sentiment is a respect for the legally established territorial possessions of the Princes of the Empire. It is true that most of these owe their rescue from the disasters attendant upon petty insignificance, by no means to their vital energies, but to the general forces of historical development,

or even to the working of blind chance; if the nation has survived the destruction of such renowned territories as the Electorates of the Palatinate, Hesse, and Hanover, it could also bear the annihilation of Baden or Darmstadt. Moreover, the ancient sins of the life of little states, Philistinism, narrow-mindedness, and nepotism, still flourish luxuriantly, and their influence is all the more deleterious because they foster that spirit of pettiness by which, since the miseries of the Thirty Years' War, the German temperament, though by nature inclined towards greatness, has been corrupted and falsified. But for the moment, at least, these sins no longer threaten the safety of the Empire. Only by the undermining of the mutual confidence that now exists between the head of the Empire and the Princes of the Empire could this safety be endangered; and since the question to which territorial dominion this or that fragment of land properly belongs is one that no longer presses amid the larger issues of to-day, it has become a patriotic duty to avoid all disturbance of the existing territorial distribution. Despite the remarkable and often irrational configuration of its internal boundaries, the Empire has long exhibited, within no less than without, the magnificent vital energy of a Great Power.

The existence of a recognized national monarchy is a matter of enormous importance, involving consequences far greater than is generally understood by our people. Everywhere the influence of

the monarchy makes for peace, for it imposes insuperable obstacles to ambition. Since the German Empire has become an admitted fact, since there has no longer been any dispute about the greatest of all the problems of German power, our whole political life has been steadied in a manner hitherto unknown, and this to such an extent that even the youthful violence of our party struggle has involved no serious danger. Throughout the Empire the respect for authority has been enormously enhanced by the quiet strength of the Imperial Rule and by the firm monarchical ordering of Prussia. Under the German Bund how much filth and poison was scattered abroad apropos of every misfortune of any of the Princely Houses; what storms were raised by the abdication of Louis I of Bavaria. In our own day Bavaria has had to suffer the rule of two insane kings, and this unexampled misfortune caused far less disturbance, because Bavaria is now no more than a segment of the Empire, and everyone is well aware that in the Empire the elements of public order are perfectly secure.

In the history of the Zollverein, the valuable preliminary school of our imperial policy, Prussia learned that the Princes of the Bund were extremely loath to suffer any interference in matters of domestic administration, but that they almost always willingly accepted and honourably executed unified laws applicable to all alike. This experience has never been forgotten. By our national customs, no less than by the historical character of the German

State, the German Empire has, moreover, been compelled to undertake many-sided social activities, but it was recognized that the creation of a strong force of imperial officials beside and above the already existing and numerous local state officials would necessarily lead to considerable friction. For this reason the imperial authority assumed direct responsibility for a few branches only of administration. Its chief activities were devoted to the work of legislation, the execution of the laws being for the most part left to the local governments under imperial supervision. In this way the sensibilities of the local governments were spared, and at the same time the aims of unification were more securely attained, for in Germany confidence always bears good fruit. Even in the administration of our strongly centralized coinage system this principle has been observed. The Empire has no mints of its own, leaving the mints of the local governments to do their own work in the imperial interest. Consequently, the mass of the people have very little understanding of the effective power of the Empire; the number of the imperial officials is comparatively small, and in daily life the German comes in contact with local officials almost exclusively. Yet the life of the masses has been completely transformed by the right of domicile, by the liberty of occupation, by the obligation to military service; it is the laws of the Empire that have given rise to that profound alteration of social conditions which is manifest to all. If,

in addition, we take into account the newly effected unification of the criminal and civil law, of the methods of intercourse, of the coinage, and of weights and measures, we see that the general outcome, despite all parliamentary hindrances and all errors of detail, has been an extraordinarily fruitful and beneficent system of legislation. This alone suffices to prove that our Empire is no mere federal state, but a stronger and more coherent form of national unity—that it is a monarchy with federal institutions.

To the sense of social justice, to the still persistent traditions of the Prussian Kingdom (ever a kingdom of the indigent), do we owe it that our Empire is now engaged in freeing the working classes from the greatest of the curses of poverty, the terrible insecurity of their lives, and in tempering to some extent the hardships of the system of free competition. When Napoleon III expressed the intention of insuring working-class families against illness, accident, and death, by national enterprise, his bold proposition assumed a purely socialistic aspect, for in the France of those days the adoption of such measures must inevitably have led to a further strengthening of the already overwhelming powers of the bureaucracy. But Germany, in its honourable and hard-working officialdom, in its decentralized administration, and in its vigorous co-operative institutions, already possesses all the preliminary requisites for a sound system of social legislation. In our case it is possible to undertake

working-class insurance on such lines that, like every valuable social reform, it will not destroy but stimulate the independence of the individual citizen, giving an impulse towards the formation of new co-operative institutions adapted to the needs of the transformed economic life of the people. If further progress in this direction should carry out the promise of the vigorous beginnings already made, the social laws of the German Empire will serve as an example to the other nations of the civilized world.

Full of defects and contradictions, the imperial constitution is manifestly in the opening stage merely of its development. It is at least essential that the imperial authority should be equipped with the power of veto, as the formal embodiment of the monarchical power with which it is in fact endowed. Even in army matters far too little has as yet been effected towards the practical unification of the nation. Just as already to-day, without any injury to Germany, Bavarian and Württemberger regiments garrison Metz and Strassburg, so also it could but redound to our advantage if the troops of Baden were sometimes quartered in Danzig, and those of Pomerania in Ulm. All our fortresses, save those of Ingolstadt and Germerseil, have long been imperial fortresses, and the last surviving reason for our idiotic family quarrels has been our defective knowledge of one another. But all such desiderata fade into insignificance beside the irrefutable need for a firm

interconnection of the finances of the Empire with those of its subordinate parts. Since the legend of the costliness of a system of little states—a legend which at one time gained general credence—was shown to be an illusion, and since the smaller countries of the Empire proved incompetent to shoulder the heavier financial burdens which every great state perforce imposes upon the sections of which it is made up, the Imperial Administration had to choose one of two paths. The smaller governments might have been left to their own devices, when the increasing demands of the central imperial authority would have involved them in bankruptcy and ultimate annihilation. In the early days of the North German Federation this possibility seemed imminent. But it soon became evident that the Imperial Constitution, and the obligations of good faith towards individual members of the federation, necessitated the adoption of another course. For years past it has been the aim of the Imperial Financial Administration to increase the imperial revenue to such an extent as to render it possible, not merely to abate the demands made by the Empire upon the local governments, but further, by imperial contributions made to these latter, to enable them to re-order their own finances, which had all been seriously affected by the increasing need of the Communes. If the Imperial Administration proves successful in this aim the local governments will all be united to the Empire by willingly accepted bonds, and an

anti-imperial separatism will become impossible at the smaller courts. Step by step great enterprises are resisted by the obstinacy of the parliamentary factions. Even the Spirit Monopoly, a tax that would have been advantageous alike to the finances, the domestic economy, the health, and the morals of the nation, was rejected because the Moderate Parties, in their dread of a public opinion which did not in fact exist, and in their anxiety regarding the caprices of universal suffrage, made common cause with the enemies of the Empire. Ultimately, maybe, the general reasonableness of events, in conjunction with pressure of urgent need, will bring about the victory of the idea of imperial unity which dominates all such financial proposals.

In its foreign policy the Empire displays a moderation never before exhibited by a great state after a brilliant victory. There has not appeared in Europe any goal for German conquest sufficiently alluring to warrant the undertaking of a great war. German statesmanship must for a long time to come be keenly watchful if we are to defend our glorious acquisitions against the unconcealed enmity of France and the increasing hostility of the Muscovites. It may be, too, that a time will shortly arrive in which England will attempt, as of old in the days of Marlborough, to utilize her dynastic connections with the Court of Berlin in the furtherance of the aims of her commercial policy. But our Empire is too strong to permit itself to be terrorized or misused. If peace be preserved the

way lies open for an extension of our economic power. It is plain that the rigid protective system, which for the moment acts as a barrier between the various countries of Europe, is merely provisional. Industry is everywhere seeking new fields of enterprise; the Central European Zollverein, whose institution in the days of the Bundestag would have gravely endangered our national independence, no longer belongs to the realm of dreams. A customs union with Austria would serve, not merely to open new channels for our commerce, but also to give further political strength to our southern ally, who, despite her infirmities, remains indispensable to us—for the fall of the Danubian Empire would inevitably shake our own power. Similarly, a commercio-political understanding with Holland would redound to the advantage of both parties, for to us it would furnish free access to the mouths of our leading river, whilst for the Netherlands it would provide a military protection for her colonies, for whose defence her own sea-power is no longer adequate. As with all the truly national memories of our ancient imperial days, so also is renascent in the New Empire the sea-power of the Hanseatic League. The Hanseatic League had unceasingly to contend with the indifference and often with the overt hostility of the imperial authority. But to-day the Empire is taking into its own hand those duties of maritime policy which for three centuries have been neglected. Whereas the

Hanseatic League lost the command of the sea because its authority did not extend over a unified political area, we may hope to-day that the power of the Empire will suffice to secure for the Germans their fair share of dominion in the transatlantic world.

Immeasurably great are the new political tasks which in the years since the unification of our land have been pressing for accomplishment. Germany will prove herself adequate to all of these if she preserves respect for her imperial system, if she cleaves firmly to that conception of monarchy in the free and deep understanding of which our people excels all the nations of the earth.

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